MYTHOLOGY

POETRY AND PROSE

CHAPIN

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Book .H35M9
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MYTHOLOGY

POETRY AND PROSE

BY

HARRY LORENZO CHAPIN, M. D.

THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS
410 East 32nd Street
New York
1917

PS3505
.H35M9
1917

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DEC 21 1917
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Nov. 1.

H.13, 22 D. 1917

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"Good Bye, Paul"

MYTHOLOGY

POETRY AND PROSE

"GOOD BYE, PAUL"

I have been inspired to write this poem by studiously viewing the picture called "Breaking Family Ties," that depicts and characterizes the substance and sentiment of my poem, "Good Bye, Paul." I did not know the name or title of the picture at the time of writing the poem, nor did I remember the artist who painted it. But I realized that the pathetic phase of life's melodrama he so beautifully painted could not be more intelligently expressed with limner's brush. I have since learned the picture is called "Breaking Family Ties," but I have not changed the original title of my poem, still leaving it, "Good Bye, Paul." The accompanying picture is the artist's conception ot "Good Bye, Paul," after perusing the poem. This was my last resource for illustration after being refused permission to reproduce "Breaking Family Ties."

I have understood the artist was inspired by the story's reality. Whether that is a fact or not, I cannot say. But in my opinion, there is little doubt but what this heart-rending scene has occurred many times in the irrevocable past, and will possibly occur many more times in the inevitable future.

The painting is of a boy who has arrived at the age of thirteen years, and one who has been born and reared to that age on a small farm in a lonely rural district. After several

of his boy friends had gone to the city and had written to him how glorious it was to live in the city, and how much more entrancing the girls were, and their stylish vogue in dressing, etc., Paul became discontented with his surroundings and country life. He informs his father and mother that he is dissatisfied, and that he is going to the city to gain both fame and fortune, besides to grow up and mingle with those who have fastidious tastes, and are vivacious and full of life. His parents having no other child, they have always babied him and let him have his own way, even to this, as reluctant as they were and as impossible as it seemed to them, they could not remonstrate and veto the boy's contemplated pleasure.

After informing him he may go, the mother packs his bag and also packs a shoe box with a lunch for him to eat on his journey. The boy has been in the habit of meeting the neighbor's little daughter, the same age as himself, and meandering through the lane to the woods where there is an old mill, and where, though young and unsophisticated as they both were, they promised each other that some day they will marry, but after receiving letters from his boy friends about the city, he nearly forgets his Bessie until just as he is about to leave home, Bessie appears on the scene. There the poor child stands almost in a state of collapse. He dearly loves his mother and his father, who have been so good to him; and he is all at once reminded of his promise to Bessie. He has outgrown his trousers and his hair is long as a country boy's hair often is. He says good bye to them all, and is driven away to the station by the hired man. He passes out of the yard of the country home, waving a last good bye to his parents and Bessie. With tears flowing down his youthful cheeks, it was a sad good bye, because it was a last good bye, for this brave little fellow died in a short while of tuberculosis of the lungs, far away from those he loved and those who loved him.

GOOD BYE, PAUL

"Good Bye, Paul!
If such has got to be,
Good Bye, Good Bye, my boy!
Now you are leaving me.

"My boy, you're leaving home
To run the world about,
But remember this, my son,
The latch-string's always out.

"I know this country life,
Out here for you is slow,
It isn't mother and I—
It's that which makes you go.

"But, child, just think of me,
And mother—the world's so cold
You'll leave us all alone,
Now we have grown old.

"We need you here, dear boy,
Of us you are a part;
We love you—you are all,
To go will break my heart.

"The nights will be so sad,
The days will be so long,
Our food won't taste as good
When you are gone.

"I've labored all my life,
I've laid every stick and stone,
In this little farm and house,
That we call home.

"I brought your mother here
When young and hair a-curl;
It seems like yesterday,
When she was but a girl.

"Two objects in our mind,
Since we were made as one:
We worked to make a home,
We prayed for you, my son.

"The path was rough and long,
With sickness to retard,
Our suffering for what we won,
Makes the parting hard.

"Look up, dear boy, see mother,
To have you go she fears,
Look! Ah, mother! Mother!
Mother shedding tears.

"Stop! Stop that, mother.
See, Paul, it affects her so.
O! mother, mother, mother,
How can we let him go!

"There, boy, you see how mother
Is going to miss her child.
See her weeping, see those tears,
Why, Paul, she'll go wild!

"Yes, go wild, more than wild,
Mad! Mad for you, my baby boy—
Come to my arms, God bless you,
You my love, my joy!

"Better if I had never had you
For then we could not part;
For now your going from me
Will break my heart.

"Not alone you're going Paul,
But the ship with sails unfurled
Will carry you far from me, Paul,
Into the cold, wicked world.

"And my sorrow will be doubled then
How can I ever tell,
When you are far away, Paul,
Whether you're sick or well?

"And, baby boy, how can I know?
Though you have understood
The teachings we have given you,
And told you to be good.

"And you so young, the world so old,
With temptations waiting, too,
Enthral my flesh and blood, my own—
This it's apt to do.

"Many boys have gone astray
By leaving home so young,
They had no one to guide them right,
When from their mothers wrung.

"The sun won't shine as bright, Paul,
The sky won't seem as blue;
My flowers won't bloom as sweetly
As they did when I had you.

"The birds will make me cry, Paul,
The fields will make me rave;
Your bed, your room, and unused plate,
Will seem a vacant grave."

"But, mother, think of other boys,
Out in the world at ten,
That's done as I am now to do
And got to be great men!

"Garfield, Lincoln and others
That I can't just now name,
But they left home when only boys,
And acquired both wealth and fame.

"What choice have I here, mother,
Dark prospects it allows,
I only see cows, horses and pigs,
Pigs, horses and cows.

"The very best I can do,
Is to do as you and father done,
Though I succeed the same as you
I'm still a farmer and a farmer's son."

"But, dear child"—"No, no, mother,
You thought aloud,
I know what you just thought,
No, no; of you both I'm proud.

"But, mother, you must concede,
That times have changed,
'Tis country born and city bred,
It seems fate has arranged.

"I want to see, I want to know,
What others know and see,
And what they have, I want to have,
As they I want to be."

"But, darling boy, you're but a child."
"Yes, mother, such I will remain,
If I instead of glowing streets,
Only walk our lonely lane.

"There's Henry Smith and Tommy Jones,
When young they both left home;
They say all their ways lead to fame,
As all roads lead to Rome.

"And all that I have need to do,
Is to go and do as they,
And not stay on this lonely farm,
And grow corn, oats and hay.

"Father, father, why do you smile?
Why laugh at what I say?
And mother, too, you smile the same,
Why can't I do as they?"

"Yes, my boy, they went away,
But there your logic ends;
They lived with other relatives,
They made their home with friends.

"But you, a green country boy,
Young, weak and frail,
Where one in your case succeeds,
A million others fail.

"The ratio is too great, too great,
Though you were that one.
It leaves poor mother and I alone,
Besides the risk we run.

"O, Paul, don't go, please don't go!
When mother and I are through,
The home and farm and all the stock
Will fall to you.

"Then, there's Bessie across the way.
What will that dear child do?
Why, Paul, I thought you cared for her,
I know she cares for you."

"Yes, yes, but she's a country girl,
Henry has been telling me
Of the girl he has and of her clothes,
That I must wait and see.

"He says I wouldn't want Bessie then,
For she don't dance and skate,
And ride in autos and do everything,
He said 'Don't promise, you wait.'

"O! Mother, mother, what makes you cry?
How your tears do flow;
If you and papa go on this way,
How can I from you go?

"As you just said, I'm young and frail,
And to leave you feeling so,
Why mama, boohoo, boohoo, boohoo!
How can I ever go!

"That won't help me on my way;
You'll have to do your part,
Just let me go, thus all be brave,
Your crying will break my heart."

There's Bessie now, she's at the door,
Come in, Bessie, come in,
You're just in time to say good bye,
In a while too late you'd been.

"Paul's going to leave us all, dear girl,
He's tired of country life,
He's going to mix with city folk,
And have a city wife."

"Ma's joking, Bessie; a city wife,
'Twas never in my mind,
I'm only going to learn and know,
And not a wife to find."

"Yes, Paul, but you won't need to find,
They'll find, when you're from us,
In the city, girls are everywhere,
They're ubiquitous."

"Bessie, why are you so quiet?
Why do you droop your head?
Do you fear you'll never meet again,
That he'll another wed?"

"I'm disappointed, that is all,
That's all that I can say,
If he cared for me as he said he did,
He would not go away.

"All I can do is say good bye,
For his will to go is set,
And here I'll have to stay at home,
To live and to forget.

"Paul won't never care for me,
If he does return,
When he sees the city girls,
For me he'll never yearn.

"So good bye, Paul, good bye, good bye,
Since this step you take,
A pleasant thought, if not for love,
At least for 'old time's sake.' "

"The promise I gave you in the wood,
Last June by the old sawmill,
I'll wait for your return to me,
And your promise to fulfill."

"Yes, Bessie, that you know I'll do,
Though parting may seem strange,
Though I grow to manhood and to fame,
My love for you won't change."

"My hopes are faded now and dark,
You say it all too well,
Years won't speak till they have passed,
Then truth they always tell."

And there Paul stands in bewilderment,
Only these four alone.
Satchel in hand his mother packed,
With trousers he has outgrown.

In a shoe box mother packed his lunch,
To eat upon the train,
His first away and last from home,
He'll ever have again.

The time has come, ah, yes, the hour,
Outside they hear a call,
"Come on, just time to make the train,
Come on aboard, ye all."

This is the moment that tries the heart,
And the hardest word to say,
Is the last good bye when loved ones part,
That tears the flesh away.

And when your own, though heart is stout,
Your eyes with tears will fill,
It seems the sun's been blown out,
And the world is standing still.

And that's the way they felt just now,
When they heard the hired man call;
At first they choked in mournful bow,
They could not speak at all.

The first to speak when she could speak,
Was mother to say farewell,
And then the father, voice trembling weak,
With Bessie broke the spell.

"Good bye, my darling," rang mother's voice,
Father's, "Good bye, my son,"
Bessie said, "Good bye, my choice,"
Together they spoke as one.

Mother took his hand in hers,
  Father took the other,
Bessie cried, her heart it stirs,
  To hear Paul murmur "Mother."

"Mother, mother!" "My boy, dear boy,
  My child, good bye, good bye,"
These smothered words o'er this "toy,"
  Swol'n to a shrieking cry.

The tears rolled down his youthful cheek,
  As they told him they would pray
For him each day of every week,
  As he turned and walked away.

And out he went, and on he went,
  As they waved their parting sigh,
Words from heaven must be sent,
  To express this last good bye.

For the poverty of the English verse,
  Won't tell their feelings; save,
That carriage was to them a hearse,
  That journey was his grave!

Not like the sun that goes around,
  To make both night and day,
It sinks to rise and light our ground;
  This took their light away.

WHAT IS MYTHOLOGY?

Part I

There are three phases of history, i. e., the unknown, mythological and chronological or recorded historical events.

There is a great difference between myth and fable. Fable is a story propagated by some ancient poet or writer to supplement and accentuate some traditional myth, or event painted with all the glamoring shades of superstition.

Mythology is only in reality a part mythology. For instance, the Trojan War, or the War of the Seven against Thebes, et cetera. The great heroes who took part were in those days of superstition supposed to have been aided to victory or degraded to defeat by some heavenly deity or god or goddess immortal. As for instance, the armor of Achilles was smithed by Vulcan, the heavenly blacksmith, his anvil being Mount Etna; the fire was the volcanic flame from the bowels of the earth and his bellows undoubtedly was furnished by Zephyr, or some one of the four winds. Of course, such armor would be invulnerable to mortal weapons. Achilles being successful over Hector, it was sung in poetry and legend that he was aided by some superhuman agency.

It is related in the Neibelungenlied that Siegfried bathed in the Hydra's blood to make himself impervious to mortal wounds, but while he was bathing a leaf from boughs above fell on his back, and that part being shielded from immortal embrocation, of course, remained mortal, and consequently this spot remaining vulnerable to the sword, brought about his death.

The same with Achilles' heel that his heavenly mother, Thetis, held him by when he was submerged in the River Styx. It is related that Paris shot the arrow while he was

at worship, for, if accounts are true, he was not the kind that turned from his adversary and fled, thus exposing his heel to the shot of an arrow. His armor and his fleet-footedness heretofore had, thru Providence, never been pierced to cause his death, which at once gave rise to the idea that he was immortal and could not be mortally wounded except in the one spot—the heel.

The armor of those days covered the whole anterior aspect of the human frame, so an arrow would have to be shot into the heel, for there was no other part exposed to injury, so it was the armor that had shielded him and not the River Styx. If Siegfried had not kneeled to refresh himself at the brook, his enemy would have had to strike while he was on his feet with a chance of his shielding himself, and then the leaf would have been rendered nugatory.

It is of interest to note that the great tendon of the gastrocnemius soleus and plantaris muscles of the calf of the leg that is inserted in the oscalcis or heel bone has been named and is called to this day in the anatomy of the human subject, the tendon Achilles.

The above answer to what is a myth also might be called euphemistic or exaggerated adventures of historic individuals as generals or heroes in wars of remote antiquity. So, as above stated, myth is not all myth. It is partly a historical fact, for no one doubts that there was a Trojan War, or an Œdipus, King of Thebes.

Mythology has another phase, which if rightly interpreted is not only beautiful but instructive. Lord Bacon, in his "Wisdom of the Ancients," gives the allegorical interpretation of mythology in a thesis that pictures symbols or gods in human form to guide and control the earth, the sun and the whole universe as promulgated by the ancient Greek poets. He interprets them as "things" to express what we of today would call the natural laws of the universe that govern the destinies of the stars, the earth and of mankind.

In the early days the unenlightened and superstitious could readily see that the sea had great power, as well as the winds and all the elements. This inspired them with the idea that they moved by their own free will, which was much more powerful than the human will. They invested them with a personality of which they were in fear. To worship a deity with any degree of devotion we must recognize their great power above man. They christened the personified elements with names that characterized strength, as of great giants. As Neptune or Poisodone of the Sea, Apollo or Phœbus the Sun, Thor the Thunder, Pluto, King or God of the Underworld, et cetera.

There are also what might be called esthetic myths. They are stories that instil in the human mind an imaginative pleasure of reality. It takes us away and out of the everyday routine of earth's vain secularity. They elicit emotions and esthetic joy. Each nation has its folklore, its legends, its ballads and myths. There are two kinds of such entertainment, for example, Æsop's Fables should not be placed in the same class with the Fables of Robin Hood, of King Arthur, of Ossian, or the Welsh Triads, or the great stories of mythology. It is extremely difficult, and has served as a subject of controversy for literary men to establish by reasonable conjecture where some of these wonderful and beautiful stories were first composed. Of course it is reasonable to conceive that ancient poets were the authors, but with what nation or nations did they first become current? Was it from the Hindus, the Greeks, or from Hebrew Scripture, far back in Chaldea and Phœnecia that they were perhaps stolen or borrowed one from the other? One can readily evolve a theological interpretation of Greek mythology in many instances. Many students of mythology have cited the stories of Noah compared to Deucalion, Arion to Jonah, Hercules to Samson, Tubal Cain to Mercury, and the Dragon that kept guard over the golden apples

has been compared to the serpent that tempted and beguiled Eve. The Tower of Nimrod was the Giants invasion of Heaven after they had placed Mount Ossia on Mount Pelion. There are many more that I could name, but it would take too much space to record them, consequently I will have to pass them by. It looks of logical sequence that the old Greek writers knew much of the Old Testament, as it is evident that the Idyls of Theocritus have excerpts that have been changed to fit his wants but were in a way plagiarized from the Proverbs and Psalms.

There can be no question in verity and indubitable fairness that the Greeks were the drafters and propagators of such stories as Cronus, who with his wife Rhea were the father and mother God and Goddess of Time, who gave birth to their children and then consumed, or in other words, devoured them, which has a very preceptive philosophical interpretation, i. e., Time gives birth to all things and likewise destroys all things, as Hesiod records with Cronus, Oceanus, Tethys, Lapetus and Hyperion, the Great Titan monsters which only represent the sea, the sun and elements, which were to combat with the Cyclops, which was thunder and lightning. The thunder was the crushing voice of the great imaginary monster and lightning was the one eye he was supposed to have had; Hecatonchires, the monster of multitudinous hands, was only the Ocean and its dissolving waves. A great battle took place between these elements, which were invested with names as tho they were demon personalities in actual combat, that in the early days tore the earth to fragments and rendered it almost in a state of chaos; each great enemy trying to vanquish his opponent to the realms of Tartarus or the subterranean sulphurous hell within the earth. The battle ended between Uranus and Cronus; Cronus with his scythe was victorious; he wounded Uranus and his dripping blood grew into the Furies.

From this time Cronus was the great ruler of heaven and earth. He is crafty and destructive and can build beautifully and can disintegrate as gracefully as he can build. Before "there was" was he and his Queen Rhea, who was not only his queen, but sister. Their female children of paramount value to the earth were Ceres, Vesta and Juno; the three sons were Pluto, Jupiter and Neptune. Jupiter, the youngest, who was sent to Crete in swaddling garments and was nourished by nymphs, grew to be the great immortal god who reigned on Olympus, a peak of the Parnassus mountain range in Thessaly, the seat of the Gods. His Greek name was Zeus. He remonstrated with his father Cronus, and a great and lasting war ensued. The Cyclops backed Jupiter with their lightning. The onslaught took place; Jupiter and the hundred-handed monster, with his earthquakes, were the winners of the day, and they vanquished the support of Cronus to the abyss of Tartarus.

From this it was supposed that Atlas, the son of Lapetus, was to hold the vault of the blue heavens on his shoulders. It might be well to note that the Atlas bone, that is superimposed on the vertebræ of the neck, and supports the human cranium, is named from this mythological personality.

At this time the great champion of man sprang forth, Prometheus by name, who went into heaven for fire for the use of mankind. Jupiter would not dispense fire to mortals, and it was plainly seen that Jove was in this way about to create a new race on the earth, until Prometheus stepped forth against the Olympian Jove, or Jupiter, to aid mankind by the use of fire, purloined from heaven. But this provoked Jupiter, the reigning god of Olympus, and he plotted, or had recourse to strategy, in the form of Pandora, which means the "Gift of all the Gods." Gods and Goddesses each contributed something beautiful and entrancing to make this Pandora, which was only a woman, overwhelmingly attractive to man. One gave her beauty, another mag-

netism or charm, another music, another coquetry. After these gifts were tendered, she was handed down to man, who at once benignantly accepted her. But in the hand of this woman was placed a box that she was forbidden to scrutinize too closely, and by all means not to open. The mortals were also cautioned by the immortals to keep close watch over the acts of this woman, Pandora.

As it was then, it is and will be with woman. The things they are cautioned not to do or see are what they are most apt to experience and explore. Pandora opened the box, and before she could close the cover there escaped to taunt man, plagues, pestilence, disease, rheumatism, consumption, cholera, gout, spite, evil eye, envy, jealousy, revenge, salacious lust and many other terrible things that cannot be mentioned here. However, she hurriedly replaced the lid in time to catch and hold one thing, and that was hope. The Olympian Jove's anger was not as yet sufficiently appeased. He bound Prometheus to a rock of the Caucasus Mountains. Still Prometheus found solace in his sadness, for he had a secret all to himself. He knew that in future years, tho vultures were gnawing his liver and tormenting him, he would be released by a powerful descendant of his own theogony, whose name was Hercules.* This great fortitude in distress has made the name Prometheus a symbol of endurance during the helpless experience of oppression. Prometheus is significant of forethought and Epimetheus afterthought, for the latter made animals with claws, beaks, horns, teeth and talons, while the former made them with hands, fingers and toes. The Greeks do not claim that man sprang from Adam and Eve, but, on the contrary, grew out of trees and rocks. Some of the ancient authors were of the opinion that mortal and immortal grew out of the earth, where they mingled, using the possessions of the earth in

*Mrs. Browning's "Prometheus Bound" or Byron's "Prometheus."

common and enjoying the pleasures of society together, as well as sharing the sorrows of misfortune and the deformation of vice, until man became so arrogant, proud and evil that it became necessary for the terrestrial deities to withdraw from their earthly abode, and take with them their vicegerents, vassals, cabinets, courts and entire retinue to heaven and Mount Olympus. At this period Prometheus remade man, for he was gifted with prophecy, while his brother Epimetheus had made a fiasco in his operations in that direction. He had provided them with claws, wings, swiftness and agility, but Prometheus† had done much more, for he, by his predatory act in lighting his torch from the sun, had acquired the art of using fire, and thru this made a much more noble being. The significance of this is obvious indeed. It is plain to see that a snake that crawls or animals that burrow in the ground and absorb the carbon of the earth, and forever have their eyes riveted on the earth, are of a low type of animal life, while the animal that is raised on two or four legs and inhales the balmy air and looks up at the sunlight, and stars and blue canopy of heaven, and feeds and drinks of the ambrosia and nectarious food of the gods (which was only the ozone) become more spiritual and of finer texture in both body and soul. This is all done by fire or heat—the sun and the air.

Man was surely improved upon thru the missions of Prometheus on his transcendent flight to the chariot of the sun, to light his torch therefrom and bring to the earth fire to be used in commerce, science and the arts, which have improved mankind. It was at this millennium that all went well with the people of the earth; virtue prevailed; truth was uppermost; there were no laws extant, for there was no need of them; the weapons or panoply of war was unknown; accondiments of subsistence sprang forth spon-

†Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound."

taneously without the husbanding hand of the gardener. There was but one season and that a perpetual spring. The hills had the flowers, the rivers the milk, the oak trees hived the combs of honey. How beautiful must have been the Golden Age! But there is always foreboding that goes with affluence. There were already precursory signs of an ominous change, which came in what is called the Silver Age. Then great Jupiter changed the year into seasons—spring, fall, summer and winter. This must have caused them to think of Prometheus with a pleasing memory, for they had fire to warm themselves with in the winter and could make tools of metal to build their habitations. Tho things would no longer grow without sowing, they were provided with fire to make their plows, and now they must labor and toil for subsistence. This made them insidious and hateful, impious and insolent, yet they were men of powerful stature, and fully able to work and provide for their maintenance. For their inimical qualities they were metamorphosed into ghosts and sent below to Pluto's realm to wait for Jupiter's page to summon them to his Olympian Court, after they had been purified to the extent that he felt justified in calling them to a life of immortality.

After the Age of Bronze, which was also a wicked age, came the Iron Age, which was worse than the preceding. Crime, immodesty, lust, perverted minds and dishonor were their degrading and demoralizing attributes. These times were, however, imbued with a war spirit and courage, which strongly manifested itself. War was in evidence at every quarter of the known world. The few who were or would have remained pure and good, by their forced social environments, were caused to sin and fall by the wayside. For it is obvious and miraculously penetrating to observe that two or more people, thru the influence of contact and habit in living together, come in time to take on the same

facial expressions and form the same desires and same phases of moral attributes. These people murdered each other, pandemonium reigned. All good had left them until it became necessary for the gods to abandon them, for they could not longer tolerate their ignoble lives and manner of living.

Astrea, the Goddess of Purity, was compelled to leave them; still she stayed as long as a holy one will or can possibly stay, as of our day, a father, a missionary, or Sister of Christ, will go among sinful men to help them to a better life. This goddess could not stay any longer, for something was to happen to the sinning race here below, and she perhaps knew of the impending calamity that was suspended over their future destiny. And this was the Flood of Deucalion, which corresponds to the Flood of Noah in the Hebrew Bible. Jove could plainly observe the disintegrated and immoral state to which they had retrogaded. He summoned the heavenly synod. They met together, traveling the milky way, lit by the stars, and curbed by the gray sky and macadamized by the iridescent star-dust, finally reaching the Palace of Jupiter, where they held council over the future destiny of the earth. And here he made his preceptive exhortations, invoking the gods who had assembled, to join with him in one unanimous declaration that they would destroy the human race that was then inhabiting the earth, and afterwards make a new race—a race more to his liking and after his own image, and a race that should have reverence for the ever-reigning deities, and manifest their reverence by making sacrifices and worshipping at altars that he would designate. Neptune was at once in favor of this procedure. They joined their powers together and gave the heavenly gargoyles an emetic that caused them to emit such copious amounts of

water on the earth that the race, with two exceptions, were swept away.

The favored ones were Deucalion and Pyrrha. Deucalion and Pyrrha ascended the Parnassus range of mountains. She was the daughter of Epimetheus and he the son of Prometheus' own cousins. They found refuge, probably near the Castalian Springs, which are on this mountain, where they were provided with fresh water.

There lives were as those of Noah and his family. They both loved and feared the great Jehovah, and as Noah did on Mount Ararat when the waters had receded, they built altars and worshipped, both falling prostrate before the altars and thanking the gods for their deliverance and guidance. At this altar they received the well-known oracle, "Veil thy heads, loosen thy garments and cast behind you the bones of your mother." Pyrrha was astonished, she felt she could not desecrate or profane the remains of her deceased progenitor. Deucalion interpreted the oracle. He saw its meaning and related it to Pyrrha. They at once cast the stones behind them, as they were told to do; instantly the stones changed into human forms and life. The ones he threw back of him became men and the ones she cast back of her became women. They became a hardy race as the stones would indicate. The interpretation of casting the stones, or bones of their forefathers, back of them, bears out the significance that they were to cast the evil ways of their parents' behind them, and that all future races were supposed to do likewise. This race of people had a heavy sprinkling of heroes and demigods. Hellen subsequently became the son of Deucalion and Pyrrha. He was the father of the Hellenes or the Grecian race. Eolus, Dorus, Xuthus and the Somans were his sons, who were the propagators of heroic tribes that founded cities and nations that were named after them.

WHAT IS MYTHOLOGY?

Part II

The primeval minds of antique poets have fortuitously and easily instituted mythology and its characters, which are anthropomorphic personalities used as symbols to represent the phenomena of nature. There have been many traditions and legendary events that have never been accepted as authentic history, but without the remotest doubt many of them were based on actual occurrences, tho thru the long corridor of time have been perverted until the stories have perhaps become so monstrous as not to be credited. Stories are borrowed so much by one nation or people from another, only changing the personal names, that they lose their identity. Some of the leading mythologists of later days call these works the "disease of language." I refer the reader to John Fiske's "Myth and Myth-makers," Grimm's "Teutonic Myths," or Bering Gould's "Curious Myths," et cetera.

Well do we know that Belisarius was a great general in the time of Justinian, Emperor of Byzantine Rome, tho is it myth or a historical fact that he was turned out as a blind, begging mendicant to die after reaching the highest pinnacle of military fame under the rule of Justinian, Emperor of the East? Was there really a William Tell that instigated the revolt of the cantons of Switzerland, that finally culminated into the overthrow of Leopold that Switzerland might become a republic? No one doubts but what Harun-al-Raschid of Bagdad once lived and was commander of the faithful, and that he disguised his person and went among his poor to find out their needs. The story is more or less discredited because his philanthropic acts have been eulogized and added to until they are as im-

possible as the lamp of Aladdin, that illumined all the secrets of the earth and disclosed all sorts of hidden treasures; the same is true of the adventures of Sindbad, the sailor;* and Roland's experience in the mountain pass with the Moors. The legend goes on to say that after Charlemagne had left him so far in the rear that he could not see his young protege, the Moors came upon him. Consequently, not knowing Roland's plight, he did not aid him. It is related that Roland could have saved himself and his army from this enemy by blowing a large horn he had with him for that purpose and summoning his uncle to his aid, but the brave Roland, endowed with so much prowess and self-reliance, after consulting with Oliver, his chief paladin, turned and fought the enemy, the result terminating disastrously to Roland and his army.

This story in its general outline is somewhat historically correct, but there have been so many romantic myths brought into it that its verity has been mantled with a cloud of doubt and skepticism. History records the existence of "werewolves," which are historical characters, for there have been recorded in history men whose ignoble lives have merited the word they have been christened with. These "werewolves" have sprung up in every nation. They are men who are born with an implacable desire to devour human flesh and drink human blood, which seems to be their "To Kalon," or the one incentive in life they aspire to. Science of today calls it Lyconthropy Sadism and Atavism. It is man's character bred back to the animal propensities indigenous to a raving wolf.

There are also many "stories," known as ecclesiastical myths, that have been propagated and promulgated by

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*Read Burton's or Paine's unexpurgated editions of the "Arabian Nights."

monks in cloisters, only they term them miracles. They have been handed down to posterity thru both sacred and profane history as being miraculously true, when in fact they are traditionally mythical. For instance, the story of Saint George killing the dragon, or the "La Baron" in the sky that Emperor Constantine was supposed to accept as a celestial sign for him to adopt the Christian religion and the cross as his banner, and by it conquer, which he did at Melvin bridge. Also the many miraculous events of the Crusades and the wars that were carried on in Italy by Frederick Barbarosa.

The human brain is a recondite organ whose psychological vagaries and functions can never be fathomed. It creates stories that are one-half true, and in time become accredited "fact." It also creates stories that are framed with such specious words and symbols of expression that their significance is often beautiful and "poetically" true. Still these dummy actors seem to a rational and logical mind monstrous and impossible. For example, the stories by Rabelais, in whose words of gorget and pantagruelism, together with the evil behavior of his characters, have become nothing more than a "synecdoche" or figure of speech to express the irrefragable doings of forward, abnormal children like Pantagruel, son of Gorgonosuer. Of course they are more than suggestive, even to the liberal reader, which has caused them to be branded as evil, which are not evil, for they only express and characterize the deformity of evil which at once becomes a beneficent necessity. In other words, evil that is beneficent is not evil, but a necessary good. Evil is only evil in seeming so.

Then it is plain that stories are not all "stories"; there are always stratas of truth and good in them. Some authors have gone so far as to say it is impossible to make up a myth without it being in reality a truth, as Rene Descartes

in his "Cogito, ergo sum" (I think, therefore I am). He was not satisfied for many years whether he really was in existence or not, or whether there was any physical existence to the world. Berkeley was of this same opinion. I speak of these philosophers and their philosophy simply to show how deep the mind can delve into what I call "Mythical Psychology."

The old nocturnal incubus called mara (or nightmare), together wih the Nixies (swan maids) and Banshees of Ireland, or some one form or the other in each and every nation in past ages, seem to appear regularly to haunt and trouble mankind. These formidable demons were obtrusive in their sedulous visits; still the calamity that was supposed to be in juxtaposition with their visits, never was known to really do physical harm, with the exception that some felt a choking sensation that they were sure was caused by the monster Mara sitting on their breasts; in reality they had eaten too copious a meal and the gas pressing on the diaphragm had caused them nightly disquietude! This, together with many other natural causes, has contributed toward the manufacture of mythical demons of this sort. As science has enlightened us, and has unfolded the truth of so much that was mysterious, it has given superstition, and all religion in fact, a very hard blow. A scientific mind wants proof. The rule of proof is comparison; without a standard we cannot reason intelligently, nor can we analyze without a rule of comparison. The sailor at sea must have some objects from which to compute distance, so he uses the stars and the sun, the compass and sextant. There must always be premises to stand on and to compare from. The jeweler compares his gems and makes his own deductions. It was different in the early days—everything was objective. The great power of Nature before the eyes of observers seemed to move and go on its way unguarded and alone,

and to be vastly more potent than was man. They were convinced by this alone, that the winds and waters and all of the elements were endowed with a soul, with divine attributes; they invested these souls with invisible human forms of monstrous proportions, which they used to characterize the elements of Nature and its uncontrollable forces.

It is difficult to tell a story that is a story without some truth, for even little, simple nursery stories and rhymes, in their general outline seeming to be ridiculously absurd, and never thought of as ever having the least semblance of possible truth in them, if they are analyzed, discover a paradoxical meaning that would puzzle an older head—only it is put in a simple, childish way. John Fiske calls our attention to the fact that "there is little or no real nonsense in the world." Simple nursery rhymes can contain subjects big with ideas. Such subjects have been undertaken as merely pastime for children, and afterwards have become of great use to humanity. Things have often been done that seemed of little value at the time of their doing, but have lived on and into usefulness; for instance, when the Septuagint (or "seventy") monks were sent to Alexandria to translate the Bible (or the Hebrew Scriptures) into Greek, these scholarly monks had no idea at the time the great work they were doing for posterity. Nor did St. Jerome, while at Bethlehem in his cell, translating the same work, which was and is still called the Vulgate, to be used by the vulgar or the common masses.

It is equally true with all phases of literature, for to obtain wisdom we must associate ourselves with the works of other men. Darwin's "Origin of Species" has shown us that it is one eternal battle for both vegetable and animal life to exist. It ends with the "survival of the fittest," or natural selection. The big eat up the little, which can be

plainly seen in the large spreading oak which chokes out the small weeds by its enormous roots, and smothers the shrubbery beneath its umbrageous branches. Links or a concatenation of literature forged from the works of great men will make you a golden chain that will bind you to be provident in life and hopeful in the event of death. To study such master-men of letters as I shall name involves pleasure in literary reminiscences. One may shift from one to the other and feel that he is spending his evenings with the author himself, for variety is the spice of life. One may get the humor of chivalry from "Don Quixote," and at the same time it instructs you as to the errant acts of the knights of the Middle Ages. Or you can read of the great Cid or the "Seven Worthies," or step from Spain to Comiene's "Lusiade," the poem that tells us of the Portuguese discovery of India. (This poem was named the "Lusiade" after Portugal's ancient name, Lusitania.) From Portugal, step over into Italy and read Boccaccio's "Decameron." That is both entertaining and instructive as to the terrible plague in Italy in the 13th century, and shows how careless many become, thinking no doubt that God had forsaken them, and the "ten days" of the "Decameron" illustrate how demoralized people may become under the overwhelming pressure of disheartedness.

After the perusal of this remarkable work there comes "I Promessi Sposi," by Alesandra Manzoni; then across the Alps into Frane and peruse "Paul and Virginia," by Saint Pierre, and when you are at home in your library, read Humboldt's "Cosmos," Heckel's "Riddle of the Universe," together with Kepler and Copernicus, on the principles of the heavenly bodies and their movements. When thru with these works, pick up Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" for variety, and as a poetical change, Richard Burton's "Kassada," or his unexpurgated edition of the "Arabian

Nights," or Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat," and back again to Darwin, Huxley, Tindall, Spinoza, Bacon's "Novum Organum," and Sir Oliver Lodge, the latter on "Psychic Phenomena" and the immortality of the soul, and then Butler's "Hudibras"; Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," Shakespeare and all of his confreres; Buckel on "Civilization," Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," Machiavelli's "Prince," Voltaire's "History of Charles The XII," Thomas Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution," "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antonius," Pascal's "Thoughts," and for some of the old fathers of the church read St. Augustine's "Confessions" and his "City of God"; "Imitations of Christ," by Thomas a Kempis, also Origen, Luther and Palagus. For ancient history read Livy, Strabo, "Plutarch's Lives," Heroditus and Josephus; then take up Sidney's "Arcadia," More's "Utopia," Plato's "Republic," and then switch to Greek Drama. For philosophy, Rousseau, Hobbs, Volaire, Locke, Hume, Berkeley and Descartes. For another change, De Quincey's "Confession of an English Opium Eater," Pope, Byron's "Childe Harold" and Mayrie Bashkirtsefe's "Journal of a Young Artist," Lord Lytton's "Lucile," and Bailey's "Festus." For still another change, "Christian Iconography" and Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell," and Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," Percy's "Relic," etc. There are a thousand others I could name, but I cannot give the space, yet there are some I must add, though I am making a long digression from our subject, "Mythology." They are Pindar's "Odes," Hesiod's "Works and Days," and many of the epic poems of the different nations, like "Jerusalem Delivered," by Tasso; Dante's "Divine Comedy," Milton's "Paradise Lost," Spenser's "Fairie Queen," Homer's "Iliad" and Virgil's "Æneid," also "Orlando Furioso," by Ariosto; "King Arthur and the Sangrail," by Mallory, the "Mabinogen of Wales," translated by Charlotte Guest, and if one cares to

find his own soul, read the "Great Work" by T. K., also the "Harmonics of Evolution" and the "Great Psychological Crime."

I apologize to the reader for being so desultory or discursive in reaching away from the original subject to grasp a nucleus from this branch of thought or kaleidoscopic view of erudition, to build our structure of faith that myth is often paradoxical truth—useful, instructive and beautiful.

N. B.: If not for Mythology, Racine could not have given us his immortal "Phedra."

ROMAN DIVINITIES AND SUPERSTITIONS

The inaugurating exercises the Romans were so devout in carrying on when an Emperor or First Consul was sworn into office, involved religious and precursory divinations, not only to propitiate the deities, but their priests or auguries (from which the name inaugurate is derived). Then they would suffer themselves to jester out esoteric signs to invoke the intercession of Jupiter, and thereby these seemingly ridiculous means would forecast and propitiate future protection and an auspicious reign to the new-crowned Emperor. They were of a superstitious belief that the entrails of an ox, after it had been slaughtered, would offer physical manifestations by which they could read all great events to come. The festival called the Saturnalia was held annually by the ancient Romans. Saturn henceforth became the God of the Romans. Although Jupiter was his son, he usurped his suzerainty. Saturn's Queen was Ops, who was the Goddess of the Golden Harvest. She has been confounded with Rhea.

Janus, another Roman deity, was called the double-faced Janus, of which the month January is named, for it faces

both ways at the old and new year. He was the porter at all portals and entrances. Terminus was the God of Landmarks. Faunus was a Roman Satyr. Sylvanus was an earthly deity and presided over the forests, while Pomona and Vertumnus presided over orchards and gardens. The ancient Romans believed somewhat as our modern Spiritualists. They believed that each and every male had a Genus and every female a Juno for their guide or spirit, who protected them and looked after their welfare. Roman birthdays were always celebrated by offerings made to their heavenly guides. Juventus was the Deity of Youth; he was a titular god to all below the age of puberty. In going deeper into Roman mythology and the founding of Rome by men of divine parentage it is necessary to go back to the Trojan War.

The original cause of this conflict was the celebration of the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, ancestors of Achilles. All of the deities were invited to this wedding except Discord or Eris. She became so enraged that she cast a golden apple among the guests with the inscription, "For the Fairest." Venus, Juno and Minerva, three of the most beautiful goddesses present, claimed the apple. It happened to be the case that there was no one present that was thought by Jupiter competent to judge of a matter of so much moment as this, so he at once dispatched a fleet courier to Mount Ida for Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy. Paris was attending the flocks as the message summoning him arrived. Each one of these goddesses endeavored to bribe Paris after he had arrived on the scene. Juno promised him power and great wealth; Minerva, renown in war; Venus promised him the most beautiful woman living for his wife. Paris at once accepted the latter, and of course by doing this drew the animadversion of the other two upon himself, which later caused him much discomfort.

In a very short time Paris, under the influence of Venus, sailed for Greece, where he was hospitably received by Menelaus, King of Sparta, whose wife Helen was reputed to be the most beautiful of all the Greek women. She was the one that Providence had destined to cause the Great Trojan War, for Paris fell deeply in love with her and carried her away to Troy. Menelaus became so enraged that he called upon each and every city in Greece to aid him in the recovery of his beautiful Queen and wife, Helen.* Most of the generals of Greece made ready at once for the invasion of Troy. Still there were a few exceptions. Ulysses, who had married Penelope, a cousin of Helen's pretended madness as Hamlet is purported to have done in Shakespeare's drama. Ulysses sowed salt as tho it were grain, but his false illusions were discovered by Polomedes, and after he saw that his dissembling subterfuge was of no avail he decided to go, and also to prevail on others who had been until now reluctant in taking up arms to bring Helen back to Sparta. One of them was Achilles, the son of Peleus and Thetis, at whose wedding all of this trouble had started. However, this involved Ulysses in no end of trouble, for Achilles' mother had been warned that her son would be killed in battle before Troy, and she had sent him away to the island of Scyros to abide with King Lycomedes and his court. The boy had such perfect-cut features he was disguised as a maid and mingled with the daughters of the King with impunity. However, Ulysses discovered him on going there disguised as a merchant selling arms for the coming war. He observed that this "maid" Achilles handled them too gracefully for a maiden, so he made himself known and prevailed upon Achilles to go to war, which he did.

*See Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," also Rollin's "Ancient History."

When Paris was born, there were forebodings that he would be the direct cause of Troy's ruin. Consequently he was kept by Priam, his father and King of Troy, in obscurity. Agamemnon, brother to Menelaus, was decided upon as chief of the invading force. Beneath him as aid was Ajax, who was physically powerful but dull in mental capacity. Diomede and Nestor were others who played an important role in this great conflict. Nestor was the oldest of the chiefs, consequently he was selected as mentor for the expedition.

They started on their enterprise of restoring the stolen Helen to her husband, but they had a difficult undertaking before them. Although Priam of Troy was an old man, he had fortified his city and was the father of a powerful son whose name was Hector. Hecuba, his Queen, had always been of great help to him both in war and as a wife and mother. Hector's wife, Andromache, was a woman of stamina and courage. Æneas was a relative of Hector and son of Venus, who after the war left with his father and son to found a new city. After the Greeks had decided on this great war they were two years in preparing for their final dash. The great fleet of ships the Greeks were to embark in had concentrated into the port of Aulis of Bœotia, and one day while Agamemnon was hunting in the forest he killed a stag that was sacred to the Goddess Diana.

In retribution for this act she served upon his army a pestilence that so decimated his ranks that he was compelled to resort to whatever he might to appease the anger of this goddess. The sea was so becalmed that his ships would not stir from their moorings, so what was he to do? Calchas, the soothsayer, came to his rescue. He informed Agamemnon that the virgin Goddess Diana wished him to sacrifice his daughter Iphigenia. However, reluctant Agamemnon must have been, he was compelled to submit

to the inevitable, and called for his beautiful virgin daughter. He did not make known the true mission he had in store for her, but called on his tergiversating propensities and told her he was going to marry her to Achilles. After she had been prepared for this autodefe, and was about to be consumed as Isaac was when Abraham set about to make a sacrifice of his son, Diana drew her away and placed a hind in her place. Diana wrapped her in a cloud instead of the sanbineto coat and took her away to Tauris, where she was made Priestess of her Temple.*

Agamemnon having made restitution for his evil behavior to the Goddess Diana, was now with his great fleet on the coast of Troy. One of the bravest of the Greeks was Proteselaus, who encountered the Trojan Hector as soon as they had landed, but was killed by him. Proteselaus was so loved by his wife, Laodamia, that she invoked the gods to let her speak with her husband, though only one hour. This they consented to, though she was many miles from him. The war went on for many years, until Achilles and Agamemnon, the two great leaders, broke up in a litigious affair that for a while looked as though the war had come to an abrupt ending. At this point Homer's "Iliad," the greatest of all poems, begins.†

All of this trouble between Achilles and Agamemnon grew out of the spoils of the war. The Greeks had taken the adjoining cities, and among the spoils was the beautiful Chryseis. Agamemnon would not give her back to her father, who had come for her and informed him that she was a Priestess to Apollo, although Achilles reproached him and tried to persuade him to hand her over, for he knew

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*See Euripides' "Iphigenia at Aulis"; also Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women."

†The reader should peruse Homer's "Iliad," translated into English by Pope, or W. C. Bryant; also read Virgil's "Æneid."

she could call on Apollo and do the army much harm. Agamemnon would not relent and pestilence was sent upon his forces. At last, when things were getting unbearable, Agamemnon could see his mistake, and informed Achilles he would give her up on one condition, and that was if he would give him Briseis, another maiden who had been a captive in Achilles' hands. Achilles submitted to this, but threw down his arms and said he would take no further part in the war.

All of the heavenly deities took part in this conflict. It was known through prophecy that if the Greeks persisted in battle they would eventually succeed. Juno and Minerva saw their chance at this time to avenge a slight that Paris had done them at the wedding feast, so they were against the Trojans. Venus, on the contrary, favored them. Mars being so fond of Venus, of course, would favor the Trojans. while the great sea god Neptune favored the Greeks. Apollo was sometimes neutral and then would vacillate from one to the other. Jupiter was somewhat of the same disposition as Apollo. The war went on and after a great onslaught the Greeks were routed and compelled to seek refuge in their ships, which were anchored near. This rout would have perhaps never taken place had Achilles stayed and fought as he originally intended, for he was the most alert of the chiefs, the "fleet-footed" he was called. They were now compelled to have a council of war, and Nestor advised that Achilles should be sent for. Ajax, Ulysses and Phœnix were the ones selected for this mission. Achilles had only retired from actual combat, though as yet had not crossed the water to Greece. Although after these three emissaries had gone to him and petitioned him to go back with them and recommence hostilities, he peremptorily refused. While this embassy was doing all in its power to influence Achilles to return and engage in the war, the

Greeks were in terrible stress. They were driven to their ships and were besieged on all sides except the Southwest, where Neptune had come to their aid. They were about to either capitulate or destroy all when Calchus, a prophet, urged them on and gave them hope, just at the time they were in most need of it.

Ajax, son of Telamon, distinguished himself by his unparalleled valor. He encountered the powerful Hector as soon as he made his first advance. Hector threw his monstrous spear at Ajax, but the weapon struck the belt buckle and glanced off. Ajax did not resort to steel, but did as David did to Goliath, picked up a large stone and threw it at Hector with superhuman effort, hitting him in the neck. Hector fell to the earth, and was carried from the field by his own soldiers. Jupiter, it seemed, had forsaken the battlefield, for a time at least, but there was a reason for this and a very plausible one. Juno had fixed herself up in her best, and to make herself still more attractive she borrowed the cestus of Venus, and when Jupiter, her husband, beheld her it rejuvenated his affection for her to the extent that he and she were resting on Olympus, enjoying each other's company and occasionally would give an inadvertent glance across the way in the direction of the ensuing battle. This all went very well with Jupiter until he, by a scrutinizing glance, saw that the one who had received the wound from Ajax was Hector, and this greatly disturbed him. He appealed to Apollo to heal Hector's wound, and to instil new vim and vigor into him. This was done and Hector soon returned to the battle line as strong as ever.

The next to receive a severe wound was Machaon, who was a son of Esculapius, the father of medicine. Paris shot an arrow that nearly ended his career as a surgeon of the Greek army. Had it not have been for Nestor, who took him into his chariot and drove him away to a safe retreat

where he could nurse him back to health, he would have surely perished. Achilles had not as yet been completely won over to join in the fighting, although he was prevailed upon to at least loan his armor to another hero of nearly equal valor and let him fight in his place disguised as himself. This hero was a great friend of Achilles; his name was Patroclus. By this time things had assumed a formidable aspect. Four of the best generals were wounded and they were now in a condition that warranted help at once. One of the ships burst out into flames and at the sight of this Achilles relented in so far as to loan his invincible Myrmidons, which were said to be the posterity of ants as the word conveys. Patroclus, with Achilles' armor, went into the conflict with implacable zeal. Fighting frenzy overtook him; his armor was enough for the Trojans, for they well knew what it meant to charge an enemy like Achilles. They were deceived—they ran to all quarters for refuge from what they thought to be Achilles. Nestor and Ajax performed prodigious feats of war—the enemy were routed and the Greeks were victorious for at least a while, until the Trojans recruited their army for another engagement.

After a short reprieve, the battle was renewed with Sarpedon, grandson of Bellerophon. Just behind Patroclus as support, his spear was hurled with such impetuosity at Patroclus, though missing him, it pierced Sarpedon's body and was the immediate cause of his death. Apollo was supposed to have taken his remains to his (Sarpedon's) native island.

Hector at this time came on to the field, caparisoned in his beautiful panoply of war. His chariot and bearer of arms were shifting to get to a strategic point. While manœuvering, Patroclus hurled an immense stone at Hector that missed him, but struck his charioteer, which knocked him from the chariot to the ground. Hector descended to

aid his charioteer and, as he did so, Patroclus descended from his to press him closer with his spear. They were at each other in a moment. Some one beside Hector struck Patroclus, which either removed his helmet or stunned him, for he was somewhat overcome by a blow from some source, when Hector threw his spear; it was so well directed that Patroclus fell mortally wounded. As soon as he fell Homer records there was a great rush for his armor, but Hector had taken this and had retired back of the fighting line, where he donned the armor of Achilles. However, Hector had only taken the armor. He had not time to take the body of Patroclus, for Ajax and Menelaus were on hand at once to guard his remains. Hector and the entire Trojan force tried to capture the remains of Patroclus.

The battle was raging to its utmost. They had forgotten about Helen—it was the body of Patroclus they were after. But at this Jove intervened and mantled the canopy of heaven with a somber cloud. The thunder roared as though ten thousand chariots were running down a mountainside. They were in chaos and complete darkness prevailed, except the occasional flash of lightning which momentarily lit up the horrors of the scene, which only added to their horrors instead of mitigating them. Ajax decided to send word to Achilles to tell him the fate of his friend Patroclus. The Greeks implored the Gods to give them light, which after a time they did. The news was dispatched to Achilles, but before he had received it the body of Patroclus was recovered by the Greeks and placed aboard their ships.

When Antilochus informed Achilles of his friend's death, and the loss of his armor, Antilochus was afraid Achilles would kill him for bringing such news, for he roared so loud that Thetis, his mother, heard him from the palace of Neptune in the deep. The only hope Achilles had now was revenge. He was about to fly to the front and deliver his

dudgeon to Hector at once, but his mother called to him from afar and reminded him of his armor being lost, and that she would see that he had a more impervious and invulnerable armor than warrior had ever donned before and that it would be made by Vulcan, the heavenly blacksmith, on the forge of Mount Etna in Sicily. The armor was made at once. The corselet, greaves and helmet were made of metal that could not be penetrated by any weapon made by man. Thetis brought the armor to her son and laid it before him as she promised she would do. Achilles was never as happy as now to receive this armor, which he donned, went forward and made a speech to his comrades, saying he had forgiven and wanted to be forgiven by Agamemnon. He said the fault was not his, but the Goddess Ate, who was the Goddess of Infatuation. Agamemnon and Achilles were reconciled.

Achilles went into the battle in zealous rage. Many turned and ran from him—many were killed by his well-directed lance. Æneas was the first to encounter him. He was encouraged to do so by Lycaon, son of Priam, the King. Æneas threw his spear at Achilles. It struck the Vulcan armor and was thrown with such impetuosity that it penetrated the first two plates of his shield, but was stopped by the third. Achilles returned the compliment and threw his spear at Æneas, but it glanced off without injury. Neptune could see that Æneas was about to pick up a stone to cast at his adversary, and by doing this would expose himself to the spear of Achilles, so he carried Æneas away, enveloped in a cloud.

Priam could see from the walls of the city the danger his men were in and commanded they should retreat within the walls of the city. They obeyed, though had it not been for the aid rendered them by Apollo they could not have all got within and closed the gates, for Achilles was so

closely at their heels they were placing their rearguard in jeopardy. They had all gotten within the walls of Troy, with the exception of Hector, who remained out to meet Achilles at his own bidding. Priam called to him to come within, but Hector would not obey. Then Hecuba, his mother, tenderly called for him to come within, but Hector remained steadfast. He was determined to do or to die. As he was answering his parents, telling them he would stand his ground, Achilles came at him with such formidable jestures that Hector was compelled through fright to flee. Achilles followed him until they had encircled the entire city wall three times. Pallas ran along with Hector, giving him courage. He turned and cast a spear at Achilles, but it only bounded from the Vulcan armor. Pallas had assumed the form of Hector's friend, Deiphobus, but Hector only discovered this transfiguration after he had thrown this last spear. Then he looked around for another weapon; he could see he was lost. Defeat dawned on him all at once, but Hector swore he would not fall ingloriously or without an effort to save himself. Achilles raised his spear at this, flung it at the crest of his breastplate near Hector's neck, where it took effect. Hector fell to the earth with a few words feebly uttered, but they were audible to those who were near. "May my parents ransom my body and may I receive the rites of burial from the Trojans."

Achilles answered in harsh invective, saying, "No, your carcass shall be given to the dogs. No ransom could be offered that would induce me to give up the body that has caused me so much anguish." Achilles tied the body to his chariot and let it drag on behind as he drove around the city, and back and forth before the gates, excoriating him and the Trojans as he flew. His father and mother could see all of this, and were so stricken with sorrow and remorse they were almost on the verge of going down into the fray

themselves. Andromache, the noble wife of Hector, heard the roaring from out the walls and knew well something was decidedly wrong. She went forth and as she saw the truth of the day's battle she fainted and when revived she felt for her children and their future and the ruin of Troy. Woman has never suffered more than she.

After this the Greeks rejoiced in their great victory over the defeat and death of Hector. The Gods prevailed upon Achilles after he had indulged his wrath upon the body of Hector, to give it back to his people. Upon receipt of his remains, Priam, his father, delivered the ransom to Achilles himself. The ransom consisted of ten talents, a golden cup and two tripods.

Priam knew well the danger of going to the tent of this hero, still he would go, and instead of taking powerful warriors with him he took an old man by the name of Idœus. Jupiter realized the danger this venerable old king was to undergo, and sent Mercury to guide and protect him. Mercury drove the chariot for Priam. When they had reached the tent of Achilles, Mercury threw a somber spell over the guards and ushered Priam into the presence of Achilles, where he was sitting with his two aides.

Priam threw himself before the hero at once and kissed his murderous hands, saying, "O, Achilles, think of thy old father at this moment that is full of years and ready to fall from the brink of life into eternal dissolution. Have pity. Consider my senile years. Your own illustrious father loves you. He watches for you to comfort him in his declining years. Ah, yes, and comforted he will be, for his son Achilles lives and will receive him into his arms and plant a loving kiss on each fatherly cheek. But I, whom the gods have forsaken; I, who have been blessed with strong sons and beautiful daughters; I, who have been destined to be King of Ilium, and I, who have been selected by Jove to

rule the people of my realm; I, I, oh, Achilles, I must be deprived of my son now, for he is dead, but have compassion on me! Have pity on my Hecuba! Give me what remains of him. Give him to me, this I ask you."

Achilles dropped his head and wept, for the solemn words of this venerable old king thus moved Achilles to tears and emotion. Achilles placed his strong hand upon Priam's shoulders, and raised him from his kneeling posture. "I know well, King, thou could have never entered this tent without divine help, therefore, the Gods love you, and by it I judge your worthy appeal. I will give you your boy Hector." Achilles received the ransom, and a twelve-day truce was agreed upon between them; and during this truce the funeral of Hector was solemnized with all the respect that royal pageantry could show him. When the funeral cortege was slowly passing through the walls of the city the people could descry the form of their fallen hero, and there was heard a chorus of lamentations that continued until he was incinerated in the Trojan soil. Few funeral pyres have been surrounded with as many broken hearts as that of Hector.

This is as far as Homer's "Iliad" goes into the explanation of the ignominious ending of Hector, and in fact, to go further, we must take up the Odyssey, which means the story of Ulysses and his adventurous travels after the fall of Troy.

NAMES DERIVED FROM MYTHOLOGY

There are many names and words in all modern languages that have been handed down to us from mythology. Cornucopia is one, which is a cornet or horn of plenty. Hercules and Achelus, the river god, got into a hand-to-hand encounter one day on account of Dejanira, whom they both loved. During the combat Achelus was getting the worst of the strife, and to crawl out of it gracefully turned himself into a snake. But snakes would not daunt Hercules, for he had strangled snakes when he was a babe in his cradle. So he strangled this metamorphosed snake. Achelus changed himself again, seeing he was still in great danger of being killed. This time he changed into a bull. At this Hercules grasped him by the horns and threw (the bull) over on his back and pulled one of the horns loose from the bull's head, then casting the horn aside. The Naiads consecrated it and filled it with fruit and flowers and presented it to the Goddess of Plenty, who adopted it as their symbol and named it cornucopia, which is still regarded as the symbol of fecundity and plentitude.

Another name that is often used in the English vocabulary is Luna, who was an Italian deity that presided over the moon; Sol was another who presided over the sun; Mater, the dawn, mother of the morning; Juventus, of youth; Fides, or honesty (fidelity); Penates, those who presided over the domestic welfare of the household; Flora, or goddess of flowers; Sylvanus, of forests; Pomona, or goddess of vegetables or fruit trees; Sirens, or muses of the sea, who by their beautiful singing drew the sailors' attention to them, consequently allowing their ships to go on to the rocks and be destroyed.

The Salamander was a lizard that could be thrown into fire without injury; the Phœnix was a bird that was con-

sumed into ashes and "resurgam" (rose again); the Cockatrice (or Basilisk) was the monarch of all serpents, fabled to have killed many by its penetrating deadly gaze; Somnus, Hypnos and Thanatos* were sons of night, the former God of Sleep, the latter of Death; the Furies were supposed to have sprung from the blood of the wounded Uranus; they were personified instruments of punishment; Pluto, or King of the Underworld, is also often referred to; Dryads, Hamadryads and Orieads are different classes of nymphs and minor earthly deities that are personified in the form of beautiful women, usually dancing together in streams, at fountains, in trees or in meadows, and who are usually nude and have long, beautiful tresses and perfect physiques. The tree nymphs were called Hamadryads. Satyrs and fauns were of the opposite sex to that of the nymphs, still they bore the same significance to nature.

Halcyon is used in connection with halcyon or peaceful days and is a common way of expressing pleasant days of the past. Halcyon's husband was lost at sea, and she remained at home moaning his absence and wondering if he was drowned. His being away so long convinced her some terrible calamity had surely befallen him. While she lay on her couch late one night in wait for tidings of her beloved, he had assumed the form of another and flew to her, standing before her dripping with the salt sea water. He informed her that he had been drowned in the Ægean Sea. As soon as these words were spoken to her she raised from her former posture and flew to the seashore. As she approached she could discern an object floating to and fro in the water and, as the wind blew the waves toward her, the object floated nearer until she recognized it to be her husband. As soon as she looked well upon his remains she was transformed into a bird, the kingfisher, and flew away,

*See Bryant's "Thanatopsis."

moaning as she flew. This was during the winter solstice and from this time on, Jove changed the habits of the winds, never allowing them to blow for seven days before and seven days after the solstice (the shortest day of the year is the winter solstice, the longest day the summer solstice. Some think this the time of the equinox, which is the opposite. The equinox is when the day and night are equal in length). The above story has been shown to contain much truth, for the wind and waves during these times of the year are apt to be calm. And the Halcyon birds brood over their young on the breast of the sea, and seafaring men consider it safe to start on their voyages.

Bacchanals or Bacchantes are those who worshipped Bacchus, the God of Wine. They are often used to express the actions of those who indulge in social debauchery and evenings of vinous pleasantry. Bacchus or Dionysus was the son of Jupiter and Semele. He was a lover of peace and a law-giver; his crown was made of ivy leaves; he rode upon the tiger and panther, sometimes the lynx. His attendants were satyrs and the Mænads, or women who danced about him and waved the "Thyrsus," which was a staff surrounded by ivy, surmounted by a pine cone. His name in some countries signifies "loosener of cares." Silenus was his drunken companion, who was usually in his company.

Nemesis was the Goddess of Vengeance, and Plutus the God of Wealth. These two deities have given us words that are frequent in most all modern languages. Phæton, son of Phœbus, who attempted to drive the Chariot of the Sun for his faher, has been the natural nomeclature for our carriage by that name.

The word "pander," from Pandarus, a leader in the Trojan War, procured for Troilus the love of Chryseis. This word is used to convey the meaning of service ren-

dered by a bawd who procures a woman for evil purposes for another. These words and thousands more that have been adopted from ancient mythology are used in the English language as well as most other European languages.

THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES

Ulysses was the victorious generalissimo of the Trojan War. Under his directions and wonderful strategy the Greeks won this famous conflict. A peculiarity that has always been characteristic of the Greek people as a whole is that they are a race divided amongst themselves; as Christ said, "If a house is divided against itself it will fall." The truth of this has been exemplified many times over by these very people, for instead of centralizing their capital and upholding the constitutional laws that the federal government of that capital might legislate to govern the nation as a whole, they have become jealous one city of another, and set themselves up a government of their own and not submitting to the domineering supremacy of a neghboring metropolis and district. They have made several states out of one people, and have had war after war that was nothing more or less than civil conflict. And still, on several important occasions of the remote past, when one of these states was threatened with destruction, they all came forward and aided each other. For instance, as when Xerxes led the Medes and Persians to their country, and Leonidas from Corinth hastened to the north of Greece and at Thermopalæ fought so bravely to repulse the onslaught of the Persians. At another time, at the battle of the Marathon, and the naval engagement called the battle of Salamis; also, other times they have combined their forces to fight as one nation. During the Trojan War the different states were

nearly all represented; tho many of the generals were reluctant at first, they all became as one state before the war was over.

After the war, Ulysses did not go home to Ithaca and his dear wife, Penelope, but gathered a company of heroes and sailed away from the shores of Ilium to many different countries and islands. He first stopped at the Land of the Lotos Eaters, if I am to give his exact itinerary after the war in his peregrinations.

When Ulysses and his company decided they would investigate the place and the people's habits, they disembarked, and were hospitably entertained by the citizens, and were offered some of the lotos plant to eat. This they accepted. The plant was supposed to have a peculiar effect upon those who partook of it, for it would cause them to be apathetic in leaving the island and returning to their own homes. It proved to have this effect on this occasion, for it was with great difficulty that Ulysses got away with his men. He was compelled to use force, and to tie his men to parts of the ship until the ship got away far enough so the attraction was broken. This Lotos plant must have been the poppy from which we extract opium, for they were said to have had beautiful dreams and were dozy and indifferent about all worldly matters. This being the case, it surely must have been the active principle of opium that rendered them in this state of mental stupidity and indifference.

The next place he landed was in the land of the Cyclops. These monsters dwelt in caves and fed on whatever Nature was good enough to provide for them, without necessitating toil or labor, with the exception of herding sheep. When the company went ashore here Ulysses took him as a peace offering a keg of wine. As they went on into the interior of the island some thought they saw the entrance

of a cave that looked inviting and went into it. They were convinced by the food they saw there that it was inhabited.

Before they had taken seats the master of the cave appeared. His name was Polyphemus. He said nothing at first but proceeded to go on with his "household duties," until Ulysses spoke and informed him that he had just arrived in the land from the Trojan War, and also how the Greeks had been victorious over the Trojans, and when he had said this, he finished by craving the hospitality of Polyphemus. This giant Cyclops replied by abruptly grabbing two of the company and throwing them against the rocky cave wall and crushing out their lives. He at once picked up the parts of the bodies and ate them with all satiety. After becoming surfeit, he fell into a deep sleep. Ulysses would have dispatched this monster at once, since this would perhaps be his best opportunity, but it suddenly dawned on him how could they ever make their exit if they killed him, for he had placed a large rock that 500 men could not stir against the entrance as he had entered. They were compelled to put up for the night in this horrid cave. In the morning the Cyclops was hungry again and he repeated the act of the evening before, and killed two more of Ulysses' men and ate them. After his breakfast he left the cave and shut them in, and went on to herd his flocks for the day.

Ulysses and his companions were frightened and wondering what they were going to do to avoid certain death. He had proven his resourcefulness in war many times over, but now he was called on for strategy that must be effectual in its outcome, or they would all surely perish. Ulysses soon decided what he would do; he sharpened a large stick, burned or charred the end to suit him for the purpose of piercing and burning the eye out of this monster, for the Cyclops have but one eye. In time the Cyclops returned

and killed two more, and sat down to eat them, and while devouring them, Ulysses in euphemistic terms invited him to drink some of the wine he had brought in with him. The Cyclops accepted the wine and drank and drank until he was intoxicated. While in this inebrious state the Cyclops asked Ulysses what his name was, and Ulysses gave him an ambiguous answer, saying his name was "Nobody." After this the Cyclops being so stultified by the gases in the cave, and the wine, that he fell asleep, and Ulysses lit the charred end of his prepared stick and put his eye out. The Cyclops roared and cried in agony, and tried to get hold of them, but they avoided him and let him suffer. He continued to roar and smash up whatever he could get his hands on, until the neighboring Cyclops heard him, and they came to the entrance of the cave and hastily inquired the cause of his roaring. He called out,

"O, comrades, I am wounded unto death and 'Nobody' has injured me." They at once replied, "Well, if 'Nobody' had injured you then only Jove is to blame." They turned at this and left him to his misery.

In the morning Ulysses was wondering how he would get out of this cave. The Cyclops had rolled away the stone and let his sheep out to graze, but was careful to feel of each one to see that no man was among them. But here again the wise Ulysses won, for he tied his men each one to the belly of a large goat or sheep, by means of willow branches that were in the cave for the manufacture of baskets. The Cyclops would feel the goats' backs as they passed out, but never thought of feeling of their bellies where the object of his search was suspended. The osier branches buried themselves into the wool of the goats so that he did not feel them, and the men all passed out in this way, Ulysses being the last one to leave the cave. Once out of the cave the men stood up with the goats still

tied to them, and in this way walked and carried the sheep and goats with them to their ships. When they paddled away Ulysses shouted back to the Cyclops, informing him that he was Ulysses, and that he had nucleated his eye, and in the same voice cursed him. This so enraged the Cyclops that he tore loose from the mountain a large rock weighing many tons and threw it in the direction of the sound that issued from Ulysses' stentorian lungs. The rock stirred the waters so much that the rebound of the waves nearly brought the ship to land, but on repeating this act the waves caused by the next rock carried the ship safely away.

They went on their journey, next landing at the Island of Æolus, "The Bag of Winds," an island that was supposed to have caves that held the currents of wind; when the Gods saw fit to let them loose they would swell the sails of ships and would even at times drive them on to rocks and destroy them. Æolus was King of this island, and it was from him the island got its name. Ulysses was received with due kindness and cordiality, and was presented with bags of wind to aid him on his voyage to other parts. The bags were cinctured with silver strings, that he might close the bags at will if the outflow of air became too copious. When they left Æolus with these bags aboard, they were many days at sea blown hither and thither until they were all exhausted from keeping watch over the ships' course. Ulysses, tired out, lay down to sleep, and the men began to wonder the cause of their predicament and wondered what the bags really contained, thinking it must be some treasure, for Ulysses had not told his men as yet about the wind bags, nor had the sea been stirred by the wind from them. The breezes they felt must have been from other bags back in the island they had just left. Their curiosity overcame them while Ulysses was sleeping, and they untied

the silver cord and the winds came forth with a gush. This caused the sea to become still more formidable, until it drove them for days, first here and then there, and finally back to the island of Æolus.

Here they waited until the waters became calm and then they proceeded on their way to the Lestrygonians. These people were as large as the Magogs were supposed to have been. They threw rocks at the ships and capsized all of them except the one that Ulysses was on. All of the men on these unfortunate ships were lost. Ulysses saw the danger and sailed away as fast as he could to save his own ship and his life.

He next arrived at the Island of Æaea, Circe's Isle, this might be called, for she inhabited it. She was the daughter of the Sun. Many wild animals were here, but she had tamed them and they were not dangerous, she being a powerful magician and had heretofore changed men into these animals that were now on the island. Ulysses had divided his company, and had sent one-half of them on their exploring expedition further into the island. Eurylochus commanded this division that went into the interior. Eurylochus arrived at a palace further on, and as he approached he heard enchanting strains of music, and the sweet voice of some woman within. In a while Circe appeared, and asked them all in. They all willingly accepted the invitation except Eurylochus, who was incredulous as to the safety of accepting the invitation.

After they were all in the palace they were served with food and wines, and were entertained with dancing and enjoyable festivities. While this was in progress the enchantress touched them with her wand and they were at once changed into swine, although their mentality remained as before. She then led them back into sties, where she afterwards kept watch over them. Eurylochus had been

cunning and avoided this calamity altho he knew what had taken place with his comrades. In excited mood he rushed to Ulysses and made known the fate of his men. Ulysses started at once for the place, to see what he could do to relieve his men, for he needed them on his voyage. On his way he met a young man who addressed Ulysses by name. He informed Ulysses that his name was Mercury, and added that he must be very careful in these parts on account of the enchantress, Circe, but at the same time handed Ulysses a sprig of moly, informing him that it contained latent force that would overcome her power if he would use it as he instructed him it should be used.

In the meantime, these men who were now swine were lamenting their fate and complaining to Circe about their terrible predicament, for here they were wallowing in mud, drinking swill and eating acorns, yet they looked up with appealing eyes trying to express their sorrow and convey the meaning of their wants. Tho powerless they were in uttering a single word except swine language or to squeal, they endeavored to impress on Circe that if they were to be swine, to complete the job and make them swine indeed, and not do as she had in leaving them their minds human, that they might know they were in mind still human and in body hogs. They wanted her to change them into human beings even tho it be the very lowest type, or else make them entirely into swine. While this appeal was being made Ulysses appeared at the palace and was ushered in and received pleasantly by the Goddess. She fed him as she had the men before him, and at once flourished her wand over Ulysses, using incantations at the same time, telling him to seek the pen where the rest of the hogs were. But Ulysses had the charmed twig that Mercury had given him, and he did not need to change or obey her enchanting art, but drew his sword instead and rushed at her, where-

upon she fell at his feet praying for him to have mercy upon her. He let her arise on one condition, and that was that she was to release his men and transpose them without travesty or trick into their former selves. This she did, and afterwards gave a banquet to all of them. Ulysses remained here a long time, enjoying her hospitality but finally went on his way where he encountered the Sirens.

On their passing the Sirens the entire company were so overcome by their sweet songs they nearly lost their lives, for they are a class of nymphs that inhabit dangerous passes between rocky cliffs in straits where ships are compelled to pass from one body of water to another. Their beauty, both in body and voice, is so overwhelmingly entrancing that even the most powerful misogymist will jump overboard to rush to them, to embrace them and listen to their passionately sweet voices. Circe had cautioned Ulysses to be very chary of them, and she also informed him how to treat his crew so that they would not give him trouble in that direction. She told him to stuff their ears with wax, so that they could not hear their voices, and that he should have himself lashed to a mast of his ship, and prompt his men that under no plea, no matter how appealing or convincing, were they to release him until the ship has passed the danger zone.

Ulysses did all this, but when the vessel had arrived near these Sirens, he became frenzied, and tore and cursed and raved for his men to free him, that he might jump overboard and rush to them. But they were true to their word and would not release him. On the contrary they lashed him more securely. The ship passed by and on. The sound of the Sirens became fainter and fainter until after a while their sweet voices could not be heard. They then untied Ulysses and he thanked them, and now they feasted aboard the ship and jollified among themselves for having the good

fortune to escape them. They had now come thru safer than the Sirens, for Parthenope, one of their number, saw Ulysses from the rocky island where she stood, and was so overcome by his princely bearing and heroic stature that she leaped into the sea and was washed to the Italian shore. A city was built here shortly after and was named in memory of her, Parthenope (afterwards called Naples).

Circe had also warned Ulysses of Scylla and Charybdis. Scylla was a much deformed being that was said to have had six heads. She inhabited a steep precipice near the sea where there were many submerged rocks like stair steps. Each one of her heads had a very large mouth that opened after she forced her long neck out of the cave in the cliffs in which she lived and received sailors who passed this dangerous place. Charybdis was fully as dangerous, only formed differently. This was a whirlpool something like the Maelstrom near Scotland, that sucks in ships and swallows them and then vomits them up again. (Charybdis is usually personified in the monstrous and heroic form of a woman.) They passed these two destructive objects with but the loss of a few of their men.

In passing the Island of the Sun, Ulysses' men violated his rules and the laws of Jove, by violating the cattle of Hyperion or the Sun. For this his ships were wrecked and all were drowned except Ulysses himself. He clung to a shattered mast and floated to Calypso's Island. Calypso, a beauteous nymph, received Ulysses with kindness, took compassion on him in his great misfortune, and fell desperately in love with him. She offered Ulysses every inducement to remain: her hand and heart, and even offered to make him immortal like herself, if he would stay with her instead of going back to his wife, Penelope. This nymph, Calypso, was self-abnegative, for she finally relented and let Ulysses go, after Mercury and Jove had car-

ried her the message informing her that it was imperative that Ulysses must leave her. She sacrificed her feelings, and did all in her power to aid him in procuring and provisioning a raft to take him on his way.

Not far out from this place another terrible storm overtook Ulysses and tore his raft to bits. Just as the last plank was washing from under him, a nymph alighted on what remained of his raft and gave him a girdle and explained how it should be worn to save him from drowning. He put this on, and sure enough he floated on to the Land of the Phæacians. Here in this land lived gods and men in common. They knew not the meaning of the word "war." They were peace-loving and humble, the rich and wise. Fishing and seafaring were their avocations. Their ships had intelligence and needed no pilot to steer them. They went where they were told to go and could go with the speed of an eagle. Nausicoa, the beautiful daughter of the king of this island, had a dream, that she was to be married shortly, and that she must prepare herself for this event; that she must take her garments to the fountains and wash them, and make all other preparations that would enhance her beauty for this occasion. On awakening she felt she must follow the dictates of her dream, so she told her father what she had dreamed, and he had the servants aid her to prepare her clothes for the wedding. When Ulysses had been washed ashore on this island he was so exhausted that he made a bed of leaves and lay down to rest and fell asleep.

After this beautiful princess had, with her servants loaded the carriage with her garments and food and wine, they went down to the water's edge to wash them. When this was accomplished they sat down on the ground to a little repast of food and wine, and then the princess in youthful spirit suggested they play ball. One of the maids

consented to this and with vivacious spirit they commenced to play. The ball was tossed to the princess and it passed her and fell into the water. This caused a commotion among them, each one of them excitedly inquiring of the other how they were going to set about to recover the ball. The noise and commotion awoke Ulysses. With gallantry that was so characteristic of him he promptly raised himself from his bed of leaves and started toward them to aid them; when he looked down on himself and discovered he hadn't a single thread of clothing. The storm while on the raft had entirely denuded and divested him of all raiment. But by this time he had observed her unusual beauty, and he felt he must go and help her at all hazard. He broke off branches of vines and placed them about his naked form and ran to her. As soon as they saw him coming they screamed and ran in all directions, leaving all of their property behind. Nausicoa had more courage than her companions, and when she took the second thought she stood still and waited for Ulysses to approach. Ulysses, gentleman that he was, stopped and would not approach further out of respect for this noble princess. He shielded his body as best he could, by pulling other shrubbery before him as he stood there, and graciously asked her to pardon him for his hasty and abrupt intrusion, and also went on to tell her of his unfortunate adventure at sea and how he came to be in such a predicament.

The princess replied very courteously, informing him she was sure that she could succor him in every way and offer him asylum whereby he would be both clothed, fed and sheltered. She called to her companions and told them they had no reason to behave as they had, for the people of their land had no one to fear, and that crime had never been known on their island, and why they should run at this time was something she could not understand. She

further remarked that this man had been a creature of circumstances, and by his misfortunes had been cast upon their shores, a stranger, thru the providence of the gods, thrown into their hands, that they might prove themselves worthy of the name of Phæacians, whose hospitable tendencies had become renowned. She said that Jove had sent him to them, and they all being children of Jove must proceed to do as their best intuitions prompted. At this she asked her servants to bring food and drink and raiment for this unfortunate man.

After he had eaten and bathed, and donned garments that she had secured from her father's household, they sat on the grass and conversed for a while, he telling her about his hairbreadth escapes from death, and relating to her some other of many adventures in past days until she became fascinated and interested in him. She thought of her dream the night before and wondered could this be he, and wished it might be, and asked herself if there was any possibility of her ever having a man as handsome and attractive as he, and what she would give to know if he would ever love her, and many other thoughts traversed her youthful and tender, sweet mind.

She suggested to Ulysses that they slowly wend their way to the city, but also intimated that on arrival at the city gates he had better go one way and she another so as not to arouse needless comment, especially with the "hoy polloi" and vulgar class, for Ulysses was distinguished-looking, and one who would be gazed upon and followed, especially if seen with the king's daughter. She warned him of this, and asked him to go to yonder grove, that was just outside the city, which had been a retreat for the imperial family. Ulysses and the princess separated, and he started out to do just as she had told him.

On his way he met a "woman" going to the spring to

draw water. This was Minerva who had disguised herself in this way. Ulysses stopped the woman and asked her if she would kindly direct him to the retreat of his Majesty, the King. She kindly informed him she would be pleased to guide him there or anywhere he would care to go thruout the island, for she told him, "I won't need to go out of my way for the palace is right near by." The Goddess Minerva led Ulysses to the palace, and not to the retreat, but to shield him she enveloped him in a cloud. Minerva also led him to the harbor where he viewed the vessels, the great citadel, the forum and many other things of interest and all the time no one could see him. By this time they had reached the palace. Minerva stood and informed Ulysses of these people, and told him he should be kept up in their presence, and many other things graceful in his decorum, and always remember his dignity of like import, after which she left him to himself.

Ulysses stood in the garden of this imposing structure bewildered. The winding paths and beautiful shrubbery, and great statues of gods and goddesses were amazing; the roof of the palace was of gold, the doors were of gold, windows of crystal rock, the lintels of the doors were of silver, with gold and silver statues of lions "rampant" to guard the entrance. In the halls were hardwood hall trees and mahogany and rosewood resting lounges. The walls farther within the palace were decorated with the finest tapestries, woven with gold and silver threads; the lace curtains were finer than Beotia lace, which were made of the fibers of flea-wings. On in the palace were long upholstered couches, where great polished mirrors, made of tortoise shell and mother-of-pearl, were set in the walls, with great candelabra hung at appropriate places.

The sound of music was always in evidence in this great room, night and day, for here was where the princess was

seated with thirty or forty maids, all beautifully gowned and all possessed of natural beauty. Here they were trying to entertain the princess. The King's retinue was very large, her servants in the palace alone numbering several thousand. Great gold statues of nude maidens held lighted candles, made of turtle fat, that shed a peculiar iridescence over the room, that filled one with ecstasy. The designer of this room was surely one of fastidious tastes, for there were many other charming fixtures that contributed towards making this palace an earthly paradise. Just back of the palace lay the royal gardens, full of pomegranates, oranges, dates, olives, figs, bananas, nuts and all the good things that grow in tropical regions. The large cedar trees, redolent with their famed odors, perfumed the whole grounds. The nightingale inhabited these gardens; also birds of paradise. The faint voice of the Sirens could be heard in the distance. Phosphorus was pasted on the wings of tamed doves, and they were trained to continuously fly about over this garden in the evening to give it a soft changing glow.

Ulysses was entranced; he stood and gazed in utter amazement on entering. He could see all, but no one could see him for the cloud with which Minerva had enveloped him was still with him. Ulysses went on into the large convention hall, where all of the king's court had assembled, offering libations to Mercury, when Minerva dismantled the cloud that shielded him. He at once felt he was seen by the royal assemblage, and turned directly to the queen, kneeling before her and with suppliant gesture asking her if she would aid him to return to his native land.

After he had made known his wants, he calmly sat by the royal hearth for some moments. The hall was quiet, until one of the king's chiefs arose and addressed the assembly, saying it was not showing proper respect or good man-

ners to allow the stranger to wait there in suspense; that it was their duty to offer him food and wine, and try and comfort him at once. At this the King himself rose from the table and took Ulysses by the hand, and led him to a seat beside himself. After the feast was over, the King told his court they would convene the next day and decide what they would do to comfort their new guest. Then he dismissed them—all but Ulysses. The King and Queen were now alone with Ulysses, and asked him many questions. They first noticed the garments he was wearing were garments made by their people. Ulysses, in answer to their questions, told them his experience in the Calypso Isle, and how he had been shipwrecked, and the whole experience in detail. The King was very much entertained by his narratives of adventure, and informed him he would be proud to be of aid in returning him to his home and people.

This matter was brought up the next day before the imperial council, and they all agreed upon the same thing, and that was that Ulysses should be helped on his way home by giving him ships and provisions or anything else he might have need of on the passage. The King secured a great number of his strongest galley-slaves to row the boat in which he was to leave their island, and before they would think of letting him go they insisted on a banquet first, and then to the arena for an afternoon of enjoyment in the national sports of the island. The King desired to show Ulysses how agile and supple his young men were in their wrestling, running, vaulting and boxing, and many other arts of enjoyment. After they had shown their skill in the arena, the King asked Ulysses if he could do anything in this line, to show to them if the world produced anyone that was anything like their own in proficiency. Many of the King's best exponents of the national games

challenged Ulysses for a trial, but at first Ulysses said that being a stranger in their land and a guest of the King he would much rather decline the invitation.

But one of the young men, who was considered the champion of all of the King's entertainers in athletic sports would not accept "No" for an answer, and took Ulysses by the hand and pulled him into the arena. Ulysses carelessly picked up a quoit that was much too heavy for any of the native exponents to use, but he threw the quoit at such a distance they were astonished at his strength and looked at him in utter amazement. Many other feats were performed by Ulysses, and after the games they went back to the palace, where they all congregated and in a moment the page led in Demodocus, the blind bard. (Could this have been Homer?) They were all quiet. The Bard took for his theme the "Wooden Horse." This was the same wooden horse Ulysses had caused to be made so they could enter Troy by strategy. The human tongue had never uttered anything more beautiful before than this poem.

When he had finished they all applauded him except Ulysses. He was so deeply reminded of the past, and of his dead comrades and his wife and son at home that he commenced to weep. Whereupon the King, observing this, turned to him and demanded to know why he should become so emotional on hearing the poem recited on the exploits of heroes and the wooden horse in the Trojan War. He further questioned Ulysses to know if he had lost friends or relatives there, or had lost property on account of this conflict, or what could it be that should make him shed tears on mentioning this war. Ulysses could not withhold his true identity any longer. He informed the King that he was Ulysses, the very man who had helped win the war, and the very one who had given birth to the idea of the wooden horse that culminated in the fall of Troy.

Ulysses went on and related the adventures of his life, from the time he had left Troy until he had been cast on the shores of their island. This made the King and people kneel before their guest and almost worship him. They loaded him down with costly gifts, and did everything that was in their power to make him happy and comfortable.

In a short time Ulysses sailed away from the island of the Phæacians for his own dear country. He had not forgotten the princess, but he was too noble a hero to make overtures of love to her, for he told her he had a wife and family back home and, of course, a sensible woman would readily understand that he was not destined to be her husband, at least at that time.

After a long, tiresome voyage the vessel landed in one of the ports of his own country. But Ulysses was sound asleep when the ship made port, and they did not want to disturb his slumbers, so they carried him on the shore, with his trunk of presents that had been given him, and laid them at his side. Then these sailors sailed away towards their own country. Neptune, the great sea god, was not at all pleased at his failure in drowning Ulysses in the past trials he had had with him, and was particularly vexed at the Phæacians for saving him and bringing him back home. To pay them back for this on their return he transformed their ship into a rock just at the harbor's mouth, that is formed (or at one time was said to have resembled) the form of the ancient ships. This small island, or rock, looks very much like a modern steamboat silhouetted against the blue horizon.

We have read of the "Seven Sleepers of Ephesus" and of Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," the man who slept twenty years, and from these stories can gather something of an idea how one feels and what one thinks on awakening from such a prolonged slumber. Ulysses had not slept

but a few hours, altho long enough to be wholly shifted from his environment, for while he slept he was landed on his home soil, from which he had been absent for twenty years, and when he awoke no one was near that he knew, and he was unaware of the fact that he had been taken from the ship, and all that was near him was his trunk that contained the treasures given him by the Phæacians and this was of little comfort to him—perhaps more of an encumbrance than a help. There he was! He looked about and everything looked so strange to him he was not sure at first that he had really been landed in his home country, until Minerva came to him in the form of a peasant and informed him he was in his own land. She also informed Ulysses that his wife Penelope was still living, altho everyone supposed him to be dead, and that scores of nobles had pressed their unwelcome overtures on her and had occupied his premises in his absence, thinking, of course, he was dead, which would naturally set her free to marry again. Penelope always loved Ulysses and was true to him at home and abroad, while he was absent or near, in truth and in deed. She had undergone many unpleasant experiences in remaining chaste and undefiled, for every pressure had been brought to bear to win her love and her body, but she was a noble, high-minded woman, and would not have any lovers.

She was not like the wife of Enoch Arden, in Tennyson's poem, who was pure, only had given up thinking her husband was still living and married another man, and when Enoch came home one night and carefully went to the window and looked in on them and saw her sitting there, as she had done many times when he was at the head of the household, with her sewing and knitting, and the children playing about on the floor before the old fireplace, and little children that he was not the father of besides, and then

to look up as he did and see her husband number two go over to her and plant an affectionate kiss on her brow. In this case what could poor Enoch do? He did just what he should have done. He shed a few tears and walked away, never to return, for it would have been easy for him to ruin the happiness of all of them. Penelope did not do this. She felt that Ulysses would some day return to her, which he did. Penelope had Spartan blood in her veins, for she was the daughter of Scarus, and he was so fond of her he did all in his power to keep her at home and not let her marry and go from him, but her father was not domineering in his paternal precepts, altho he told her she could take her choice—go with Ulysses or stay with him. She made no answer, but her actions spoke louder than words could have for it is said she dropped her veil and came away with Ulysses. This was a proof of her modesty and humility.

Their married bliss was of short duration, for after a single year Ulysses joined the Greek forces before Troy. In his absence she had grown to blossom in full womanhood, when women are really the most beautiful. And she was so attractive in her ways, and had so many charming qualities, that men of all kinds and stations pressed their suits so hard that she oftentimes thought she would have to marry to get away from this ubiquitous difficulty. But Penelope was as many women are—very resourceful, especially in times of emergency. She would procrastinate and put them off, first with one excuse and then another. One of her excuses was the making of a robe for Laertes, that was to be his covering in death. This Laertes was her father-in-law, so the excuse appeared very plausible. She solemnly agreed to make her choice among the many suitors as soon as the robe was finished. She would work at it all day and at night would undo what she had done. She felt in her heart that when her husband did return she

would see that he punished these men for the obtrusive overtures they had made to her in his absence. When Ulysses had got his bearings, and had once more felt that he was on his native soil, he started on his way home, but he was changed or metamorphosed into a mendicant beggar, which made him look frightful and repugnant to all who beheld him. Eumeus, one of the old servants of his household was aware of all this change and he received him.

Telemachus*, son of Ulysses, had been away for a long time in search of his illustrious father, and had visited the courts of many kings at home and abroad. He had been unsuccessful in locating his paternal ancestor, however, and the time now had arrived when Minerva must do something to aid him in his search. Minerva did not help him in finding his father, but came to him and informed him that he must go to his home in Ithaca. Telemachus arrived home shortly after his father, and instead of going into the front door of the palace at his home, he went in by the servants' entrance. He was received by Eumeus, and asked many questions regarding his mother and if they had had any tidings from his father. As he was propounding these questions to the old seneschal, an old beggar (who was his father disguised), stood near and the old servant introduced him as the old "beggar."

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*Among the many places that Telemachus visited while in search of his father was Calipso's Isle, or the Isle of Gozo. The Goddess repeated the same desires to the son she had to the father. She offered to share her immortality with him if he would stay. But Minerva, in the form of Mentor, watched over him and gave him secret strength to repel her allurements. Even with Mentor's help, they had great difficulty in making their exit from the island. They were finally compelled to leap into the sea and swim to other ports to get from her powerful influence.

Telemachus went in the back way, partly because the many suitors that were determined to win his mother were looking for a chance to do away with him, for they were of the opinion that he was partly the cause of his mother acting as she had about refusing to marry any of them. He quietly sent the old servant for his mother to come down into the back kitchen and see him; that he had returned from his unsuccessful quest after his father, Ulysses. After he had sent for his mother he was tentatively called away. Penelope came rushing in, and as soon as she came into the kitchen Ulysses took on his natural appearance and was even made as young and vivacious as when he first married her twenty years before. What a meeting this must have been! What joy to both to be reunited, especially when they both had remained chaste and true to each other thruout this long period. After they had embraced, Telemachus, his son, stepped in. He could see that the beggar had changed his aspect from that of a beggar to a perfect middle-aged man. Ulysses explained why he had been thus changed and went on to explain who had done the transfiguration, and why it was done, and all the particulars. Telemachus could hardly wait for him to finish speaking until he embraced him, and they kissed each other and indulged their long pent-up sorrow in tears of joy. After they had passed a few hours together a long counsel was held over the problem of punishing the men who had been devoting their time with so much assiduity to courting Penelope, mother and wife respectively to Telemachus and Ulysses. It was so arranged between them that Ulysses would take on the old disguise of a beggar, while Telemachus would go on as before and attend to his social duties as tho nothing had occurred. In those days it was said to have been a custom for the eupetride, or highest families, to have beggars call at their homes and relate

stories of their adventures and entertain them in any way they could. So Ulysses assumed this role.

The following evening many suitors and guests arrived at Penelope's mansion, and they were all feasting and enjoying the stories of the "beggar," who was Ulysses in disguise; Telemachus was there among them, only continuously on his guard for fear of bodily harm by some one of the suitors. It was almost a riotous evening, for many of the guests had indulged too freely in Penelope's Falernian wine. While Ulysses was engaged in one of his beggar stories, his old dog that he had not seen for twenty years, whom he had named Argus, recognized his old master and behaved in such a manner this alone nearly gave the whole thing away, for Ulysses could not keep back the tears, for even the dog was glad to see his master back home again. Ulysses was forced to see some of these suitors go up to Penelope and pat her on the cheek, and sit near her and make unwelcome overtures to her. This ground on him, but he kept his anger back with great difficulty. In feasting, the suitors compelled the "beggar" to go back into the rear hall and eat his food away from the rest of the guests. In pushing him away on one occasion, his temper was raised and he made some slight complaint before he thought and the suitor struck him. The son was about to remonstrate at this treatment of his disguised father, but he, too, thought he had better wait.

It was a custom in those days for guests to have their feet bathed, and a nurse was kept by the rich for this purpose. Penelope had asked their old nurse to wash the guests' feet and she proceeded to go on with her duties, and when she came to Ulysses she recognized on one of his feet a scar that caused her to shout out with a loud impromptu cry, manifesting her discovery. In some way the old nurse was quieted, and did not explain to the

guests what she meant by shouting as she had. The many suitors had come to a point where they were going to decide once and for all who was to marry Penelope, and they decided that this important question must be settled that very evening. Penelope, under duress, was forced to choose the way they would decide on the lucky man.

After meditating awhile she decided that she would place twelve rings upon the wall as targets and the one who pierced the twelve rings without missing once was the one she would consent to marry. There was an old bow on the wall that had hung there for years and this was the one Penelope decided should be used. First one and then another endeavored to attach the cord, but none of them were strong enough to bend the bow. Ulysses stood back watching them as they were making failures in their attempts to string the bow. Finally he said he thought he could do it, saying to them that he had at one time been a soldier and was used to the instruments of warfare. They ridiculed and would have thrown him out of the house had not Telemachus intervened and saved his father this embarrassment. However, they allowed the "beggar" to try his skill in replacing the cord. He took the bow and bent it with apparent ease and attached the cord. They only gave him a supercilious laugh after he had done this. They all tried their markmanship. Some of them did fairly well but none of them had pierced the twelve rings. The "beggar" against asked their permission to fire at the marks. They laughingly allowed him to try, at the same time thinking that Penelope would never tolerate such a man for her husband even if he was successful in hitting the mark twelve consecutive times. He took the bow and pierced the dozen rings in less time than it takes to tell it. He had no more than shot the last arrow before he had another across the bow, and cried, "You are

my next!" as he fired. He was referring to the suitor who had been so insolent to him all the evening. The arrow killed him instantly.

The men servants and Telemachus sprang forward; all were well armed with bows and arrows except the suitors. The old servant had scented trouble before the evening party ended, and had locked all the doors and windows so they could not find arms to fight with and could not escape. Ulysses stepped forth and said: "O, you who have tried to ruin me and mine in my absence!" This was the exordium to his speech and at this he was transformed to his natural self, at which they all recognized him. He went on: "I am Ulysses. I have come home to my family. You, in my absence, have endeavored to ruin me and mine. You have forced your unwelcome proposals upon a pure woman. You have threatened to murder my son. You have endeavored to pollute the sanctity of my home and to undermine and root out everything that was sacred, tender and pure in my household. But I have you now where I will both judge, sentence and execute." At this he kills each and every one of his wife's aggressive and obtrusive suitors."*

*For illustrative poems see: Byron's "Bride of Abyas;" Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida;" Milton's "Comus," and the "Odyssey," by Homer, which means Ulysses.

ULYSSES TO PENELOPE

Dear Penelope, I'm home to live again!
Dear Penelope, I'm home to love again!
What profit I if all the world be mine?
What profit I if all is mine but thine?
Now I am back where peace and love are one;
Now I am back nor will I do as done
In years gone by for Helen, she for I—
Would she leave love for me or would she die,
As I have died more times than digits tell?
Some days were cold, some nights were living hell.
I fought for men, for Gods, I fought for Greece,
Nor have I fought to fight but fought for peace.
My name shall live, let coming ages tell
My "Wooden Horse" that won where Hector fell.
Here heroes met, with javelin, spear and bow,
But must give way for I taught them to know
That wisdom's first, the cunning, clever class
Are Olympian Gods and men not of the mass,
That they instil mind's essence all their own.
It conquers kings and men, all flesh and bone.
Now I'm at home—Jove see that I may stay!
Dear heart, I'm back—that word I love to say!
I woman saw, but I am chaste and clean,
Tho far away but none have come between.
Parents made you pure but heaven kept you true;
War took away, Jove brought me back to you.
Time we cannot take, we always have to give,
I used to want to die—but now I care to live.
With heaven's help I'll stay, from you I'll never go,
The tears never shed are the tears that never flow.
I'm done with care and strife and causing men to bleed,
I'll take my son and wife and let the world recede.

THE WANDERINGS OF ÆNEAS

After giving the story of the Trojan War we can go back to Rome and its mythology.

There are different stories narrated as to the adventures of this hero, so I will give a prose translation from different poems and different authors and will fill in all parts to make the context as substantial as is possible under these circumstances.

Virgil, in his Æneid, follows Æneas to Italy by way of Carthage, where he meets Dido, who falls deeply in love with him, and who finally resorts to suicide to end her agonizing heartaches that have been brought on by unrequited love and his abrupt departure for the Italian shores, where he felt he was being called to found a new city.

While Troy was in flames Æneas, with his father, Anchises, on his shoulder, and with his son and wife trailing on behind, made his way out of this terrible conflagration. His wife, in his furtive exit, was lost and Æneas could never recover her. When he got far out of the city many people of his own country swarmed about him and made him their master. They made preparations by equipping vessels and in a short time embarked. They first landed in Thrace, where Æneas would have founded a new Troy had it not been for the twig that he had broken which shed a stream of blood as tho it had a vascular system like that of an animal. After he had broken the twig the second time he heard the voice of a human being utter the words "Æneas, spare me! I am thy kinsman Polydore, murdered here by many arrows. From my blood this bush has sprung." Æneas understood this, for he now remembered this prince was sent here to be a safe distance from the terrible war that was in progress at Troy; his father had sent him away with many treasures, but on his arrival at this land his treasures were confiscated and he was killed.

This made Æneas feel very disconsolate, and he did not hesitate long, but embarked for the promised land. On their way to the Italian peninsula they stopped at the Island of Delos, where they received an oracle from Apollo that was given with so much ambiguity that there was much doubt as to its real meaning. It was: "Seek thy ancient mother, and Æneas and his race shall reduce and conquer other nations, which will give forth a new state and cradle a new people." He interpreted this as meaning his forefathers, who were originally from Crete, and so from Delos they sailed to Crete, but here sickness and plague drove them on to Hesperia, the land where tradition claimed Dardanus had migrated. This was an attraction to Æneas, for Dardanus was the founder of Troy, and the Dardanelles (or straits between Europe and Asia) were named after him. Hesperia was the ancient name for Italy. After many months and many terrible adventures they arrived on the Italian shores.

On their way they had landed on an island where they were horror-stricken by Harpies or monstrous birds with heads like maidens. Their claws were long and their faces bore a jejune appearance that was haunting in character. Æneas and his company prepared their first meal on the shore of this Harpies' island, and as soon as the food was served they would dash down and grasp it with their long talons and fly away.

(The birds in Ceylon today are something similar to the Harpies, except they have a normal bird's features. They come into your window and take the food from your plate if you are not on the alert every moment. They also take your comb and brush and jewels from your dresser if you do not lock them up. This seems very possible to me since I saw these pragmatic and pertinacious birds of Ceylon.)

Æneas soon tired of this island and went on his way to

Italy. Near the shores they passed another island where Polyphemus, the Cyclop, waded out toward them; his monstrous form was so imposing that they became frightened and applied their oars and got away to a safe distance as soon as was possible. The terrible sounds they heard within the straits were the two monsters they had been warned of—Scylla and Charybdis, which were reefs and whirlpools that could suck down their small ships with one gulp. To avoid this perilous strait Æneas steered his ship along the coast of Sicily. It was here that Juno saw her chance to satiate her old grievance and she sent Æolus orders to send Typhon and Boreas to raise the winds and cast the waves over their ships, which blew them far out of their course toward the shores of Africa. This terrible storm separated the fleet of small ships and Æneas was sure some of his party were lost. But Neptune came to Æneas' rescue and calmed the sea and aided him in locating the lost ships of his comrades.

By this time they had recovered their normal composure. They discovered they were just opposite the coast of Carthage where they went ashore. Carthage was a newly founded city at this time, and was governed by a beautiful Queen who was the daughter of a Tyrian King by the name of Belus. This wonderful princess Dido had in former days done somewhat as Æneas was now doing. She had taken a large number with her and had started from Tyre and landed at this spot, and when she arrived she asked the natives for a small piece of ground, saying a piece that an ordinary cow's hide would cover would be acceptable. They granted this, but Dido was cunning; she had the hide cut in narrow strips and strung it along until it covered many acres. Here she built a large citadel on a promontory, and named it Byrsa, which meant in the vernacular "hide."

Dido received Æneas with courteous hospitality, and to entertain him set out at once to relate some of her own adventures, and made the fact known that she was always more than willing to do whatever she could that would be of service to strangers in a strange land; informing him that she had been a creature of circumstances and that she had been taught by her own unpleasant experiences of the past that one was in duty bound to offer aid to those who are worthy, whether they are strangers or old acquaintances. To make things pleasant for her new guest she arranged for a national festival with games and all phases of athletic exhibitions.

Æneas gave her his life's story and the events of the Trojan War that he had just passed thru. He related this to her in detail. This Dido listened to with great interest, and became very fond of him. He reciprocated her tender overtures and seemed content to give up his original intention of going farther to seek a desirable place to build a city. He summed up the matter in thinking, why should he go farther when Providence had placed him in the arms of a beautiful Queen who had already founded a city and who had untold riches besides personal beauty.

Months rolled on, and in course of time Dido became so fond of Æneas she could not dissemble her affections and on the contrary made them manifest to him. He must have realized by now that he had allowed her to care for him too much, for well did he know that Jupiter had destined him to go farther in quest of a desirable spot to build his empire, and he surely could realize what a heart-rending parting this would eventuate in.

He finally was compelled to tell her that the gods had ordered that he was to go to Italy. This proved a great shock to her, for she was a classical princess and very high-minded, and being of that makeup it wounded her

pride and broke her heart as well. She had not sufficient fortitude to withstand the shock, and to obtain relief she arranged a funeral pyre, mounted the wood she had arranged and stabbed herself. Æneas could see the burning pyre as his vessels were at sea on their way to Italy. After making a short stop at Sicily he at last arrived on the shores of Italy.

They disembarked at Cumæ, and as soon as Æneas stepped on shore about the first to greet him was the Sibyl. Æneas related his troubles to her and she gave him encouragement to go on, and not let little things that might come up before him in life blight his future; that he must keep on trying. "Yield not to distress but press onward the more bravely," she advised. Æneas had lost his father since he had started on this voyage, which distressed him greatly, and he had a request to ask of the Sibyl that he wanted very much for her to grant, and that was: would she lead him to and thru the abode of the dead that he might see his beloved father, for he wanted to know what he was to do in the immediate future, and many other things that he could only know in this way. The Sibyl readily consented to this, and informed him that first of all he would have to go to a certain forest that two doves would lead him to, and pluck a branch. When this branch was plucked another would sprout out in its place at once, and by that he would know if he had plucked the right branch. Æneas did as directed and returned with the broken twig. They now started on their way to the infernal regions.

They were located near Vesuvius, the volcano that many years after covered Pompeii and Herculaneum. There was supposed to have been, in those days, a small body of water called Lake Avernus, in an extinct volcano. Sulphuric gases arose from this lake and hideous trees

grew at the shores of it. The water was black and very deep. Nothing in the form of animal life could live on or near this body of water. Before entering the Gates of Hades, which were here, Æneas was asked to make sacrifices to Proserpine, the Queen, whose throne was here, and also to Hecate and the Furies. Æneas and the Sibyl entered and went on their way exploring the chambers of Hades. The first things he encountered were the many shades or souls suffering with disease, grief, cares, age, insanity, toil, poverty and death; all as they were when they entered. Some had swarthy complexions, others dark and fuliginous, sooty and unwholesome.

Æneas would have lost his courage, but the Sibyl reproached him, telling him he must muster all his manhood for the worst was yet to come. Some had their hair done up with vipers, and poisonous snakes were wrapped about their necks. Briareus, the hundred-armed monster, was there with Chimera and Hydras, blowing and hissing their smoky and poisonous breath from their nostrils. They finally reached the River Cocytus; Charon was there gowned in his usual garb in lackadaisical posture ready to receive his passengers. His bald head and what little hair he had was long and white; his complexion was of ashen grey, with deep-set eyes that lent a frightful and foreboding aspect as Æneas beheld him. Still the old man was very busy filling his boat with all manner of souls—the old, the young, the decrepit and the strong, were all seeking passage, and all clamoring to be ferried across, presenting their coin that they had just removed from their mouths for their fare. But Charon would not accept many of them. There were many that were not eligible to cross the river so he drove them away with his paddle.

Charon wanted to know why Æneas was there, and why he should want to survey these quarters while he was

still living, and that he could not ferry him across under such circumstances and that he would have to explain himself before he could offer him passage. But Æneas presented the branch that he had plucked in the forest, which served as a passport for him, while the Sibyl came forward and explained matters to the satisfaction of Charon, until he was satisfied that it was well to let him pass over the river.

When they had reached the opposite shore the three-headed dog, Cerberus, was the first to greet them with his terrible shrill voice. Many children in agony could be heard in the distance; also those who had committed suicide, and those who died of remorse or had succumbed to a broken heart. Among these was Dido, whom Æneas had nearly forgotten. He took a long, penetrating look, and then apologized to her for his abrupt departure from Carthage, and asked her to forgive him. But Dido only gave him a moment's glance and then looked downward and walked slowly away in an evasive, tho not an arrogant manner without uttering a single word to him. Next they came to the fallen heroes of the Trojan War, both Greeks and Trojans. Many questions were plied to him by them and some of the Greeks who had faced him in the battle-field were still afraid of him and at the sight of his armor ran away to get from his presence for safety.

From here they went on to a forked road where one branch led to the Chamber of the Eternally Doomed and the other to the Elysium. Near here was the gate of adamant that no earthly power could swing ajar; Tisiphone was at this gate. She was one of the Furies, and from behind this gate would issue strange sounds, agonizing shrieks and moaning, the clanking of chains and terrible sounds as if some suffered from instruments of torture. The Sibyl explained to Æneas that back of this gate of

adamant was the Judgment Hall of Rhadamanthus, who by his different modes of torture draws confessions from all victims who has committed crimes in life and have been able to go on thru life without being judged guilty by the court of man. The gates were opened, and the first thing to greet them was the fifty-headed Hydra. Then the lake of Tartarus, that was called the bottomless pit, was before them. In this pit laid a great multitude of Titans and the proud Salmoneus who built the brass bridge to imitate thunder, and by this relegate the majesty of Jupiter's back and away. This he was sure he could do by driving chariots across the bridge which would cause a sound to rise to the heavens that would drown the voice of the Olympian Jove.

There was apparent feasting here. Many were at tables endeavoring to place the finest kind of food to their mouths but it was always snatched from their grasp. All classes of sinners were present; some who had purloined their neighbor's property; some who had committed adultery and all forms of evil. Sisiphus was here in the act of rolling a huge stone up an incline, but as soon as he had reached the apex it would roll back, so that he was compelled to repeat the operation over and over again. Ixon was in plain view, tied to a large wheel that was continuously revolving. Near by could be seen Tantalus, who was placed in a body of fresh spring water that flooded to his mouth but he was not allowed to drink, altho he was dying of thirst. Each and every endeavor he would make to appease his thirst, the water would vanish from his lips; food would likewise dematerialize from his grasp.

Æneas soon had sufficient of this class of scenery, and the Sibyl must have taken compassion on him by now, for she led him to the Elysian Fields, the realm of the blessed. They passed thru a beautiful grove, where stars and

planets were shining thru the branches. The air was lucid and sweet. They could see dancing and all manner of games and sports. Orpheus was playing sweetly on his lyre, music was on all sides, and heroes that had fought with Æneas were about the plains and in the forest of laurel trees. Poets were singing their newly made rhymes, with beautiful maidens dancing about them in their diaphanous gowns. The song birds were singing their sweet melodies from the branches above, and stars (the eyes of angels) were looking down upon the troubadours and artists who had contributed thru their relentless toil to beautify the earth and invent new ways and means to lessen the labor and mitigate the suffering of mankind.

It was here Æneas was to find his illustrious father, Anchises. What a joyful meeting! All Æneas had been thru had passed from his mind, for a moment's visit with his father was worth it all. They could talk but could not embrace each other, for Æneas was in the flesh and his father was only a shadow. Æneas now had accomplished that which was most paramount in his mind. Anchises went on with them, so that he might talk to his son as they were walking. They had come to the Valley of Oblivion, with the quiet running waters of the River Lethe before them. Countless thousands of souls could be seen up and down the shores of this stream waiting to receive bodies for their souls.

"Here they are," spoke Anchises. "See them drinking the sweetness of their former lives."

Æneas replied by saying, "How could any of them wish even to think of their former lives while they are surrounded with such glorious environments as there are here?"

His father went on to explain the process of man's creation. He told Æneas that the human soul is made of fire,

water, air and earth, and when they are mixed together they cause friction that germinates flame. This substance was thrown into space, which by a fast centrifugal movement drew atoms of its own substance into itself, which formed a neuclus or comet that continued attracting heavenly substances until it became a star or planet, and on these planets from this substance grew man, who contains much that is impure and which becomes much more impure as man increases in years. To become free from this impurity the body must be purged thru disintegration; the atoms must dissolve or crumble apart that the pure winds can fan them and refresh them after the flame, the original "soul" or pure substance that caused us in the first place, has consumed or devoured us within itself, which is the great essence.

Anchises went on to say that some were pure enough to enter the Elysium at once, while others, when they are bathed in the River Lethe, are sent back to their former life but do not remember any part of it. And others are so corrupt they are sent to the earth but are reincarnated into an animal (transmigration of souls). After he had explained this all to his son, he told him that he was to found a great city and empire, that would in the future rule the entire earth, and that he would be blessed with children and a beautiful wife. He also informed him that he had many battles and difficulties to encounter.

They now had seen all, and as they had gone above, out of this underworld, Æneas thanked the Sibyl and told her he would always reverence her, whether she be goddess or mortal, and that he would build a temple for her and would bring sacrificial offerings for her. She replied, "I am not deserving of such, tho if I would have accepted the love of Apollo I could have been immortal. He promised me whatever I would ask for and I kneeled and

grasped a handful of sand and said, 'Give me as many years as there are grains of sand in my hand." This he unhesitatingly did, but I forgot to ask for enduring youth. I have three hundred summers yet to live, my form is withering away, my limbs are weary and in time I shall disappear altogether, but my voice shall remain and all ages shall remember me and shall come to respect my memory."

THE ODYSSEY

After the death of Hector, the country was in a terrible condition, but those who were left were inflexible and determined to fight on, altho Hector was no more. New allies came to their rescue, some from great distances. Among them was Memmon from far-off Ethiopia; another was a powerful woman of immense statue, by name Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons. She brought a band of female warriors with her, who were very effectual in the arts of war. However, Achilles saw no obstacle he could not surmount, or no opponent he could not overcome, even to this Queen of the Amazons, for he struck her down in short order, but after he saw and realized what he had done he either pretended or was sincere in his manifestations of grief. He gazed upon her reclining, inanimate form, and it looked so physically perfect and beautiful to him he was sorry he had been successful in doing away with her. Some one of his own men ridiculed his behavior to this dead Queen, telling him he was only wasting his affections on that which wasn't worthy of a single thought. This stirred his wrath until he slew the one who had the temerity to utter such sentiments.

Achilles, like all before him and since, was still to meet his mate, not only in battle, but one far more powerful

and much more difficult to overcome. This was one who pulled at his heartstrings instead of piercing him with steel, and strange as it may seem she was destined to be Priam's daughter Polyxena. Hesiod records that while Achilles was at worship in the Temple of Apollo and arranging for the coming nuptials of himself and Polyxena, he received an arrow from the bow of Paris which took effect in his heel, the only part of him that was vulnerable to mortal injury. It is plausible to conjecture that he was on his knees before the altar of Apollo as the arrow was fired, instead of being on the battlefield, for it would have made an easy mark for Paris while in that position. And, too, Paris undoubtedly knew where to fire the arrow to poison Achilles. Achilles was very fond of Polyxena, or he surely would not have run the chances he did by going to the Temple and exposing himself to his enemies. Ajax and Ulysses rescued his body. Ulysses was selected from among the Greeks to wear the armor of Achilles. Ajax was very much disappointed at not being selected as the hero worthy of the honor above all the rest; being completely overcome by this disappointment he slew himself on this very spot, and where his blood spurted on the ground a flower sprang up that was named hyacinth because it bore the first two letters of his name.

Philoctetes, who had in earlier days of the war wounded his foot, and had to be sent away to recover from his injury, was now sent for. Achilles' son, Neoptolemus, and Diomede, were sent to the island of Lemnos to escort him back to the theatre of war. Philoctetes engaged Paris in single combat, and it proved to be the undoing of Paris, for he was wounded in the foot, the same as he had wounded Achilles. This resulted in the death of Paris, altho he could have been healed by Enone, the nymph, who was endowed with healing powers. She could have

cured him, but she remembered too well how Paris had deserted her in early days for Helen, after he had married her. Enone still loved Paris, for she relented and started back to heal her former husband, but she was too late, as Paris had succumbed to the inevitable. Enone was so overcome with grief that he had left her for Helen and lay stricken in death that she committed suicide by hanging herself.

Things went on from bad to worse with the Trojans. Still they would not give up as long as they had the Palladium in their possession. This was a statue of Minerva, that was supposed to have fallen from heaven, and they were firmly of the belief that as long as they could retain this statue they could hold out, but thru the strategy or cupidity or Diomede and Ulysses they entered the city and carried this statue into their camp. Even now the brave and undaunted Trojans would not throw down their arms, and the Greeks were of the opinion they could not take the city by storm or main force, so Ulysses resorted to trickery which is fair in war. They pretended that they had abandoned the field entirely, and sent their ships back of an adjoining island. They then constructed a wooden horse of immense size, now known in mythology as the "Trojan Horse." They placed this horse near the walls of Troy and secreted a large number of armed men within. They let on that this horse was a sacred object, built to propitiate the deity. After placing the horse in a strategic position, the Greeks went to some of their ships that were in sight and sailed away, as tho they were going back to their homes. This fooled the Trojans, for they threw open the gates of their city and came out to view the horse, rejoicing that they were once more free from the tormenting Greeks.

Among the many who were standing about this wooden

horse was a Trojan priest by the name of Laocoon. He was incredulous, and hushed them up in their rejoicing, cautioning them as to the trickery of the Greeks. As he spoke he struck the horse with his sword. A hollow sound was heard, but at this moment a Greek captive was being led forward overcome with fright, and pretended that to save his own life he would answer all questions put to him. This man Sinon was a confederate, whom the Greeks had left behind purposely to misinform them. He went on to say that the great horse was a sacred statue that had been made heavy so that the enemy could not move it into the city, for he had been told by a prophet that if the horse was ever moved into the city it never could be taken, and that the war would terminate in their favor.

Just as Sinon had finished his story, two great snakes appeared, coming before them in the direction of the sea. The people fled in every direction except towards the two monsters. The serpents advanced to where Laocoon had stood, and where he sounded the horse by throwing his sword against it. Laocoon was not frightened as the others were, and, with his two sons, stood their ground, but in a very short time were encircled by these two serpents. They were so tied up by the serpents that it was physically impossible for them to extricate themselves from their winding bodies. They breathed their poisonous effluvia into Laocoon's face. He, with superhuman effort, endeavored to save his two boys, but his efforts were all in vain. The people were sure this bore significance of the gods' displeasure at Laocoon's throwing his sword irreverently at the horse. This was sufficient proof to them, so, being satisfied beyond the least doubt that the statue of the horse was a sacred object, they at once hauled it inside of the city's walls. This was all done with due solemnity, and in a feeling of triumph.

That same night, while the city was feasting over the

glories of the preceding day, the soldiers within this fatal horse were let out of its commodious body by Sinon, who had also opened the gates of the city, and admitted the Greeks, who had returned under the cover of night. Pandemonium reigned, the city was completely destroyed by flames and its inhabitants were put to the sword. This was the end of the Trojan War, a war that volumes have been written about, a war that has been the subject of the greatest poems extant, a war that we have no history of except in legend or poetry, a war which many scholars have decided was perhaps only a war of the elements, each element characterized as a hero or monster, and christened with a name commensurate to his assumed power.

After the burning of Troy, Priam, the king, was slain by Pyrrhus, son of Achilles. Hecuba, his queen, and Cassandra, his daughter, were taken to Greece, while Polyxena, who was loved by Achilles, was sacrificed by burning on the tomb of Achilles. Helen, who had been the cause of the war, was now recovered by her husband, Menelaus, who had forgiven and still loved her. Helen had lost favor with the gods to a great extent, for on her return to her home with Menelaus, the ship was cast from shore to shore, first at Cypress, then Phœnicia and Egypt. In Egypt, Helen was received with open arms. She was not only hospitably entertained, but was tendered many valuable gifts, among which was a golden spindle. She was feted with all the choice viands and drinks that the land afforded. It was here she was given Nepentha the wine that Poe speaks of in his "Raven" and Milton in his "Comus." Helen and Menelaus finally arrived in Sparta, their home, where they spent the remainder of their lives in happiness, and where they married their daughter Harmione to Neoptolemus, son of Achilles, and where they entertained Telemachus, son of Ulysses, many years after, while he was in that country in search of his illustrious father.

JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

Jason, son of Æson, who was distant kin to Bellerophon, was inspired with the idea of seeking the Golden Fleece. Jason built a ship called the Argo, the first large ship ever built, taking its name from Argus, the builder. Its shipping capacity was said to have been 50 men. As soon as Jason made known his future plans, many recruited under his banner. Many of these heroes were as courageous and endowed with as much valor as was Jason. Castor and Pollux, the twins that have since been used to represent one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, with Hercules, Theseus, Meleger of Caladonian fame, and Pileus and Nestor were some of the heroes who embarked with Jason.

The Argo was supposed to have left the shores of Thessaly in Greece. These Argonauts, as they have been and are still called, first landed on the shores of Lemnos, an island of the Greek Archipelago. From here they sailed across to Thrace, where they took aboard a man of superhuman wisdom by the name of Phineas. This Phineas was just the man the captain was looking for, because Jason had been philosophizing, in his nocturnal studies, how he would pass the Symplegades, which were two floating islands that they were compelled to sail between to enter the Uxine Sea. (These straits are now called the Bosphorus.) If the right channel was taken the islands could be passed; if not, the islands would come together and crush the vessel with all on board. Phineas told them to send out a carrier pigeon, which he did. The pigeon flew through between the islands, but was a fraction of a second too late, for the clashing islands caught in its rocky vise some of the bird's tail feathers, but otherwise safe and unhurt. Jason could see by this when to start on his passage through this rocky vise, for when the pigeon left this vise of rocks he knew the islands were separating to make an-

other clash. He now made his men row with more force than usual and the Argo went through, but was grazed somewhat on its stern-post.

After several days sailing they arrived at Colchis, which is located at the extreme eastern end of the Black Sea, where they disembarked, Jason going at once to the King and making his mission known. King Ætes was willing to part with the Golden Fleece, but there were conditions by which Jason would be compelled to abide. The conditions stipulated in the agreement were that Jason was to hitch two fire-breathing bulls with brazen feet to a plow and that he should, after he had plowed the soil in this way, sew the teeth of the dragon that Cadmus (founder of Thebes) had killed. Jason well knew what this would culminate into, that it would be a case of from lamb to lion in time. He knew that if he sowed these teeth that armed soldiers would spring up from them. Even so, he felt he would combat them if they interfered with his adventure in procuring the Golden Fleece.

It happened to be, the King had a beautiful daughter by the name of Medea, whom Jason could see it would be of great help to him to make love to, and perhaps he could use her at a good advantage later on. Jason had not undertaken the sowing of the teeth as yet, for he knew he would need a talismanic charm of some kind before he could ever accomplish this terrible adventure. Jason and Medea were married. After the nuptials were solemnized, she gave him the necessary charm to proceed on his venture. The day arrived for the plowing feat, and Jason went thru it with fortuitous nonchalance, at the amusement of the Colchians. After the soil was made ready, Jason proceeded to sow the teeth. He had not any more than finished sowing the last row than up sprang the armed soldiers, just as had been prophesied. They rushed in battle array upon Jason, and his comrades were struck with a fit of lethargy. Their

vacuous minds, that were rendered void by the shock, would not tell their bodies to act for some moments. Jason drew his sword and kept them at bay for a while. Medea was frightened for the safety of her husband. Jason now remembered the charm that Medea had given him, and also the instructions that went with it, and that was, in case of such uprising he was to cast the "stone" or charm among the soldiers that had materialized from the dragon's teeth. This he did, and they at once began to fight each other, and this they kept up until nearly all of them were lying dead on the field.

Now Jason was free to go for the Golden Fleece, except for one difficulty he was yet to encounter, and this was the dragon that kept watch over this valuable fleece. Medea, being of occult temperament, had some other charm at hand, and Jason sprinkled over this dragon some of this effective embrocation, which must have been supplied her by the God Morpheus, that morphine is named from. The dragon went to sleep, and Jason purloined the fleece with ease, and took it to the good ship Argo, together with his wife Medea and his comrades. Medea knew her father would follow them, and to delay him she slew her youngest brother and dropped the different members of his body along the path of her flight. By this doubtful action they got away safely and sailed to their home port. Not many weeks after, Jason went to the king and presented the Golden Fleece.

Jason still clung to Medea, his wife and his sorceress, because he had use for her, not because he loved her, for this had been his policy in success from the beginning and so far it had been a remunerative one. After Jason consecrated or dedicated his ship Argo to Neptune, the Sea God, he called upon Medea to restore his father Æson to virility and vigor, congruous with youth. Medea, with chariot drawn by dragons, flew thru the expanse of great oblivion

and infinitude, exhorting the gods and the goddesses, and with incantations to Telles below and Hecate, Goddess of Darkness, flashing her wand as only she could to bring each gesture to its right angle in conformity to the divine rules that were necessary for her to abide by to succeed in her mission.

For several days and nights she was away on this mission. When she returned she built two altars, one to Hecate and the other to Heba, where only black sheep were to be sacrificed, with libations of milk and wine. She also appealed to Pluto and Proserpine in Æson's behalf. She caused sleep to come over Æson and sprinkled over him different herbs. No one should behold him but the pure. Uttering incantations, and with hair floating to the breeze, she ran around his reclining body. In a large boiling pot that was suspended by means of a three-legged crane, she had stones and gravel from the shores of Cathay and the Hindoo Kush; flowers, herbs and leaves dipped in blood boiling; an owl's head; a raven's beak; henbane; also tortoise livers and entrails of wolves. This she kept boiling and boiling and would at different times drop in olive branches and the fruit of olives and many other ingredients unknown to us, and wherever the steam would settle on the bark of near-by trees, or on the ground, the young green bark would spring forth; also, the grass from the soil where it chanced to light. When the fluid in the boiling caldron was ready, Medea cut the jugular vein and carotoid artery of his neck and let the old man bleed until all of his old blood was drawn away. She then poured the boiling fluid into his vascular system, and Æson, the once old king, was rejuvenated to the agility of athletic youth.

What a glorious awakening for him to find he had been born in a few hours from an aged, decrepit wight to a spry, vivacious youth. What wouldn't many of us give if this could really be accomplished. I am not saying it has not

been done in the past, for everything is possible with God, and we do not know what he might have done in the long period on earth that must have been before men had sufficient wisdom to leave a record of their works behind them. If it is true, and we have no reason to discredit it, that gods lived on earth in common with man in the early ages, then it is possible that by just operations thru the power of some divine agency, mankind could have been rejuvenated. If Medea would have only used her power in a noble way, and would not have resorted to evil in cases where she perhaps wanted to satiate her grievance on someone whom she thought had harmed her, how much good she might have accomplished! But she did not do this.

Pelias, a relative of Jason, who had usurped his natural heritage, was blessed with a beautiful daughter, who came to Medea and petitioned her to restore her father also to youth, as she had Æson. Medea agreed to do this without any apparent reluctance, but instead of going to the trouble of getting the proper constituents for the restoration, she took water, put in a few handfuls of leaves and set them to boiling in the caldron at night-time, which was singular, for she had done differently with Æson. However, when the fluid was ready for use, she asked the daughter of Peias to cut her father's throat as she had cut Æson's before. This she shrunk from and would not have done it under any circumstances, but Medea surely had some extraordinary power over her, for finally she agreed and turned her head and slashed her father's throat. In turning, she did not strike the vital spot and the old man raised from his reclining posture and said, "My daughter, would you dispatch your father in this manner?"

His voice frightened her and she dropped the knife and could not finish the deed. Medea was now compelled to begin where the daughter had left off. She cut his throat and he bled to death. She then went thru her dissimulating

motions as before, but knew well they would be useless, for the old man died. She pretended, however, that he would be all right later on, and got out and away that no harm would come to her by violence from those who would discover later her dastardly trick. God always has a way of serving a penalty for crime that one commits, especially murder. We may avoid the laws of man, but we cannot evade His law or Him.

She was to learn heart-rending news that would partly pay the debt she had created, and was recorded on the debit side of the heavenly ledger. Jason had fallen in love with Creusa, a beautiful and young princess of Corinth. Medea became so enraged at this that she at once resorted to her disintegrating power to reduce Jason to atoms, if she could, for she hated him as much now in proportion as she had loved him before, although she did not outwardly manifest the true feeling she entertained. She made, or had others make, a garment for the woman Jason was about to espouse and had it saturated with some kind of poison (as it has been said Catherine de Medici did with gloves she presented to one of Henry the Fourth's Court, which were poisoned and would have killed the wearer had they not been discovered in time). At the wedding, Jason's new queen donned the poisoned robe and in a short time it killed her. Medea also managed to kill her children and destroy the palace by burning it. Then, she left her home for Attica, where she married Ægeus, the reigning monarch of Athens, who was the father of Thesseus, the prince who killed the Monitor in the Labyrinth at Crete.

BELLEROPHON

Bellerophon conquered and rode the horse, Pegasus, that terrible, winged equine that sprang from the blood of the

Gorgon after Perseus had decapitated her head. This horse could not be mounted or ridden by any who had so far undertaken the experiment. Pegasus, the horse, was something in disposition as Alexander the Great's horse, Bucephalus, is reported to have been, except that Pegasus could not have resembled a horse very much if the description is true, for it is said that he had a head and forepart like a lion, and the rest of him was that of a winged dragon. In Lycia a great monster called the Chimera was devasting the surrounding country. Iobates, the King, had been long looking for someone who could conquer and dispose of this animal. Bellerophon was sent to the king with this purpose in view. Proteus, a relative of the king, recommended that this youth would without doubt succeed, but in the recommendation added that after he had dispatched the Chimera, the king must do away with him in some way. Proteus was suspicious of Bellerophon's too assiduous attentions to his wife, Antea, and thought this a good way to dispose of him by having the king kill him after he had rendered this beneficent favor to humanity.

However, things were arranged, and Bellerophon conquered Pegasus, which would have been no easy task had not Minerva aided him. She gave him a golden bridle that had taming properties connected with it in some way, for while Pegasus was at the spring Pirene, Bellerophon bridled him with ease and rode away in pursuit of the Chimera, and destroyed the monster with little trouble. After gaining this victory the king compensated him by giving him his daughter in marriage, and made it known that at his death Bellerophon would succeed him as their king. Acquiring the victory over both Pegasus and the Chimera had the tendency to make Bellerophon proud of his power and prowess. He vaunted his feats of adventure to others so much he drew the animadversion of the people upon him; also the Olympian gods and goddesses. He had

unlimited confidence in himself by this time, and even attempted to fly to heaven, but Jupiter sent a bee that stung Pegasus while on this flying tour of the upper world and Pegasus kicked and reared, flapped his wings and threw off the rider. This was the beginning of the end with both Pegasus and Bellerophon.

RECORDED HISTORY

Real history cannot be classed as such unless it is called so on its merit. By its merit I mean to construe the proof that it is real history. Authentic historical events are the recorded events of the human race, both natural and artificial. These events, to be proven, can and are computed chronologically from some event that stands out in bold relief, and with much more prominence than those of the same period surrounding them. For example, we in common parlance say, "Why, that happened the year before the Civil War," or "I remember well when he passed away; it was the day Garfield was inaugurated," etc. With such proof, a thing is beyond question of doubt, especially when recorded in the archives of history. But it is impossible to go back into chronology and be sure that you are reading events that happened at the time stated, unless they are things that occurred since the Homeric age, and even then we are not sure of the date that he lived, altho this we do know: He left epic poems that were possibly not all his, but they became so current among the people in the household, in cabals, on the streets, or at the games, that they were used proverbially and as figures of speech to express with more exuberance, tho perhaps with ambiguity, that which they desired to convey.

The poems that are attributed to Homer were sung by the multitudes, for it stimulated that heroic and romantic

spirit that the men of those ages were so imbued with. It was about this time that human thought was inscribed upon papyrus (which was a leaf and when dried was like paper). It was without question the first introduction of legible characters to be transmitted to paper to purport the substance of their meditations and sentiment. Anterior to this time, according to Sir Henry Rawlinson, the anthropologist and archeologist, an alphabet in Babylon and Nineveh, called the cuneiform characters, was discovered. These were produced on soft ductile clay tablets, shaped and then laid in the sun and baked to harden them. The characters were, without doubt, the earliest used by man to record events and convey thought. This, perhaps, antedates the Greek alphabet by many years, but the world of today has not been able to evolve from those crude records much literature that has been of any particular value. So we are compelled to return to Greece for the early records of literature.

Prior to this time we are obliged to depend on legend, tradition, natural history or paleontology; in the latter it is self-generalized; it lies there imbedded in the rocks or the strata of earth, and no human agency can prove the time it was placed there. And still we know very well from the scars that have been left on the earth by natural disturbances as storms, comets and seismic shocks that they did occur, and because they repeat themselves since the human race has become more enlightened. In these early milleniums of primeval existence they covered things as a closed book would cover and crush a flower, and after many years could open that book and discover the flower and know it was a flower, but would not know whose hand and at what period of time that hand had placed it there. It could, in fact, be found out within a reasonable length of time when the flower was placed in the book by the date recorded on the title page of the publication of that book,

but the things that have been pressed between the "leaves" of strata and volcanic ashes are plainly in evidence, but this "book" of clay and rock bears no date of publication. Therefore, we know that the world has been inhabited by man and mammal far back into the night of ages, but we have nothing to compute the time, to fix the period of the event in the unknown past within a reasonable degree of accuracy.

Then we must resort to that which offers itself to us as the next best thing to determine periods of different events, which is the science of geology, and when we say "geology" we are stepping out of the province of history into the study of fossils and prehistoric zoology to determine the age of prehistoric events which are to a greater or less degree scientific conjecture. That is one way of computing time to fit periods of events. There is still another, and that is called by its author, John Fiske, "linguistic archeology," or the singing of ballads that were composed by some sage or bard in a spirit of patriotism that was stimulated by the acquirement of victory in battle. This ballad, which is without doubt true in its general outline, tho by the over-zealous spirit of patriotism or heroic stimulus, has involved the poet in such superabundance of ecstasy that he has drawn on his imagination and with hyberbole has delineated an event that really occurred, but his framing it with scintillating magniloquence has made it look (to a rational thinker of later days) as tho it was nothing more than a mythical story that was told to amuse instead of to instruct or perpetuate history.

Still this same ballad can be used by philologists to determine with some degree of accuracy the war it was supposed to have been sung for, to herald the glory of its victory, and by that knowledge, tho very abstruse, we can evolve some truth as to the approximate period of the event.

Many great events that seem and without doubt are

partly true, might be called a "pun of history" or a thesis with a historical ring, but mythological meaning, or the other way about, "mutates mutandes." A necessary change has been made by the long winding stairs of time on its way up to us to fit the romantic and sentimental spirit of human society, at different ages, so as to be congruous to many different stages of mental evolution. For example, I will cite the following stories: "King Arthur and the Holy Grail." There surely was a wine cup of that character that Joseph of Arimathea gave to his descandants, who carried it into Britain. This chalice is the one Christ and the Apostles drank from it at the Last Supper. We are compelled to believe part of this at least, if we are to believe the Gospels. Then some of the story of "King Arthur and the Holy Grail" must be true. And it would also be possible, altho four centuries and over had elapsed since the time of Christ. It is not difficult to believe such a noble knight as he once lived, altho his name has been perverted beyond recognition. Also, we are satisfied that the knights of that period were a class whose modes of life warranted the credulity of King Arthur, and being surrounded by such individuals as they are purported to have been in the mythical record we have of Arthur and his Round Table Knights, they were just such men as would seek such holy adventure. Consequently we need not mentally labor to suppose that the story is endowed with at least a small nucleus of truth. There are many other stories similar to this one. For instance, "Robin Hood," or still more remote and mythical, "The Return of the Heracleids," or "Indra Slaying Vritra"; "The Forty Thieves," "The Seven Sleepers of Ephesai," or the story of "Gododad and His Brethren"; also, many stories that were framed in the cloisters of the Druids and Christian monks that have been told with much ampollosity.

Remote classical literature, not having been blessed as

ours of today with linotypes and printing presses, they legislated a law, if I may call it such, that compelled selected bards to commit to memory poems, which was their way of perpetuating history. There was but little history written in prose after the art of writing had been acquired for many ages. Epic poems were their choice, evidently, for a historical thesis. This forcing to memorize was done as a means to hand down the events of their past and present to future posterity. This society of bards was given the appellation of Homerides. There was also another class of men that bore the same significance that had been arranged under the orders of Pisistratos. These young men became very expert in reciting their poems, and were called upon at public gatherings to recite for the amusement that was derived from it, as well as the knowledge that was promulgated to the masses and different classes of people. This became their profession or avocation in life and they were compensated with mammon in proportion to the talent they had acquired in the act of delivery. Prizes were presented to those who were judged by competent eruditional connoisseurs as being worthy of prizes. Lyres and harps were played by others to accompany them thru their elocutionary exercises.

This had a very desirable effect upon the adolescing young men of Greece, for many literary dilettantes and rhetoritians sprang forth. It was no uncommon occurrence to find a bard who was capable of relating nearly all of the Greek anthology. So, as Mr. Fiske says in his valuable book on "Myths and Myth Makers," if all of the poems that were extant at the time were destroyed they could have gotten together and rewritten them in short order, and it would have been of inestimable value to the world today if such could have been the case in several instances, like that of the burning of the Arabic manuscripts by Cardinal Ximenes in the streets of Granada, or the Don Quixote Library;

also, the Great Library of Alexandria, Egypt, that was burnt by the order of the Kalifite of Damascus.

Going back to historical poetry, if I may call it such, for the ancient ballads were nothing else. What a unique way of putting history before the younger generations, for children are few whose musical ear is not susceptible to the meter and rhythm of verse. If we could recite, or hear the old ballads recited in the vernacular, and we were of that same tongue ourselves, we would observe it was not only historical (when I say historical, I mean historical in a degree as I have explained above), but that they were written with keenness of observation and transcendent elevation of thought and sublimity of style. If we could hear the sacred Vedas*, the Mahabharata, Edda, Zend, Avesta, Hebrew Psalms, Norse Sagas, or the German version of the Nibelungenlied or lay of the Nibelungs†, we would be compelled to admit or surrender discussion that these early poets were poets indeed. Poets and historians inspired by two muses and poets that in taking all things into consideration excel or surpass the more modern poets. In translating these poems, you transmute them as well and iuterpolate words into them that change their sense. You soften the ebullient and harden the pathos. The translator tears down an old house to rebuild from the debris, but the detritus the carpenter had to leave out of the new structure has weakened its stability and necessarily changed the desired replica of the former's architecture. It is a house, and that is all that can be said of it; the same is true in the translating of the above poems into English.

Mythology the torch of the past burning low,
The brightest light from old sages,
That reflect from poetry and song with a glow
To us through the corridor of ages.

*Peruse Max Muller's "Chips From a German Work Shop."
†See Thomas Carlyle's "Essay on the Nibelungenlied."

NORSE, GERMAN AND ARYAN MYTHOLOGY

After scholars have sifted traditional legend and mythology down to its logical truth and ruminated on its hypertrophied metaphors, in both Norse, German, Oriental and Greek polytheistic mythology, they are compelled to recognize the fact that the primeval mind had substituted wars and different acts of mankind to express the once potent ubiquitous conflict day was having over night, light over darkness, which ends with light as the victor; and when the days are the longest and at night when the sun's rays are reflected by the moon to the earth which helps decide in favor of the light, light is victorious, the same as truth and virtue, for men of integrity and honor must prevail in the majorty to keep the people civilized. This is done through their love and fear of God, for "Vox populi vox Dei"—the voice of the people is the voice of God; the majority rules.

No doubt there was a Troika or Trojan War, tho would that war have been of any consequence any more than thousands of others, had it not been in the days of myth-makers, who used every feature of that war, and every hero who fought, to characterize the powerful actions of the elements and metaphysical bodies, where they have personified physical phenomena by adopting personal names to characterize the elements, and placed in their hands instruments indigenous to men in carrying on actual warfare. It is my opinion that all great myths can be reduced to that nucleus. It will be impossible for me to give sufficient space for a full explanation of the Norse, German and Aryan myth, legends, poems and ballads; I will endeavor to give a laconic exegesis instead.

First will be the Norse folklore and literary myths that have been partly preserved and handed down to us by means of the skaldic poems. These poems were the inspira-

tion of Norse bards called "Skalds," or poets. All history in those days, if recorded at all, was recorded in poetic form, only greatly exaggerated. Metaphors were used by them as parables were used by Christ. So, in attempting to interpret them, one is not only subjecting himself to a hard and difficult task, but is also sure to render himself subject to criticism. In the different wars and adventures that have taken place, the heroes were always aided by the personified gods of nature, both solar and earthly deities. Victories were afterwards chanted and sung as national ballads, until the hero who played the title role in the actual event is not only a hero for a day, but totem poles were set up by many as images that the heroes might be worshipped in this way. Allegorical images of monsters were cut into the wood to depict the form of the body, which the "manes" or "shades" of this hero was supposed to have been reincarnated into or transmigrated to.

The principal poems of the Norse antique literature are the Sagas and Eddas. Eddas is supposed to mean "The Great Mother." Etymology has helped decide this and still there is room for doubt. The Sagas is what might be called a literary record of Norse history far back in the night of ages. In more modern times the poem has been translated from the Islandic runes, which were characters in the form of birds, flowers, heads of beasts, etc., to represent words and sentences; they have been polished and arranged into its present form and are called the "Volsunga Sag." The Eddas is a composition of old traditions and songs.

The German or Teutonic myth poems called the Nibelungenlieds* or "Lay of the Nibelungs" are folklore songs that have been fixed, fitted and formed in more modern art to suit the people, altho they were taken in substance from the old Norse Eddas and Sagas. It is important to note in this poem they have not gone to heaven for their heroes,

*See Thomas Carlyle's "Essay on the Nebelungenlied."

and still have invested them with superhuman powers, powers that could not have been obtained on this side, I am sure.

The Vedas was the Hindoo bible. It was divided, or at least it should be divided, into four parts. The oldest I will compare to the Pentateuch of the Hebrew Scriptures, which is called the Rig-Veda*. Part of this might also be compared to the Psalms of the Old Testament. They are transcendent in character, spiritual and elevating in their moral tendency. This part of the Vedas was probably composed as far back as 3500 years before Christ, for it was written in Sanskrit, which necessitates our conjecturing its compositions as being very antique. This was the ancient religion of the Aryans or Hindoos. The epic poetry of India is not as well known as the Greek epics, still the "Ramayana" and "Mahabharata" take up a period of time much greater than the Troika of Greece; the conflicts of the "Bharatas" or internal feuds carried on from generation to generation and recorded in a thesis of connected events have been translated by Max Muller into English. The Mahabharata is a thesaurus of mythological stories and events. The Ramayana is a story of Ramas' misfortune in having his wife Sita carried away to the Island of Ceylon by Ravana, who was a (Singalees) Beelzebub, and how Rama†, who was a Prince, was aided by 10,000 monkeys as Agamemnon was aided by the ants, except the ants grew to be Myrmidons or powerful soldiers, but the monkeys remained monkeys, tho they bridged the straits between Ceylon and India, which enabled Rama to recover his wife. The epic poetry of India will not fascinate as the Greek epics do, altho they have features that excel all others. The bards of India had a deeper insight into nature, and depended upon that in swelling the caliber of their

*See Max Muller's "Chips From a German Work Shop."
†These Three Avatars are the Hindoo Trinity.

themes and accentuating the esthetic chorus or the canon of the plot. They also seem to feel at heart the poignant sorrow of a broken heart, or disappointed soul, and a romantic, roomy heart for sweet memories to abide.

The sacred book of the Persians was the "Avesta," composed in the Zend language and often called the "Zend Avesta." The part called the "Gathus" are the Hymns of Zoroaster, who probably lived 1600 B. C. Tradition tells us that he ascended a mountain in Persia, where he saw the interior of heaven and theophony took place between him and the deity. The "Peercess" in Bombay worship in a perverted form of Zoroasterism at the present time. They never bury or burn their dead, but lay them out and let the scavenger birds consume their flesh. This religion predominated all other beliefs at one time, not only in Persia but thruout Asia, at the time of Cyrus and Darius, and even until the conquest of Persia by Alexander the Great. This religion, which was uppermost among the Asiatic people, had fundamental principles both unique and beautiful in their simplicity. Light was always in the ascendency, darkness must decline and retrograde; these were their principles of good and evil. Righteousness was the light of "Ormuzd"; darkness or evil was "Ahriman." Light is victorious, as truth and right are always victorious in the end. This we knew, altho it takes truth a long time to show its features. But it is there and as long as it is it belongs to God, and he will reveal it, for he keeps nothing hidden that is good for us to know.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again
For the eternal years of God are hers.
But error, wounded, writhes in pain
And dies among her worshippers."

Odin was the Jupiter of the German gods. He holds sway in Valhalla, the palace where all heroes are taken when they have fallen in war. Asgard was their Teutonic Olympus, where there are many beautiful silver and gold palaces that look like "frozen music." To pass to Asgard, the palaces of the gods, or to pass to Vingolf, the golden palaces of the goddesses, the bridge Bifrost must be traversed. This is the rainbow, whose seven-colored arched cantilevers span the broad expanse of the horizon. Odin is the great King of heaven and earth. He sits on his throne in Valhalla, the largest and most imposing structure there. From here he rules heaven and earth, and from his throne can behold the entire universe. Frigga, his Queen, is always by his side. The Greeks had Atlas holding the heavens on his shoulders, but the Norse and Germans have it that the great ash tree Yggdrasil holds the earth in position. The two ravens, Hugin and Mrunis, were perched upon this deity's shoulders; they signify action and thought, respectively. They are his messengers that fly over the entire universe and return to him every evening to deliver their message, informing him of the conditions of all things. Odin is also pronounced Wooden and our Wednesday received its name from Wodin, as did Tuesday from the Teutonic God, Tyr, or Tue; the German race is called by this name (Teutonic).

The Valkyries are virgin heroines of the Joan of Arc type. They are always panoplied in their war paraphernalia. Odin is always anxious to procure as many great heroes as he can, that have fallen in battle, to make their abode in Valhalla with him, so after an engagement he sends his Valkyries out over the field to choose those whom they think are the ones who will be able, thru their past merit and valor, to pass in before Odin and be accepted as his imperial guard. When these virgin messengers are on their white palfreys, searching the battlefields for fallen heroes, the bright sheen from their armor can be seen across

the surface of the earth. (We have given this the name of the Northern Lights or Aurora Borealis.) There are many Gods in the generations of Norse theogony. Thor is the God of Thunder who has lost his hammer on several occasions; still it usually returns to him sooner or later. He is very artful in hammering out thunderbolts, or he can throw his hammer and melt the frost, the ice and even the rocky cliffs and the giant trees. The hammer then rebounds to his hand. He is the oldest son of Odin, and by the laws of primogeniture is above all the rest of the royal family. Thor wears iron gloves and a leathern apron or belt like a blacksmith. Our Thursday is derived from the name Thor.

Freyr, the Goddess of Love, who presided over the fruits and flowers and the growing grain, also the rainstorms in the spring, corresponds to Venus or Aphrodite in Greek mythology. She is often surrounded by the fairies of Elfheim, the nymphs of the smiling spring. Friday got its name from this goddess. Brogi is the God of Poetry, while his Queen, Iduna, is keeper of the fruits of eternal youth, which are used by the heavenly nobility when they feel old age coming on. They go to her and she gives them a bite of this fruit which takes effect at once and rejuvenates them.

Balder is the God of Sunlight, Youth and Gladness, while his opposite is Hoder or winter, the dark, gloomy clouds of mist and madness. Loki, the mischievous, fraudulent god, who has injured other gods, and who has brought evil into the imperial household, is the son of Farbanti, the old fellow who corresponds to Charon, the ferrier of the shades. Loki, by his handsome personality and winning ways, forced his way into the company of the gods. His three children, Tenir the wolf, Midgard the serpent, and Hela, or death, finally grew to be such monsters that they could not be exterminated, and have brought all the trouble into the world—care, hunger, sickness, envy, hatred, jealousy

and all other troubles known to both gods and men. Balder, who was a son of Odin, was called Balder the Good, who met his death by twigs of mistletoe being thrown at him by Hoder, who was guided by Loki. Good is often killed by evil, but there is always a reason far beyond* that doubles good. The Almighty has his way of seeking the end, as trails sometimes must make many loops before reaching the tops of the mountains.

The Norse people in remote ages believed that some day the entire universe would revolt. The revolution, or this Ragnarok, they called the Twilight of the Gods. All of the whole creation, Valhalla and Niflheim, and their inhabitants, with Elfheim and Midgard, and all of their possessions, would be destroyed by this storm of fire and gravel. They were to have signs of the coming of this calamity, and there were to be three consecutive winters without any summers between them. After this, there was to be disquietude, discord and universal war. The mountains were to crumble to dust, the seas were to evaporate, poisonous gases were to asphyxiate the inhabitants and general pandemonium was to reign. The wolf, Fenris, was to be let loose; the Midgard Serpent was to curl and turn for the moisture that has disappeared; Loki was to have his freedom and join his element and a battle was to ensue. Surter and his followers were to rush forth in battle array to cross Bifrost that crushes under their feet tho they still go on.

Hela and the frost monsters are assembled; the sound of the Giallor Horn starts the conflict; Odin leads the fray. Fenris meets him and slays him; Fenris is then slain by Vithor, the noble son of Odin. Thor comes in with his hammer and kills the Midgard Serpent, but the poisonous breath of the dying reptile kills Thor in return. Loki keeps up the fight until he is finally slain. Both gods and their

*See Matthew Arnold's "Balder Dead," or William Morris' "Poems on Norse Mythology."

enemies have fallen. Surter scatters firebrands over the world and the entire universe is consumed. The gases shade the sun and terra firma runs away in hot lava; the stars blink out their life and fall, and Alfadus, the Almighty, stands alone, surveying the charred remains, contemplating a new universe where there shall be no sin, sickness, labor or care and where man and gods will live in common in universal and transcendent gladness.

The Lay of the Nibelungs tells of Siegfried, who marries a beautiful princess by the name of Krimheld. They proceed to the Netherlands to live, and subsist on moneys Siegfried has taken from a dwarf by stealth. Siegfried had some time back won a wife for Gunther by shifting his strength into Gunther's form. The name of this woman was Brunhild, and she declared that any man to win her hand would have to be superior to her in physical endurance and calisthenics. Siegfried, by wearing the Tarnacappe, a garment that rendered him invisible, won Gunther his bride, she thinking that he was Gunther. After they were married this woman had a tussle with Gunther and hung him on a nail in her bedroom. This she could do at this time, for Gunther now had no aid from Siegfried. Altho later, Siegfried conquered Brunhild and took from her a ring she wore, which was the source of her enormous strength. Siegfried turned around and presented this ring to his wife, Kriemhild, an at the same time informed her how he obtained it. Not long after this there was a tournament at Xantes on the Rhine. Siegfried had won all the honors of the day at this tournament. Kriemhild saw what a wonderful knight he was and remarked to Brunhild that Siegfried should be the king of the realm. Brunhild answered her saying that could never be as long as Gunther lived. There they stood, these two queens and ladies who were wives of chivalrous knights, each praising their husbands' valor. At vespers they endeavored to force their

way to the front to seek the most conspicuous place before the altar. Kriemhild spoke first with invidious hatred. She inculpated Brunhild and her husband for wrongs they had instituted against her. As proof, she brought forth the ring and girdle that Brunhild had lost. The knights heard the altercation and rushed to them. Gunther daringly faced the inflexible Siegfried. He said, "Why allow such a thing? Do not let your lady go on with her tirades. Check her. How unbecoming a lady! I will hush mine and you must do the same by yours."

This was idle talk, for Brunhild had planned already how she would slay Siegfried. Some of Siegfried's false friends had his wife sew a silk cross on his shirt over the spot on his body that was vulnerable to mortal wounds, for a leaf had fallen on his back while bathing in the dragon's blood. This shielded this part of him from the immortal embrocation, and made that part of him a target for a weapon in the hand of those who wished to destroy him. His wife unsuspectingly sewed the cross on his shirt as directed. Hagen, another knight who had apparently always been a friend to Siegfried, was made aware of the future plans by Brunhild and had persuaded him to help do away with Siegfried. Gunther, Hagen and Siegfried had been out exercising themselves with their swords in fencing until their bodies had attained such enormous caloricity that they proceeded to a nearby brook to cool themselves. Hagen could see his opportunity had arrived whereby he could dispatch Siegfried with ease, for the leaf had fallen on Siegfried's back, and it was here the cross had been sewed by his wife. Hagen pierced the cross with his sword as Siegfried kneeled over the edge of the brook to refresh himself. The blood spattered far and wide on flowers and field. Siegfried was mortally wounded, but clung to life with unrelenting tenacity, tho at last was compelled to yield to the inevitable. Brunhild soon learned the news and

glorified in the death of Siegfried. Kreimhild only hung her head and studied how she could avenge the death of Siegfried. Hagen proceeded to procure the purloined gold of the Nibelungs, and after obtaining it, he carried it to Worms and hid it beneath the waters of the Rhine. In a short time Kriemhild married Atilla, the King of the Huns, who bore the appellation "Scourge of God."

Many years passed and the enemies were of the opinion she had forgotten the unpleasant past, but it proved far different. She prepared a banquet and invited Hagen and Gunther and all of the brothers. She gave some plausible reason for them to bring the horde of gold that Hagen had taken from Siegfried. They evidently thought that she had forgiven them for their crime in the past in killing her Siegfried, so they all came to the feast. When they had arrived and were enjoying the wine and the stories, and had perhaps indulged too freely, Kriemhild sets fire to the palace in some way that they were all consumed to ashes except Gunther and Hagen, as it happened. Altho their hours even then were to be but few, she ordered some of her knights that have just come forth to decapitate them. She at once draws Siegfried's sword (Bahmung) and slays Hagen. Even now Kriemhild has not recovered the horde, for she never thought to make Hagen divulge the hiding place, for he had hid the gold the second time, and when he passed away the secret passed with him, so the gold is still hidden in some cache or beneath the Rhine. Hildebrand, another knight and relative of Atilla, dispatches Kreimhild by cutting off her head. This was their ignoble ending. "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed." "He who lives by the sword shall die by the sword," and so they did. They caused their own fall.

In interpreting the significance of the Norse and German god and goddess, Odin and Frigga, we suppose the former to signify the ruler of heaven and its jewelled beauty; also,

protector and feeder of the earth and teacher of war and wisdom. Frigga was the earth mother—"Mother Earth." Thor was the God of Thunder, who controlled and conquered all giants in heaven and earth. He was useful to man as was Prometheus in the Greek myths. His wife, Sif, corresponds with Ceres, goddess of cereals and grain. Balder was the best of them all, and corresponds with Apollo, the Sun God. He would only lower himself when by so doing he could rise still higher; he would only commit crime to heal evil; he was the light and life-giver; he bore radiance, reason and righteousness, glory, goodness and gladness; he was the shining one—the Lord and King. He would punish the wicked and nurse the weak; trample the oppressor and support the oppressed; seek the just and shun the evil; punish vice and reward virtue; charge the rich and commiserate the poor. He was good, great and grand in the literal sense of the word.

Hoder was the winter of the year or the night of the day. He was the valley of the mountains and the shadow of darkness. He was the opposite to Balder—in a word, he was Hell*. Siegfried has been identified with Hermann, who lived during the advent and who did much to free that part of Germany that is called Brunswick and Hanover. Altho trained by the Romans, he revolted and conquered them who held sway over his country, defeating Verus, the Roman general, in the Valley of Lippe. Sigibert, King of the Austral Franks, possibly might have been Siegfried of the Niebulungs, for he is said to have had many adventures similar to those of Siegfried.

The mythological interpretation of Siegfried implies the

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*See Wagner's Operas: "Rhinegold," "Siegfried," "The Valkyries" and the "Twilight of the Gods."

For poems on the Norse and German myths see Magnusson Uigfusson's "Sturlunga Saga," Powell's "Corpus Poeticiun Boreale," William Morris' "Sigurd the Volsung," Skallagrim's "Wooing Song," Raudi's "Sword Chant," Longbeard's "Hypatia," etc.

bright-eyes, the penetrating, or the reflector to the Good Bader. Gunther was a king of the Huns, a historical personality. Attila was also king of the Huns, who invaded Europe from Asia and overthrew many kingdoms, but was finally overcome in the year 445 A. D., at Challons in France. Many of these characters are historical, and are without doubt borrowed by the poets to utilize in the manufacturing of their stories that are looked upon as only stories and still have a semblance of historical truth that gives them an obvious shade of historical facts. As I have said in one of the previous chapters, it is difficult to compose a story that is entirely devoid of truth, as I have heard people say it is hard for them to tell the truth, but if they would only stop to think how much more difficult it is to tell a lie and tell one that has no truth in it at all, for even the simplest nursery rhymes have much truth in them. As, for instance, "The Song of Sixpence." The "four and twenty blackbirds baked in the pie" are the four and twenty hours of the day; the pie crust is the earth and the sky above. "And when the pie is opened the birds begin to sing." This is simple, for when the day opens in the golden morning the birds begin to herald the sun's golden rays. The king is the sun itself, "counting out his money," or the sun casting forth its blessed rays; the queen is the moon and the "clear transparent honey" the moonlight. The maid is the rosy-fingered dawn that rises before her master (the sun) and hangs out his clothes across the broad expense of heaven. The bird that snips off her nose is the hour of sunrise, for the night is black like the bird, the bird being taken away by the rising sun; it in turn snips off the maid's nose or the dawn of morning*.

You can see by this there is much truth in even the simplest of stories. They, as all mythological stories and poems, do not only entertain but enlighten and please the

*Quoted from "Myths and Myth Makers," by John Fiske.

mortal mind. Stories of remote ages and of classical antinquity have played their part and have played it well. They have given birth to poems and prose that are the sweetest of our literary food. They have given us subjects for art in both sculpture and paintings that rest the mind and please the soul. They have given us characters for comparison, standards of valor, models for virtue and examples of grace. They have given us themes, words, figures of speech, proverbs and maxims. It has been from the timber of these noble and imposing structures that much of the English language as well as the romance languages are built. All of the decorative art in the structure of erudition is finished and embellished with the grand, gilded and glowing bold relief of classic lore and mythology. It has done its part in religion and it has done it well—it has been timber for art and philosophy to promote human happiness. It has played its part and played it in time and in tune, and like anything that is good it will, by natural selection, stay with us and will benefit humanity. The rest we don't curse because it was good in its time and we have something that has taken its place, that we know is better. We will praise polytheism, for it was something really beautiful to hold to when there was nothing better. We will praise Judaism for there was nothing better at the time, and we should have compassion on its passing, for it is a large part of our Bible, and the trunk that sprouted the religion we now worship. We will praise the worshippers of Ammon Raw and the Apis Bull and Osirus, for the Land of the Pharoahs had nothing better. We will praise the Buddhist and the Brahman, for they think they are right and that there is nothing better. We will praise the Mohammedans, for they know no better. We will praise the ancient poets for the world's mythology, for there is but one thing better, and with this one thing—which is Christianity—crown and bless them all, for they have all contributed toward making a better world and a happier one.

THE SIBYL

The Sibyl that assisted Æneas in his exploration of Hades is one of several prophetesses by that name, or at least in English pun they are alike, altho they are sometimes spelt differently. This Sibyl is known as the Cumæan Sibyl. She is the one who brought nine volumes to one of the Tarquins. She offered to sell these books at a given figure, and the King dismissed her by informing her he had no use for the volumes. She turned on her heel and disappeared. After a few days she returned to the King with six volumes telling him she had burned the other three, still she wanted the same amount of money for the remaining six that she had asked for the nine. The King again refused to negotiate for their purchase. Again she left him and burned three more and returned for the third time. This aroused the King's interest and curiosity and he forthwith purchased the remaining three books. On perusing the volumes they were found to be of inestimable value, for they contained the entire future and destiny of Rome. They were ever afterwards kept in a secure place in the Temple of Jupiter, and no one had access to them except duly appointed Sibylean Priests, who were capable of interpreting their text and making the prophecies known to the King and his Court. It is very likely the above Sibyl is the one Virgil refers to in his Ænead. She has returned to earth and inhabited her same body over and over again. This we are compelled to say if we stop to think how many centuries must have intervened during periods of her absences and reappearances.

THE ADVENTURES OF ÆNEAS

After parting with The Sybil, Æneas embarked for the entrance to the River Tiber. He sailed up this river a short

distance, where he met Latinus, the King of Latium. He claimed himself to be the direct offspring of Saturn. Latinus had reached a good, ripe, old age and it was an opportune time for Æneas to have arrived, for Latinus had a beautiful daughter, but no male heirs to inherit the throne. Lavinia, his daughter, had been sought by every Prince in the land. Turnus, who was a powerful chief of the Rutulians, was the one who had the best chance in winning her favor, for Latinus, her father, was inclined to this match. Still, Latinus was somewhat undecided about giving his daughter to Turnus, because his father, Fanus, had appeared to him in a dream and informed him that his daughter was to marry a prince from a foreign land, and from this match would spring a race of people that would govern the world.

When Æneas arrived in Italy there was a terrible famine there. It seemed as tho the country was cursed, for there was great suffering among the people. Even Æneas suffered for subsistence. After Æneas had met Latinus, which he did in princely manner, he enthused the latter at once by informing the King who he was, and that he had come from Troy, for the old king was reminded of the dream of his father, Fanus. Latinus received Æneas with kindness and hospitably entertained him. Amata, the Queen, however, was not as favorably impressed with Æneas as was the King, which made it embarrassing for Latinus and had a tendency to dephlogisticate all the warmth Latinus had taken on for Æneas. Amata dispatched a courier to Turnus to inform him there were strangers in the land, and that they were there for some purpose that would eventuate into trouble for the people in general, also sending word that this newcomer had designs on Lavinia, her daughter, and his (Turnus') intended bride.

It happened that one Ilus, with many of the company of the Trojans, were hunting in the neighborhood, and in some

way had killed a tame stag that was the property of Sylvia. This so aroused her wrath that Sylvia made her chiefs swear vengeance against them. Some of the deponents called the multitude about their banners and a battle ensued. Many of the King's men sided with Æneas and they drove them back, killing a number. This was Æneas' first engagement in battle in his promised land. It had always been a custom when war broke out to open the gates of the Temple of Jupiter, the gates of "Janus" as they were called. This was always done by royal decree, and with solemn pomp and in regal pageantry. On this occasion the King swung the gates ajar. He really disliked to do this, for he had become fond of Æneas, but his Queen with the influence of neighboring chiefs had over-persuaded Latinus to open them, which bore the significance of war. As soon as the gates were opened, Turnus was appointed by the rest of the generals and chiefs to take command of the army. Mezentius was one of the number who enlisted. He was the most powerful both in mind and body of all the opposing forces that Æneas was to deal with. Mezentius was a cruel, blood-thirsty individual, who had no regard for decency, and who found pleasure in hearing the agonies of others. His own city had vanquished him and driven him away, and here he came to continue his inhuman acts. Lausus, his son, came with him.

Camilla, who was a beautiful woman except that she was endowed from birth with masculine tendencies, took part in this conflict that was now brewing. She had had an extraordinary career for a young woman. It was said that the city where her father had made her home was taken by an adjoining tribe, and her father had fought bravely and well until at last, after his wife was killed, he hurriedly removed Camilla from her cradle and ran with her to the country, with the invading army close behind him. He had come to a stream that had swollen, and flooded the valley

from bank to bank so that he was compelled to halt. Having but a moment to decide what he would do, and realizing that surrender would be death to them both, and being unable to swim encumbered by the child, the idea came to him that he would tie her to one of his arrows and shoot her across the stream. This he did, and then swam across to her where he picked her up unharmed and where now they were away from their pursuers. Here she grew up surrounded by a wilderness. She wore the skins of beasts and became as proficient in the use of the bow and the sling as any man in the country. She was attractive in her way but she repulsed all, even the bravest warriors who asked her to wed. She, with Diana's help, remained a virgin all the days of her life.

Æneas had such enemies to contend with; he knew from divine source that his future path to glory was to be a rough one, so nothing daunted him, for he had been promised a new nation of which he was to be the founder. While he was resting on the banks of the Tiber he heard a voice saying to him, "You must go farther up the River Tiber, and you will meet with friends. The great Evander from Arcadia is there, and he is in trouble with the Rutulians; he will become of aid to you if you go to him."

This message was from Juno. Æneas arose, made sacrifice to her, deprecated her past grievances toward him and went on to meet Evander. They made ready their vessels and rode up the river for twenty miles, where a small village was standing surrounded by seven hills. Æneas made fast his ships, and this spot in after years was where Rome was built, the glorious and eternal city. Evander and his chiefs were holding their annual celebration to the gods, as Æneas and his company came towards them. Pallas, son of Evander, saw the ships' mastheads and ran out to meet them. He was determined to know what they were going to do, and why they were in his

father's kingdom. Pallas called aloud to Æneas the second time to know what he wanted. Æneas answered him by suspending an olive branch on the end of his spear and at the same time shouting, "We are in search of Evander, and we desire to ally our forces with his to conquer the enemy. We are Trojans and have come in obedience to the commands of divine providence."

At this Pallas placed his sword in his scabbard, and invited Æneas and his men to accompany him to his father. Æneas and his company went on with Pallas to Evander's camp. They were favorably received and refreshments were set before them at once. After Æneas had finished his short repast, Evander took him all thru the forests and hills that finally became the leading city of the world. Evander explained to Æneas that the race that once inhabited these parts were a very rough and wild people, who sprang from trees and rocks and inanimate objects; also that nymphs and fauns inhabited the groves and hills about them; that the native men would not cultivate the soil or do any kind of labor, but would omnivorously feed and browse on leaves and wild animals for subsistence. Evander explained to Æneas that this was the condition of affairs until Saturn, the Olympian God, had been dethroned by his son and found refuge and a place to rule over Italy, where in time the people were so changed for the better that it was called the Golden Age. He continued, "But people attained wealth, they became proud and corrupt. The masses became dissatisfied, war ensued and the nation retrogressed until destiny brought me from dear old Arcadia. I have ruled until, as you see, my days are few. I need your help; you have come at an opportune time for us both. My state is small but the people are willing, tho we are weak, even when we have combined our forces. So, Æneas, I am aware of affairs in the adjoining state, Eutrusca. Mezentus was their King, and the people drove

him from the throne and out of the country for his cruelty. He would pour melted metal in victim's boots and would weld iron bands about two people who he had some slight grievance toward, and would finally purposely kill one so that the living one would have to keep continual company night and day with a decomposing corpse bound to him. This was too much, so the people burned his palace and sent him and all who favored him out of the country. They are now with Turnus, who is as evil as Mezentus, and who has taken compassion on his exile and protects him with his army. The Etruscans are anxious to capture this villain, for the misery he has caused, and they have been told that their leader in this exploit is to come from over the sea, so I am sure they will choose you as their leader in this undertaking. They have offered me the crown if I would agree to lead the army against Turnus to capture Mezentus, but I am too old, and am compelled, thru senility to decline their offer, and Pallas, my son, is native-born, which precludes him from further duty in that direction. But you, who are foreign-born and have divine ancestors, as soon as they look upon you they will want you to become their leader. Go to them and I will give you my son for one of your aides, whom I shall be proud to put under your guidance and tutelage that he may be taught the arts of war so he in time may emulate the heroic deeds of his master and chief."

How long ago this must have been! Think of Evander showing Æneas the seven-hilled city of Rome even before it bore the name "Alba." There was a forest where now stands the imposing Pantheon, Temple of all the Gods, and the Castle of St. Angelo, the Coliseum and Forum, the Seven Basilicas, including the Vatican and the Basilica of St. Peter with its great dome, that Michaelangelo said he would make as large as the Pantheon, and which promise he fulfilled for the dome of St. Peter's is the exact size of the Pantheon.

Evander and Æneas stood on the Tarpeian Rock, no doubt, when there was shrubbery and trees in their wild state. It was from this rock that convicted criminals were cast in later years. Evander marshalled his army, and had a chosen charger for Æneas and one for Pallas, his son. He gave Æneas full command of them and sent him on with his army of picked troops to the camp across the river Etrusca. He was received by the chief of the detached troops that were there with a cordial welcome. Tarchon was the ("au fait") "pretorian prefect," if I may call him that, for in after years the head of the home guard bore that name. All of the chiefs who had come with Æneas were men of probity, and sobriety seemed to be one of their predominating virtues, for when Æneas had gone from them with the army of Evander, he had left his men with orders not to fight in his absence and they did as he had ordered, for they were attacked by the army of Turnus, but they fortified their positions and kept the Rutulians back and no more. This was in part strategy, for had he made a "faux pau" here at this time they would have been crushed, where by remaining in their trenches until Æneas arrived, proved to be an ultimate blessing to them. The enemy remained up all night, rushing here and there, charging and irritating the Trojan camp, until a late hour of the night. Then they drank and feasted and lost their rest. When morning came they were tired, and in no condition to meet Æneas and his select troops.

Æneas had two young heroes among his men that are worthy of special mention; they were Nisus and Euryalus. These young men were very observing, for they had perceived the evening to be one of debauchery and carousing instead of restful bivouac, and wanted to inform Æneas of this. "Verbum sat sapienti"—a word is enough for a wise man. They knew that Æneas would see an auspicious moment had arrived, for the enemy was so surfeited and over-

loaded with wine, they had become very careless in their movement. The great difficulty was the carrying of the word to Æneas, for they were compelled to pass thru the enemies' camp to do this. These two heroes were very anxious to make this daring exploit. They employed strong words to each other, each not wanting to let the other go alone or go as company. They thought death would be sweet if they were compelled to die for their chief and for their country. Nisus argued with his co-patriot, reminding him that he was much older, and it would be more reasonable and more fitting to let him go because he had less time to live anyway, and the country would need its good men in time to come, since in a few years he would be unfit to fight, whereas he (Euryalus) would be in his prime.

Euryalus heard his arguments, but they were all uttered in vain. He would not let Nisus go alone. He prevailed upon him to allow him to go and die with him if such must be the case. He said, before he buckled on his sword, that he had but one regret in case of death, and that was his dear mother who was at this very time in the Trojan camp. As he looked upwards in transcendent supplication he said: "To thee, O Gods, who know all, I am doing this for you and for men. If I am lost, see that my mother is taken care of in her declining years. She has followed me here at my request. She left the Trojan soil to be near me, and now I may have to leave her. O Jupiter, bless her and look after her. I will only fight more bravely when I think of her. The Gods be with her in my absence."

While he was uttering these suppliant words, his friends were moved to tears. They grasped him by the hand and promised him they would see that his mother was taken care of in the event of his death. The two then started off to attempt to pass the enemy's camp, to carry the message to Æneas. On arriving at the enemy's camp they found them asleep. They drew their swords and slashed right

and left as they went on their way. They slew many of the sleeping soldiers at the outpost where they were compelled to pass. In this way they made their way thru the enemy's first line of battle. When they had gotten thru they decried in the distance a company of soldiers under the command of Volacens. He called for them to halt, and desired to know of them where they were going and who they were. They made no reply to his query and dashed into a forest near by. Volacens tried to circumvent them by running cavalry about the forest. Nisus eluded them, but Euryalus became separated, in some way, and when Nisus had got to a quarter of safety he missed his companion and at once started back to look for him. He went straightway to the woods he had just left, approaching them in a furtive manner. Near to the center of the forest he could hear voices. He went on a little nearer in the direction of the voices, and thru the underbrush he saw his friend Euryalus surrounded by an army of soldiers. He thought "What can I do? I must not leave him, that would be cowardly. I had better die than to commit a cowardly act. No, I will go to him at all hazards." At this he crept up and threw his javelin at one of the leaders and killed him where he stood. Before they could gather themselves together he had thrown another and another, each one killing one of the enemy. Volacens could not see who was really throwing the death-dealing javelins, and to appease his temper he drew his sword and rushed up to Euryalus and raised it to cut him down, just as Nisus shouted: "No, not he, not he! I was the one who threw the javelins! I was the one! Strike me! Kill me, if you can!" He spoke too late, for the sword stroke killed Euryalus there and then. Nisus set his teeth and rushed upon Volacens and slew him in an instant, but by that time another soldier crept up behind Nisus and struck a blow that ended this brave youth's career. They never got thru to carry the message to Æneas, tho he got

word of their fatal ending and their brave attempt to get to him. Æneas eulogized and uttered encomiums upon them for long after their deaths.

Æneas charged the enemy that was between him and his belligerent camp and scattered them, thus joining the two armies. In a short time they charged the army of Turnus. Mezentus raved like a maddened bull; he slew right and left, killing one after the other as he forced his way into the very heart of Æneas' army. He was making for Æneas, for he knew he was the main branch the web hung upon, and if he killed him it would change the aspect and the destiny of their country. By stupendous effort he finally arrived in front of the leader. Æneas did not turn and flee, for he had met such men as Achilles in days past, and he surely would not run now. The soldiers of both armies stood back to watch the outcome of the issue. Mezentus threw his spear first which struck Æneas' armor and glanced off and struck Antores, a Greek soldier that had come to Italy at the request of Evander. While he breathed his last he looked up at the blue sky and said: "My last thoughts are of you, sweet Argos."

Æneas threw his spear next and it took effect in the thigh. Mezentus' supporters, seeing their chief was in a perilous situation, surrounded him and carried him back of the fighting line. Lausus, who was the son of Mezentus, had come forward to rescue his father but was killed by the second spear that was intended for Mezentus. Æneas was too good at heart and too noble a man to have been a soldier, for he did not want to shed blood or take life. When he had slain this youth he kneeled over him and expressed his grievance for having killed him. He swore before heaven and the corpse that laid at his feet he would see he was given over to his friends and that his sword and shield would be interred with him. As soon as Mezentus was made aware of his son's fate he mounted his charger and dashed forward

and into the enemy. He engaged Æneas as before, only with more determination and zealous frenzy. He drove his horse around and around him, throwing spears as he went, like an American Indian. Æneas held his shield so that he avoided each and every one he threw. Æneas did not throw his until Mezentus had thrown all he had. He then turned, and instead of casting his spear at Mezentus, he cast it at his horse. It took effect in a vital spot and the horse fell dead under its rider. Mezentus could see his hour had come. He did not ask for mercy. He only asked Æneas if he would see that his body was not desecrated by his enemies, the Etruscans, who had deposed him months before, and that he might be buried decently with his son who had fallen this same day. Æneas agreed to do this, and at once struck the fatal blow that was to end the life of one who could not or should not ask mercy, for he never had shown mercy for others—others who were suffering at his malignant hands, who were not deserving of punishment, tho he delighted in the agonizing miseries of victims he would torture. "Blessed are the merciful for they shall receive mercy"—one of the sweetest and tenderest of the seven Beautitudes of Christ, yet one that is least lived up to even by Christians.

Æneas withdrew back of the battle line and was without doubt cheering himself on his victory over this demon, Mezentus, when he was informed that Pallas, the son of Evander, had fallen and had been borne off the battle-field dead. This proved to be a hard blow to Æneas, for he had become very fond of him. By inquiry he found Turnus had been the one who had slain his friend, and this so enraged him he sent word to Turnus he would meet him in single combat to decide the issue which would end hostilities, whichever way it happened to terminate—whether it would be himself that was to fall or Turnus. The latter did not have the courage to meet him and made excuses to avoid the duel.

Camilla had not come forward as yet to demonstrate the wonderful deeds of valor that were in her, but she was boiling over with enthusiasm and could hardly content herself back of the lines waiting for her time to face the old veteran and Trojan hero. After a short reprieve or truce, the battle recommenced with double fury. Camilla rushed forward with implacable zeal and indecorous grace, unbecoming the sex, but she had been brought up in this environment and what could be expected? She slew every one that stepped before her; her wake was a path of reclining corpses. She finally reached her nemesis. This was the sword of Aruns, who slew her while she was engaged with another. When she fell to the earth she knew she was mortally wounded. Her maids in attendance picked her up, and the nymphs, it is said, flocked about her at the command of Diana. She cursed Aruns and supplicated Diana to intercede for her now that she was powerless, and ransom her life as a forfeit for her death at his hands. Diana must have fulfilled her supplication, knowing she was the virgin paraclete that all such divine appeals are made to. She seldom, if ever, faltered, nor did she now, for she sent a nymph to the field who shot an arrow that no one present could see who discharged it, tho Aruns fell dead pierced by the unknown arrow.

After many battles between the Rutuleans and Æneas, the final battle that was to decide whether there was to be a nucleus of a city started that would grow into a Rome, was yet to be fought. The time had arrived! Would success be with Æneas or with Turnus? ("Vox, populi vox Dei")—"The voice of the people is the voice of God." So it proved to be. God is with the majority. God is with the successful or they would not be successful, tho one must not be discouraged if they are defeated, for if God has not favored you is not a sign He has forsaken you. Sometimes He uses this way of awakening your inner self to ("Nosce

teipsum") "Know thyself" as you really are that you may reflect upon your weakness.

Æneas knew he was to persevere, and that at the end of his efforts he would be crowned with success, for the promise had been made that the future destiny of a great city and empire, that would reach from pole to pole and from earth to heaven, rested in his sword. God knew that this city was to be the "City of God," the name that Saint Augustine gave it, and the city that was destined by divine providence to become the New Jerusalem, "Nulli secundus," "second to none." Æneas went into this final conflict with determination. He had a divine mother who had promised him what Thetes had promised and given to her son, Achilles, and that was a suit of armor that no weapon of that day or age that had been fabricated by the hands of man could penetrate. She went to Vulcan, the heavenly blacksmith, and had him pattern and make one. This she gave to Æneas for this coming battle. The day arrived for the struggle. Turnus came forward in battle array. His soldiers still clung to him, but the gods and goddesses deserted him. Even Diana, who had caused the death of Arnus, had forsaken him. Turnus advanced, regardless of the gods not aiding him. He threw his spear at Æneas, but it only glanced from his invincible and invulnerable shield. Æneas threw his spear with such impetuosity it struck Turnus' shield and passed on thru and into his thigh. The loss of blood must have weakened him mentally as well as physically, for he threw down his sword and looked up to Æneas and begged for mercy. For a moment it was hard for Æneas to decide whether to slay him or not, but when he thought of Pallas, his dear friend, and his father Evander, he could not restrain himself. He then pierced him thru and thru with his spear, which took away about the last living obstacle between him and the founding of the small town that was to grow into a Rome.

Not long after this final struggle Æneas married Lavinia, the daughter of Latimus. He honored her by naming the town he founded after her—Lavinium—and with the help of his son, Lulus, afterwards founded another city that they named Alba Longa, that finally, after many wars, served as the hilly cradle for Romulus and Remus, who were motherless and fatherless, and had been nursed by a she-wolf and still under such inauspicious circumstances grew to be great leaders among men and were the real founders of Rome.

ROLAND, KING ARTHUR AND THE HOLY GRAIL

Roland, or Orlando as he is styled in Italian literature, is the great hero in the French epic, "Chansons de geste." Roland was the nephew of Charlemagne, and went with him at the head of an army of knights and Paladins into Spain, to drive back the Moors. When Roland had reached the Pyrenees, through the treason of Ganelon, one of his knights, they were attacked by overwhelming numbers and completely exterminated. Roland could have saved all by blowing his horn and summoning Charlemagne, who was within hearing distance, but through the counsel of Oliver, his friend, they met the Moors and fought a losing engagement; but won fame that has since been heralded in poetry and song, for not only have the Romance countries written epics of him, but the Teutonic nations as well. Goethe and Schiller of the Germans, Pulci, Boiordo, Ariosto, Berni and Bornier of the Italians, have supplied epics renowned. Pulci's "Morgante Maggiore" and Boiordo's "Orlando Inamorato" and Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," meaning Orlando in love and Orlando mad, respectively, are the great poets who have left epics about this hero.

The descendants of Joseph of Arimathea, after his death had sent the Holy Grail to Glastonbury, England, where it was to be guarded by some of Joseph's progeny. For many years the people of Britain could view the Holy Grail at will, but after they had begun to be corrupt and sinful, the Holy Grail disappeared. Galahad was brought in one day before King Arthur and the Round Table to be knighted. Merlin, or the spirit of Joseph, had led him before King Arthur and announced he was the holy knight for the "Siege Perilous." This seat was the one seat about the Round Table of which it was prophesied that when the right one occupied it, gold letters were to appear before him on the Round Table. As soon as Galahad sat down, the letters appeared; also the Holy Grail, heavily veiled, but disappeared as suddenly as it appeared. King Arthur was at once convinced the knight was surely at hand that was to find the Holy Grail, this holiest of dishes that Christ and the apostles drank from in the Upper Chamber at the Last Supper.

To prove further that Galahad was the one to occupy the Siege Perilous at the Round Table, there was a stone with a sword as powerful as Excalibur, King Arthur's sword that was given him by the water sprite, or "Lady of the Lake," sticking into this stone. All of Arthur's knights tried to withdraw the sword, without success, until Galahad reached down and withdrew the sword with apparent ease. This convinced Arthur that the knight had been found that was to occupy the favorite seat and to find the Holy Grail. Galahad started alone on his quest for the godly dish. When he had got far into the country, he came upon an abbey where hung a white shield bearing a Red Cross, which he learned had belonged to a king of Sarras, who had been converted to Christianity by Joseph's son. The red cross was drawn with blood and it was to remain undimmed for Sir Galahad, the new Accolade. This

he took with him, which made him the "Red Cross Knight." He rode away and soon came to the castle of the Holy Grail. But for lack of altruism, and because he could not entirely forget himself for others, he was unable to see the grail. He rode away and returned several times without success. Finally he was led away to the sea, where King Solomon's ship awaited him and bore him off to Sarras, the "spiritual place" to which the Grail had long since been spirited. After many days they arrived at Sarras, where he found the object of his search. As soon as Galahad arrived, the King of Sarras died and Galahad was made King. After ruling for a while, Galahad wished for his body to die that he might find eternal life of the soul. His wish was granted, and as soon as life left his holy body, the Holy Grail left earth with his soul and went upward into heaven, where it has since remained.

JUPITER AND JUNO

Jupiter, and his Queen, Juno, who is called Queen of Heaven, were the mightiest of the reigning deities. Minerva, who is also called Pallas (Athena), and whom the Greeks held as their patron goddess, comes next in order.

Jupiter became the father of a large family of gods and goddesses: Mars, the God of War was his most imposing son when caparisoned in war panoply; Heba and Vulcan were his children by Juno; Latona bore him Phœbus (Apollo), the Sun God, who is significant of universal harmony; Diana, also named Artemis, the most chaste of all the goddesses, was the virgin sister of Apollo; Aphrodite or Venus, his daughter by Dione, is the Goddess of Love. Some authors claim her to have been born from the sea-foam, on the shore of Cythera (Venus Uranous). Cythera is the name that is often given by ancient poets, for near

the Island of Cythera is where she arose from the sea. Vesta, who was the goddess of the family hearth, represents virtue and purity.

Juno, the Queen of Heaven, signifies the beauties of heaven. She is the protector of women, comparable with the Virgin Mary, Mother of Christ. She is the prototype of matrimony. She possesses both purity and dignity, still is of a jealous nature, and has reproached Jupiter for many of his morganic marriages, and has instigated the downfall of many mortal women, who became the mistresses of her husband. She was supposed to have made her abode in the far west, where for a long time she was under the guardianship of Oceanus, the Sea God. She was reared in the Garden of the Hesperides, and nourished with celestial food, called ambrosia and nectar. In her honor, the tree of life sprang up with golden fruit. Herthrone was of gold; her sandals were also gold; her tresses were golden strands. She was called the ox-eyed queen. What a pageant to behold—what a glorious scene when she was seated in her golden chariot, which slowly made its way, with Hebe and the Hours as postilions. The peacock was her favorite fowl. The Romans held annually in her honor a festival called the Matronalia. Women were her votives, for she was the Goddess of Parturition, and was sacred to the accouchement period.

Athena, Juno and Diana were similar in purity and chastity. Daphne, the Goddess of Dawn, flew from Apollo to escape his embraces, and was finally compelled to seek refuge, turning into a laurel tree. Athena could be associated with Daphne in this way, for she (Athena) is also called the Goddess of Dawn. She has other attributes credited to her, one being wisdom, for dawn brings with it awakening and the light is synonymous to knowledge. She always bears with her the Ægis and the spear. The Ægis is a shield. The Gorgon head of Medusa, decapitated by Per-

seus, is embossed upon this shield. This is emblematic of thunder storms, the Ægis being the Palladium that was supposed to have the power to turn all beholders to stone as the Gorgon had done in life. Minerva is another name given to Athena. She is the Goddess of War, corresponding with Mars, the great God of War. She was a lover of music and art, had a penchant for weaving, spinning and gardening, and remained a virgin thruout all time. It is said that she created the olive tree, sacred to the pagan worship. The old and serpent were also sacred to her. The statue of Athena in the Parthenon, on the Acropolis in the city of Athens, is perhaps one of the most exquisite works of art the human hand has ever chiseled. It was the "chef d' œuvre" of Phidias, the great sculptor in the days of Pericles of Athens.

One is almost compelled to think of Diana in the same breath with Athena, for she was perhaps the most chaste of all the goddesses. Still she has been associated with Selene, the Moon Goddess, who watched over and became so fond of Endymion. And yet there was nothing reprehensible in this, for Selene only watched over his flocks while he (Endymion) was sleeping. Diana or Artemis was born in the island of Delos. This island was a floating island until Jupiter made it fast by anchoring it by means of powerful adamantine chains. Besides her ideal virtue, she had queenly bearing and overwhelming charm and magnetism. Many were her suitors, but she could not be won by either god or man. She remained the Virgin Goddess, which was to her liking and self-choosing. Diana, the Moon Goddess and Hunting Goddess, was fond of the chase. Her tresses are the refractory moonbeams. She pierces women with these refulgent yet soul-disturbing spears of moonlight. Her nymphs were sworn to a life of celibacy, this being her unimpeachable prerogative. She would punish those who violated her behests in this direction. On her hunting

tours she was accompanied by many of her beautiful nymphs. She was fond of wild beasts and domestic animals, and meandered thru valleys, hills, rivers and lakes, firing her arrows as she went. Meadows, brooks and springs were her favorite resting places for her nocturnal bivouac. She was fond of music and dancing, and, of course, loved the Muses, Terpsichore, Clio and Calliope in particular. She was quick to resent injury and quick to console grief, ready to condole virtue but slow to condone vice; beautiful beyond description, yet modest to a fault. She was apt, alert and agile, crafty, cunning and calm, guardian of children and protectress of wild beasts. Diana was a paramount goddess in Asia Minor, for the great temple of Diana at Ephesus, spoken of by St. Paul in the New Testament, was built in her honor.

VENUS

Venus, Goddess of Love and Beauty, has been named Aphrodite, meaning "born from the foam"—on the coast of Cythera, but was blown to the Island of Cypress, where she was worshipped as a goddess. Wherever she chanced to look or wherever she walked the flowers and grain burst into flower. Robes were woven for her by the Graces, who also decorated her with garlands of thyme, violet, narcissus, crocus, hyacinth, the rose and the lily. She is goddess of flower gardens and the linden forests. The meads, hills, copes, crofts, garths and meadows are hers. The clear and refreshing zephyrs are hers. She entrances by her physical charms. No one can resist her beauty. No one can resist her cestus or girdle. It stimulates in all beholders a desire to love and embrace her. She has always been a feminine model of physical perfection, both in face and form. Her sweet, piquant smiles have won the hearts of all men, both wealthy and wise, the brave and the meek. She has been

Venus De Milo

the cause, by her seductive nature, of both pleasing moments and broken hearts. She has stimulated and inspired love in both gods and men, such as Adonis, Æneas, Paris, Helen, Pygmalion, Psyche and Ariadne. She has been worshipped in every land and on the seven seas. The swan of the water and the dove of the air were loved by her. She is usually accompanied by her dwarf son, Cupid, "the God of the Silver Bow." The statues of Venus are numerous, but the one that represents her as the Greeks imagined she must be worthy of according to her heralded beauty, and without doubt the most beautiful and perfect statue of woman extant, is the Venus de Milo, now in the Louvre Museum of Paris. The "Venus de Medici" is second in beauty and the "Venus" by Praxiteles third. There is nothing in the world that could symbolize the beauty of nature ("Nature Smiling") better than the figure of a beautiful, smiling woman, as Venus is supposed to have been.

It is difficult to know how far back we are to go to find when Aphrodite was first worshipped as a goddess of the race of people who first characterized a feminine form to signify the sweetness of love and beauty in nature. It is conjectured she first appeared in the annals of mythology in Chaldea amid the Semitic race. She was their satellite of love. She was styled Astarte by the Phœnecians, and was universally accepted as the golden-crowned, vivacious, fastidious, fascinating, seductive, flower-faced, ox-eyed Goddess of Love. Shakespeare, in his "Tempest," Chaucer in his "Knight's Tale," Edmund Spencer in his "Prothalamoin," Milton in his "L'Allegro," Pope in his "Rape of the Lock," and again Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," Swinburn's "Atalanta in Calydon," or Mochus' "Theocratis," and Bion's "Idyls" are all poems that are truly worthy of the reader's perusal, if the poetical version of this queenly goddess appeals to the reader.

Many great paintings have been done of her that have become famous. Two of them are "The Sleeping Venus," by Titian, and Tintoritto's "Cupid, Venus and Vulcan"; the more modern sculptured Venus that has become famous is by Thorwaldsen, called "Venus with the Apple"; also Cellini's "Venus" is beautiful beyond words to express.

In modern times Venus is perhaps spoken of more than any of the mythological characters. The reason for this is perhaps because it is natural for us to love the beautiful in women. Nothing could have been selected that would have taken its place—not even a flower—for man can look upon Venus de Milo's statue and almost feel the warmth and life in her body, for there are three different and distinct expressions from profile and front view which express gladness, mirth and love. One thinks, "O! but if she were only animate flesh could one help love her?" Her arms were broken off when the statue was found in the Island of Melos. It is supposed she was either holding a bright shield or mirror up before her, and blushing at her own loveliness, or was disrobing for her bath, and was in the act of dropping her cestus or skirt when she heard someone approaching and, with preternatural quickness, endeavored to replace her garment and shield her handsome body. It has always been a subject of much discussion as to the support of the girdle or diaphanous cestus she wore. There is nothing perceptible as far as the eye can see to support the diaphanous "love-lurking gown," as the poets love to call it. It is also a psychological fact that a beautiful creation in the form of a full dress gown for a perfect female lends an overwhelming charm and enchantment for the opposite sex if the neck and shoulders of the gown were cut decollette with short sleeves, thus exposing the graceful curves of the "form divine." By exposing just enough of that which the mind already knows is beautiful, and its whole outline is in the mind's eye, though in reality one

sees but a part, it stimulates a wanting desire, a feeling of suspended pleasure or gladness, a one-half divulged secret or a partly suppressed dream that all men love. We all care to mentally explore the unseen. Still, if the female form is gowned in the other extreme, and there is too much of the "form divine" exposed, it has the opposite tendency. It at once becomes vulgar to our senses and arouses the lascivious instinct in us that is below reason's control.

Long may you live, sweet Venus, though heart of stone, and with it all I love you as my own.

MERCURY OR HERMES

"Mercury or Hermes," born in Arcadia, was the son of Jupiter by Maia. He is the courier of the winds, or the hastener; he hastened errands for Zeus. There were wings on his ankles, wings on his "petasus" or hat. His wand was the Caduceus (meaning "to fall off with ease"), twined with two snakes with wings at the top. They were supposed to possess mystic powers of sleep and dreams. He was a lover of music. He invented the lyre, the syrinx and the flute. His voice is powerful and sweet. He was endowed with eloquence in gesture, agility and strength. He was cunning and tergiversating. His statue is usually set on the highest apex of a building, in his running or fleeting posture, bearing his Caduceus with right arm raised upward and index finger pointing to the blue dome of heaven. He has been called the patron of chance or gambling, as well as the patron of lawful commerce and worthy industry both on land and at sea. He conducts the spirits or souls of the departed down the subterranean lost stream of ocean to Pluto's Hades, near the abode of Proserpine, in the dank, dark shades of the dead on the planes or mead of Asphodel.

LESSER DIVINITIES

There are many lesser divinities, such as Hebe, the Goddess of Youth, and celestial cup-bearer to the deities, and Mnemosyne (or Memory), who was the mother of the Muses, who were prompters of memory for earthly song, dancing, music and poetry, rhetoric, etc. There was supposed to be nine of them, who had their seat on Mount Hellicon in Greece. Sappho has been added as the tenth Muse. The nine are: Clio of history, Euterpe of lyric poetry, Calliope of epic poetry, Melpomene of tragedy, Erato of love sonnets, Polyhymnia of sacred poetry or hymns, Urania of astronomy, Thalea of comedy, Terpsichore of dancing. They were supposed to inspire the memory of the ancient bards, dramatists, scientists, historians and choral dancers, such as Sophocles, Euripides, Aristotle; Pindar, Anacreon, Bion and all such writers as Xenophon, in his history of the return of the ten thousand, or his Anabasis, and Apollonius of Rhodes; Apollodorus, Herodatus, and again the old mythic poets, Orpheus and Thamyrus, who composed the hymn on the Eleusinian mysteries; besides Linus, Marayas, Amphion, Alcus, Sappho and Arion. The latter, who wrote the dithyramb or hymn to the God of Wine, produced poetry that when sung charmed the monsters of the deep. Simonicles was nearly his equal. Sophocles and Eschylus, the great tragic poets and dramatists, give us much of the obscure narrative of Odephus, the king of Thebes. The Seven against Thebes, the sufferings of Prometheus; the stories of Alcestes and the acts of Medea. For comedies Aristophocles takes the lead for grandeur and style. Jason, in quest of the Golden Fleece, is beautifully told by Appolonius, which should be read. The Idylls of Theocritus, of Sicily, should be read in conjunction with Bion and Mochus, translated by Andrew

Lang; also the Roman poet Ovid, his "Metamorphosis" "Fasti" and "Heroides," translated by the same author.

The great Roman poets who were surely inspired by these same Muses were several in number. Virgil is without doubt the greatest of all the Roman poets. He wrote the immortal "Æneid," which is translated by Dryden into English. It narrates the wanderings and early Roman wars of Æneas after he left the Trojan War to found a new state that became Rome. Horace, who is perhaps the greatest of the Roman lyric poets, comes next to Virgil, with Catullous, Tibullus and Propertius following closely behind. Some of the works of Propertius are exaggerated, but they are instructive and beautiful. Seneca, the great "rustic" moralist, as Byron styles him, was the Emperor Nero's teacher. He was the greatest of his day. The African Apuleius, who wrote "The Golden Ass," was also one of the great antique romancers. There are still many more, such as Pucian, Paussanus, the traveler Pliny Secondus; the naturalist Strabo, the geographer Livy, the historian, and Lucan, who wrote Pharsallia; also the Sicilian poet, Empedocles, who desired to be esteemed an immortal god, and to dispose of his mortal remains to deceive the people, threw himself into the burning crater of Mount Etna. Horace gives his opinion of this act as tho a poet may die as he pleased. "He who saves a man against his will does the same with him who kills him against his will." They are equally innocent.

Apollo, or Phœbus, son of Jupiter and Latona, is the great sun god. Phœbus signifies the sunlight, while the name Apollo means the destructive heat of the sun's rays. Apollo spent one year on earth in the northern land of the Hyperboreans, when for half of the year there was continual spring and lucid breezes that brought Proserpine from Pluto's prison and the mead of Asphodel, to crown the

earth with leaf, blade and ivy, that served as provender and pasture for the sheep herds that Apollo himself was the herdsman or shepherd to. In waiting in suspense at the ancient city of Delphi for Apollo, they set the tripod or three-legged stool where the priests of Apollo sang peans and danced for the coming of this god. After their hymns of praise, the swan-drawn chariot, with Apollo, came ushering in the spring and golden harvest. The earth was a symphony, a phantasmagoria of grasshoppers, frogs, crickets, songs of nightingales, the bleating of lambs, bellowing of cows and the rejoicing of the world. All animal life could feed afresh and sip the crystal waters of Castalia. All was sweet and beautiful until the creeping Python appeared from the caves of Mount Parnassus to harm the people, tho Apollo interceded and slew this monster with his silver bow, and from this time, in commemoration of this act, the python games were instituted. These great games of sport brought athletes from far and near. The victor was crowned with beech leaves and was styled by the multitude a hero.

Apollo was also a lover of music and poetry. On the foothills of Parnassus is located the city of Delphi, where from a crevice of the rocks issues a poisonous gas that stupefies and asphyxiates animal life. Great significance was attached to this, and it was called the Oracle of Delphi that made known the future to mortal man. Apollo was the Charmion of ancient anthropomorphism; he was a pure god, free from libidinous and salacious propensities. He disliked vaunting and pride, for he pierced to death with his shafts of light the children of Niobe, and she, as well, was turned to stone for priding herself as being more prolific than the Queen of Heaven. Apollo was greatly enamored of Daphne, the Goddess of the Morning Dawn, whom he is always chasing as the sun chases the shade around the globe, so did he chase Daphne until, to avoid his embrace

and unwelcome overtures, she was metamorphosed into a laurel tree, that grows in the shade, and which Apollo became so fond of, for if he could not have her in the original he would still love her in the laurel, and he wore it as his crown and on his bow.

ADONIS

Venus had carelessly wounded herself with her son Cupid's arrow, which caused a wound that the septic intoxication of love's virus soon gave her spasms of ecstasy for a beautiful youth named Adonis. After Venus had received this wound she was a changed goddess in every way, as women often are when their hearts have been pierced by Cupid's unerring shafts. Venus would not even attend the Olympian Court of Jupiter, for Adonis had completely overcome her affections. He was more to her than the imperial majesty of heaven. Adonis was a lover of the fields, the forests and hills; he cared nothing for the city or to rest in cool places and primp as Venus loved to do. He was fond of the chase and had strengthened his body in this way during his adolescence, until now he had become a physically perfect youth. (The English word "adolescence" was derived from Adonis.)

Venus had changed her mode of living. She went out into the forests and meadows to hunt, so that she could be near Adonis. She got to be something of a Diana, but was not as courageous as Diana, for Venus would avoid beasts that might turn on her and do her harm. She often cautioned her lover Adonis to avoid dangerous beasts, but he was as David is said to have been—fearless and always self-possessed when his life was really in peril; altho he had better have heeded the cautious precepts of Venus, for one day when she had left him in her chariot, driven by two

beautiful swans, a wild boar at which he had thrown his spear, turned and set his tusks thru his thigh, which ended this physically perfect youth's career. Venus mourned his loss, and made his bier of flowers, where she wept over his inanimate remains, dampening them with tears of regret, as we all weep over the passing of spring and summer, moaning for the death of the flowers, as this death was supposed to characterize.

Adonis, the youth, impersonates the spring's verdure thruout the land. He was loved by all the goddesses. In late summer his thigh is pierced by the withering winds and frosts. He dies and is lamented by the Goddess of Love. His burial in the fall was always attended with emotional lamentations, while his birth in the spring, when he appears from Proserpine's realm, fresh, young and tender, was always attended with festivals and rejoicing. I judge it would be of great interest to the reader to peruse some of the idylls and poems both of ancient and modern writers on Adonis. Bion's "Adonis" read in connection with the fifteenth idyll of Theocrates; Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," Milton's "Comus," will be of interest, and for illustrative poems, sonnets and lyric poems see John Keats, Shelley and Tennyson. Greek anthology is fraught with many beautiful idylls and poems on Adonis.

When our years by scores we have counted
  Adonis we envy in truth;
When the stair-steps to age we have mounted
  We care to retrace them to youth.

This problem's one way of solution
  Is through the embryo dawn;
The aged must face dissolution:
  The flesh must go back to go on.

Psyche at Nature's Mirror

PSYCHE

If an artist could paint Psyche as the art of classic literature has endeavored to picture her! She is more than a match for Venus, for it is said they left the altar of Venus to gaze upon Psyche. She awoke every part in man that pertains to the beautiful in both mind and body. Psyche was physically perfect and mentally beautiful. She had physical grace and spiritual dignity. Her manners were natural, her mannerisms alluring. She was handsome and was not aware of it, for she was not proud nor affected, nor did she vaunt or exalt herself to others, or above others. She was just plain, sweet Psyche—yesterday, today and forever.

After her beauty, grace and unparalleled dignity had been heralded thruout the land, Venus became distracted and dejected over having a rival that was destined to eclipse her radiance and win the palm of beauty from her. She knew if Paris would have seen her at the wedding of Peleus and Thetus, when he presented the golden apple to the one he considered the most beautiful, he would have, without question of doubt, given it to Psyche, and then the history of the Trojan War would have been different. Psyche's redeeming personality was such an obstacle in the path that Venus was to tread in her circular and never-ending trip to love and beauty, that she decided she would do away with this obstacle. To do this she employed the aid of her son, Cupid. She decided that if she could cause Psyche to marry some one way beneath her station, she would in this way succeed in displacing her rival. Venus instructed Cupid to poison one of his sharpest arrows in the love affluvia of some low plebeian or monster, and fire it into Psyche's breast.

Cupid, to help his mother, first went out to Venus' Garden of Love, where there are two fountains. Sweet water

gushed forth from one and bitter from the other. He filled two vases with this water, one of the bitter, the other of the sweet. He took this water on his arrow to the apartments of Psyche and on entering discovered that she was asleep. This made her appear still more beautiful. He dipped his arrow-head into the bitter water and carefully painted her lips with it. He took the arrow from the lips and in some awkward way started to pierce her side just a little to leave a small flush there if nothing more. Psyche awoke on being touched here, and in doing so she raised up so quickly she in some way drove the arrow into Cupid's side. There he was, wounded himself. Psyche did not know what she had done, for Cupid was invisible. Cupid, knowing he had wounded her more than he intended to and in fear this wound might become a septic love wound, did not think of his own injury but went to work at once to heal Psyche. To do this he applied the sweet water he had with him. He poured copious amounts of this water of mirth over her beautiful curls.

Psyche's parents had been informed thru an oracle that she was not destined to ever become the wife of any man, no matter what class or distinction they had been mentally entertaining, nor would he be congruous to her charms. The oracle was to the effect that she was to be the wife of a monster who inhabited the mountains, but Apollo could not with truth call him man, nor did he call him a god. He left her to make her own deductions from this ambiguous oracle. Psyche was young and unsophisticated, still she knew it was useless to resist her ordained fate. She prepared for the journey to the mountains, her attendants went along with her. She hung her head on the way, as tho she was going to bury her best friend. When she came near the top of the mountain she was compelled to finish the journey alone. She had become weak and weary in climbing the mountain, and the fear she had been entertaining

caused her heart to palpitate and flutter so much that she was on the verge of collapsing when Zephyr came to her, took her into his arms and tenderly bore her away to a flowery dale, where birds were singing and the golden lights hung about, faded and softened by globes of silvery clouds.

In a while she became rested and composed, and seemed to repose more confidence in the gods than before, because she lay down on a bed of flowers and went to sleep. After a few hours she awoke refreshed, and was now more anxious to know where she was and what her future was really to be. In looking up and away she could see a large forest. She went in the direction of this forest, and when she arrived near, she ventured inside and there saw a beautiful palace, and walked slowly through the great halls and corridors and viewed the decorative art and the finishing with perfect amazement. The mural paintings were of wild beasts and forests, the rising and setting sun, the vernal quarter wth sprouting shrubbery and flowers springing forth, and so on with the other two seasons of summer and winter. While she was viewing this palace in this manner, she wished to look well and long on the part where she now was, so she seated herself on a beautiful upholstered couch. She had no more than sat down than she heard a voice.

"Sweet lady," it repeated, "all you are now beholding is yours. We are your servants, be not afraid. Retire to yonder chamber, Psyche, and repose on the bed of eider-down that has been prepared for you. You may rest until the nurse calls you, then you can go thither to the bath and then to the dining room and we will feed you."

Psyche could not refuse such temptations, and she did as the voice told her. She rested, bathed, made her toilet and went to the dining room that looked over the great valley and down to the rivers that in the far distant vale looked to her like a white thread lying on the ground. Here

before her were the most choice viands and nectarian wines and satyrion beverages. Music filled the air, tho she could not see the musicians, but she had never before heard such entrancing strains. Many days passed in this way. She got to be very fond of her environment, altho she had been in constant worry over the monster she was to live with. This at first took away a great amount of her happiness. Day after day would come and go, but no husband came to disturb her quietude. He would come with stealth and go furtively away unbeknown to her, until she became so smitten with the desire to be loved by some man or whatever it was she was to marry, that she had become nervous and in suspense to see and be with him, as such environments will make one passionately fond of everything that is garish, fastidious and beautiful.

Her predicted spouse finally came near her, but stayed in an adjoining room where he would speak to her with the door locked. He would tell her how fond he was of her, and how sweet she was, and that she was too tender and sweet to be touched by either man or god, for the way he would be driven to behave with her seemed like a sacrilege, for she was pure and tender like the petals of a budding rose, beautiful to look upon, but like rosebuds, if you touch them you ravish their virginity and mar and pollute them, which greatly impairs their beauty and purity. His voice to her was so manly yet tender and sweet, she would have pushed the door open to fall into his arms had it not been locked. She begged for him to open the door. She said: "Just open a little that I may have a moment's view of you. Please do, won't you? Just think how far I have come and how long I have been here and still I have not seen you. I have a right to see you for I have lived under your roof. That alone makes me your wife; besides, I am yours by the ordinating will of the gods. So open the door, won't you?"

This and many other words she uttered, but her appeals

to him were in vain. He replied: "Perhaps it would not be best that you see me for you might love me too well, and this I do not want. I just want you to care for me as your equal and not to worship me as a god, for I am no better than you." This kept up for a long time until she became homesick to see some of her sisters to consult with them and see what she should do. Perhaps they could help her, so she asked her lord, who had made himself invisible and had entered her apartment, if she could send for her sisters. Zephyr was dispatched at once and brought her sisters to her side. The sisters had access to the sleeping apartments, the bath and the dining room and all that Psyche had had. They asked Psyche all manner of questions about her husband. How she liked him and how he looked, and if he was kind to her and many more things that sisters would naturally ask.

She told them he was a handsome youth, who was fond of the chase, and was nearly all day in the wilds and among the hills and mountains. Her evasive answers made her sisters suspicious, for at times Psyche would sigh while she was finishing her answers to them. They told her that they were satisfied she had never seen her husband, that he had remained out of her sight ever since she had come to the palace. They went on to say there was a reason for his not showing his face, and that he was such a monster he was ashamed to expose his true self to her, for the contrast between herself and him would be so incongruous he was afraid she would not be happy and would want to leave him at once. This looked so plausible to Psyche, as she remembered the oracle of Apollo, and its purporting him to be a monster, and perhaps it was all too true. He might be a terrible being, with a sweet voice like the Sirens, except that the Sirens had beautiful bodies, but he had the voice that she already knew to be charming, but he might have her there to get her in the condition he wanted her, then con-

sume her bodily. The only advice was the warning that her sisters gave her that she should never go to her sleeping apartments at night unless she was armed with a sharp knife and a light turned low thruout the entire night. After telling her this her sisters departed.

Psyche could hardly believe this, for she could not understand how anyone could be very treacherous that had the tender, sweet voice that he had, and also he surely was not a licentious, passionate brute for she had been there so long, and as beautiful as she knew herself to be he had never as yet laid a finger upon her. However, to be on the safe side, she secretly armed herself with a knife and kept a light burning low while sleeping at night in her boudoir.

The first night after her sisters were there Psyche awoke in the middle of the night, got out of bed in her night clothes with the light in one hand and the knife in the other. She went into his apartments to satisfy herself what her husband was doing and to perhaps behold him so that she would really know how he looked, and what she had really married.

Nor did she kill nor did she take the lamp away,
She passed thru doors and there before her lay
The substance of her youthful dreams—her life,
Was where she gazed—she threw away her knife,
For on his brow and lips with quivering love,
Peace written there as tho the mystic dove,
Had lit and said, "Well pleased on thee I rest,
For love is peace"—by it this brow be blessed.
This she thought, this to herself would tell,
As oil from Psyche's candle on him fell.
And now awake, he raised his hand to touch,
He said so little, still he thought so much.
If she were goddess, or if I as thine,
As she a mortal, or were she divine,
We'd rise on high and through the heavens rove,
And reign as Love in the court of the Olympian Jove.

Cupid saw the light and his wife. This was a disappointment to him, for he was sure that he had given her no reason to distrust him, altho there she was ready to harm him after he had been so tender. This was too much! He spread his wings before her very eyes and flew out of the window and away. Psyche tried to follow him, for she now had seen his sweet face, those sweet Cupid lips, those beautiful golden locks and his perfect form, not as we imagine him—small and as a child—but as a manly youth, a winged "Charmion." Psyche could not follow, for she could not fly as Cupid could. He turned to her as he had passed out of her reach, and tenderly, with tears in his eyes, reproached her for being suspicious of him and for ever thinking that he would harm one hair of her sweet head.

"You, Psyche, you, dear heart, do you think I could harm you when I have even refrained from caressing you or carrying on customs that are indigenous to domestic happiness? I wanted you to remain pure that I could long behold you as a pure virgin as Jove had made you. O, dearest Psyche, my loved one, not my will, but the gods; they bid me go from you. O, but if I were mortal or if you were divine, or if you had not done as you did. You distrusted that which was of the gods. Now you must suffer, and I, too, for I will always forgive your errors and invoke Jove to send you to Proserpine to fit you for heaven. Then you will know me as I am, and you will trust me and love me."

At this he left her. Psyche fell on the floor, weeping and pounding her breast. She was so overcome with grief she fainted, and when she revived she had been carried away from the palace into a grove. She looked about her. She saw her sisters, and went to them and told them what had happened. They laughed at her, and told her they were so glad of it, for now one of them would have a chance, for before there was never the least chance for them as long as she was at hand, for she was so far superior to them in

personal beauty and all the polite acquirements that were compatible with social dignity. The sisters made an effort to go to the palace that Psyche had just returned from, but as they went to a high precipice and gave their bodies over to Zephyr to be carried on and to the palace, Zephyr dropped them and they were both killed on the rocks below. Psyche did not seem to care so much about her sisters' deaths, but her Cupid she could not forget. She walked here and there, night and day, over hill and dale, o'er mountain and glen, on glebe and on glade, in copse, and thru forests, but she could not find him.

Finally in her wanderings she arrived at a Temple of Ceres. Tho tired and worn, she won the favor of the goddess by her handicraft in arranging the golden grain. She related her troubles to Ceres and petitioned her aid and advice in recovering her loved one. Ceres advised her to see Venus and get her good will. She was sure she could help her if any one could. This she did. She went to the Cytherian goddess, but was received very haughtily by Venus. After Venus had reproached her for trying to usurp her suzerainty and for her doing many things in the past that were unpleasing to her, she told her there was but one thing she could do to further her happiness and that was: she must labor—menial labor at that. Psyche said she did not care what it was; she would resort to anything to rejoin her husband.

Venus led her back to her store-house, where she had stored wheat, corn, barley, rye, beans, lentils and millet. Venus kept this for her pigeons. This grain was all mixed up together, and Venus told Psyche she must separate the grain and put the different kinds in separate bags—the wheat by itself, the corn by itself, and so on, until she had it all separated, and this must all be accomplished before the sun set. Poor Psyche was tired from her nightly vigils and this appeared to her like a herculean task, but she

thought she would resort to anything—anything to get back her Cupid. "O, how improvident I have been! O, fool that I was," she would soliloquize to herself. "Think where I am now, laboring for my subsistence and to get my loved one back, where but a short time back I was sitting in a palace feasting on ambrosia and nectarian wines and conversing with the voice I love. O, well, I must not think, I must work." On she went, working and soliloquizing to herself. Little did she know that Cupid was there by her side (invisible) and had told the ants to help her that she might get her task completed ere the sun set. At sunset Venus came in. She had been to a banquet on Olympus and was dressed in her beautiful cestus and crowned with her choice of flowers. She gave Psyche a stern, cross glance as she entered. Venus could see at a glance that someone had aided her, for she said, "This is no work of yours, but of him who has caused your misfortune and has injured his own happiness. Here, take this for your meal," as Venus threw her a piece of hard, dry, black bread.

That night poor Psyche slept well, for—poor girl that she was—the gods gave her a night's sweet repose and embellished it with beautiful dreams of her Cupid, and caused her to live her sweet pleasures of the past over again. But the awakening was doubly hard, for she wished she could have died in those dreams, providing she could have continued dreaming. (How true they seem and are they not sweeter than reality? Why could not this life instead of being so vain and real, just be one continued sweet dream?) Venus summoned her in the morning to her apartments, and told her to bring several pieces of golden wool from sheep that were feeding near the river bank. Psyche placed her life in jeopardy by going among the sheep for the wool, for there were rams mixed with the flock that could have killed her. As tender and feminine as Psyche was, she procured the wool, for either the River God or Pan took com-

passion on her and aided her in procuring it, which she took back to Venus.

Even at this Venus was incredulous and accused her of being aided by some god. She further informed her that she was not satisfied with her, and did not know whether she would do anything for her or not—that things did not lend a pleasing aspect. She told her she would give her another labor to perform, and then she would know how much aid she could really be to her. Whereupon she handed her a box and told her to take it to Proserpine. "Tell Proserpine," she repeated, "that Venus has sent thee to her abode to borrow a little of her beauty, for in nursing her sick son, Cupid, she has lost some of her beauty."

Psyche was very much broken up over this, and was sure her days were numbered, but she thought, "What of it? I may as well die as live, anyway, for it begins to appear as though I would never see my darling Cupid any more, anyway, and what is life worth without him?" With these thoughts, she took the box and went on her way to Erebus into the Plutonic realms. She was so discouraged and unhappy on her journey that she was going to leap from a high cliff, but a tender voice spoke to her from out the rocks and told her to wait, saying, "Wait! Not yet! Wait! There is always time for that after you are sure you're not needed here any longer." This same voice went on to inform her where she could descend into a cave near by, and pass down to Hades and to Charon, where he would ferry her across to Proserpine and back again. This same voice cautioned her not to peep into the Pandora box after Proserpine handed it to her to return to Venus, for it would make her even more trouble than she had now. The voice said, "I know very well woman's weakness—that if you tell them not to look into something hidden from their eyes, it only makes it more difficult for them to avoid doing it,

especially when looking for something that has the power to enhance their beauty."

So on and on she walked until she finally arrived at Pluto's realm. She was nicely received by Proserpine, the Queen of the Kingdom of Pluto, and after she had delivered her message, she handed over the box. Proserpine took it aside and filled it and gave it back to Psyche, and then Psyche went on her way across the black, muddy river, and up onto the earth's surface again. Psyche had gone through this much of her adventure in Pluto's kingdom and had got out safely and free from injury, consequently it made her quite happy again, and restored her confidence to the extent she felt that there was some hope of pleasing Venus, and by that eventually regain her Cupid. But as she crossed a pond of still water she happened to look down, and the water reflected her somewhat haggard face. This made her very unhappy, for she thought, "O, if I lose my beauty I am surely lost, for then Cupid will never love me again. O what will I do! O what will I do!" As she said this she happened to look down on the Pandora Box. This reminded her of what it contained—beauty from Proserpine for Venus. "Venus, that horrid thing who has treated me with so much insolence and disregard! And, too, I have run with my poor, tired limbs all this way to get this for her, and have lost some of my own beauty in doing it. Well, I don't care if I was told not to look into the box. I am going to open it and take a little of its contents myself. She won't miss it. Then I can repair the lines that have formed in my own face."

> With querulent desire she raised the lid to peep,
> But overcome with power that made her sleep,
> In a moment more she neither knew nor saw,
> For a power Divine had tried by this to wean
> Her from incredulous moods and curious mein.

When first the cover raised, her heart was sore,
Tho not for long—for she now knew no more,
For out the box all but hope had flown,
Nor did she know, for sleep had crowned its own.
With Stygian essence to fit her for her goal,
Jove's way through sorrow to immortalize the soul.

There're welcome parts in all the evil things,
For a drowning man's relieved by death it brings,
As Psyche was, when she the cover raised,
And blessed sleep had her senses dazed;
She snapped the clasp, still it wasn't "broke,"
And closed the box in time to hold some "Hope."

As soon as Psyche opened the cover to this Pandora box, she was overcome by something the human eye could not see. She fell over in a calm sleep that was next to unconsciousness. But Cupid felt something had gone wrong with Psyche on her return journey, so he flew to her, and there she was on the grass, sound asleep, and the clasp of the box had been tampered with, but the cover was closed. Cupid knew well what she had done. He knew her curiosity had been aroused to see the contents, and to try on herself what she thought it contained to regain the little beauty she had lost in her last few months of trouble.

Cupid awoke her by touching her side with his arrow. "Ah, Psyche," he said, as she became conscious, "your curiosity has nearly ruined you. But I still love you, although you have doubted me." He gathered the lost soporific substances together, opened the box quickly and replaced it in the box that still contained "Hope" that had stuck to the bottom. He told Psyche to take the box to his mother, and he would see that she would be happy the rest of eternity. She did as he said.

Then Cupid went and counseled with Jupiter, and in sup-

pliant attitude, asked him to help, for he told Jupiter how much he loved a mortal, and also went on to say that his Psyche was sweeter and purer than most of the immortals; and he asked him if he would not be so kind as to make her divine, and set them in his heavenly court among the rest of the gods and goddesses. Jupiter consented to this, and sent Mercury to convey Psyche to this heavenly abode. Mercury gave her wings, and informed her what was in store for her. She soon lost the little wrinkles she had gotten in her sweet face by worrying, for now she was happy indeed. When Mercury and Psyche had reached the inner court of Jupiter, he had his cup-bearer hand Psyche a draught of ambrosia. Jupiter told her, "Drink this little dear, and you will be immortal, and this will unite you to Cupid." At this Cupid embraced her, and there they stood, Cupid and Psyche, before the throne of the great Jupiter. Psyche and Cupid kissed. "How happy I am now that I possess you, Cupid," she said. "Yes, dear, and we are both divine, too, dearest, and can never be separated," he replied, and so they were, and so they have lived ever since. They have been blessed with one child, and that they named Pleasure; and from time almost unknown, these two and their offspring, have presided over that which is the sweetest part of our lives—Love, Romance and Pleasure.

Psyche with love and with neatness
Won Cupid and heaven, her goal,
That's made her the emblem of sweetness
And the immortality of soul.

MARS OR ARIES, THE GOD OF WAR, AND OTHER DEITIES

Mars, son of Jupiter and Juno, Mars the avenger, Mars the insatiable war god, loves the carnage of battle, masterly and commanding. He forces the onslaught, panoplied in his shining helmet, resplendent with plumes and shield, forcing his chariot steeds with redoubtable spear held aloof. He welcomes all comers. He was the heroic god of heroic ages, sapient, puissant, agile, swift, cunning and gigantic. During the crucial moment of wavering conquest his four ubiquitous sons, Terror, Trembling, Panic and Fear, and his sister, Eris or Discord, are actively engaged. If near cities, Enyo is also present, who is a daughter of Mars. According to the Iliad, Mars is not always successful in war.

Mars was extremely fond of Venus. What a contrast—Goddess of Love and God of War. Venus was his mistress from whom Harmonia was born, from whom sprung the ancestors of the dynasty of Thebes. His animals were the vulture and the dog; his emblems the burning torch and the spear. The Romans called him the "Shining One." The Campus Martius, or the Field of Mars at Rome, was dedicated to this war god. It was here that all military pageants and vice regal games took place in ancient days. A temple was built here, and priests watched over his sacred shield that fell from heaven during the reign of Numa. There are few archaic figures of Mars. The finest, perhaps, is the Aries Ludovisi in Rome, 300 B. C.

From Mars we will go to some of the lesser deities of the earth. Triton and Proteus were sons of Neptune. Proteus could transmute himself at will, and was gifted as a prophet. The sea gods were armed with a trident—a three-pronged spear. This was supposed to be their elemental power to shatter the rocks of the earth. The Harpies were wicked and frightful creatures, with heads of maidens and bodies

formed like ravens with terrible claws. Their facial expression was sallow and jejune; their progenitors were Pontus and Gaea, who were always supposed to be present with Phorcys and Ceto to laugh and exult over disasters at sea.

The Graeae were three witches who had but one eye between them.

The Gorgons were monsters whose power was so manifest that one look of theirs would turn to stone.

Scylla was a six-headed beast who was supposed to be changed into a dangerous reef, near the Straits of Messina.

The Sirens were sea muses, who by their singing would draw the sailors to them and on the rocks, thus destroy the ships and all who chanced to be aboard. Both their faces and voices were so overwhelmingly entrancing that it would impel the most masculine to surrender to their magnetic yet formidable overtures.

The Water Nymphs were called Oceonids and Nereids. They were named from Nereus, the old man of the sea. The Naiads were nymphs of brooks, cascades and fountains. The poet's conception of their physical charms has been transmuted by the limner's brush from poetry to human form, gowned only by the garments nature gave them, their long waving tresses and soft white integument. Their fingers are classically formed, their arms and limbs taper to an Apolloistic type of personified perfection; their shoulders have the Praxitiles slant, their breasts the most alluring feature of woman's physical grace, are drawn with a mammary fullness patterned after a moietied olive. These putative beings are always playing about brooks, rivers and fountains, amid reeds and narcissus, sometimes having their siesta under the shade of plain trees. No matter what attitude they are in, they are beautiful and inspring—inspiring indeed, for what is more so than a beautiful woman?

HERCULES

Hercules was a son of Jupiter by Alcemine; his birthplace was supposed to have been in Thebes. Hercules was worshipped as one of the greatest of the Grecian heroes. Juno being jealous of his mother always entertained a dislike for him; this was the direct cause of continuous war between them. Even when he lay in his cradle Juno sent two serpents to destroy him, tho without success, for Hercules strangled the reptiles with his infantile hands. Hercules was under the tutelage of the most proficient pedagogues that were procurable, in both music, wisdom and virtue. He was a forward youth in school, and would not accept punishment for his misdemeanors. He even went so far after being reprimanded by Linus, his music teacher, as to kill him by striking him with the instrument he was practising upon. After this dastardly exploit he was sent to the wilderness as punishment, where he became a powerful giant, and where he, in a short time, slew the Thespian lion and all other obstacles that happened to come before him.

Apollo recognized his valor and heroic deeds and from that time favored him. After a short while he returned to the city of Orchomenus, and after performing strenuous deeds of valor he became insane, and during his raving killed several of the royalty as well as his children. For this Minerva struck him with a stone that brought him back to his senses. Eurystheus could see where he could use Hercules to good advantage, for there were a number of labors that some one must undertake, which were perilous in the extreme, but Hercules looked to be the one cut out for these undertakings. Because of his success, they were named the "twelve labors of Hercules."

The first one for him to undertake was the lion of Nemea. Hercules sought this lion and strangled it to death, and brought its hide as a trophy of his victory to the king. The

next adventure for him was the killing of the hydra at Argos. This enormous water serpent had been making things very unpleasant for the citizens of Argos for a long period, and no one had sufficient courage to attempt the destruction of this reptile. This hydra had nine heads, one of which was immortal. Hercules used his club on all of these heads and each stroke decapitated one. But as soon as they fell to the earth two more would immediately grow in their place. He had to philosophize how he would get rid of this terrble reptile, and after a short while he concluded he would use fire instead of his club. This he did and it proved effectual. The ninth or immortal head he hid under a huge rock.

His next adventure was the Erymonthus boar that was terrorizing the surrounding country until they were crazed with fear. Hercules soon ended the boar's career, and was on his way for more beasts to do away with. His fourth adventure was to capture the golden antlered and brazen-hoofed stag in Cerynea. The fifth was the Stamphalion birds which he was called on to destroy. They were monstrous birds with immense crooked bills, and long, sharp talons. They could reach to the ground from the tree-tops and grasp an ordinary man by the head, and draw him up to the top of the tree where the bird would feast on his remains, and then doze and sleep for several days. Hercules slew these birds and was soon ready for his sixth adventure.

This was the cleaning of the Augean stables. They were the stables of Augeus, King of Elis, who had many thousand cattle and horses stabled for a long period but had neglected to have his servants clean the stables. Hercules dug a channel to drain the rivers Apheus and Peneus thru them, which washed them free from insalubrious substances. His seventh labor was the Cretean Bull, which he was to encounter. Hercules went to Minos, King of Crete, and

told him he would relieve him of the harmful bull that Neptune had loaded upon him. Minor was pleased to be rid of this bull, for it had caused him many heartaches and much disturbed his nightly slumbers in thinking of him. Hercules took the brute to the city of Mycene. (My interpretation of this bull of Crete is that the island was subject, in the early days, to a dark thunder cloud that came from the southeast and at times from the southwest and hung over the island and the rising heat from the Sahara Desert caused thunder that sounded like a raving bull until Hercules drove it to Greece—(Hercules being a powerful element.) His next and eighth operation was to remove the Thracian horses from the tormented King Diomede. No one could approach them, for they would kill and eat human flesh. Hercules drove them thru the wilds of Arcadia where the wild beasts devoured them.

His ninth labor was to procure the girdle of the Queen of the Amazons. Admeta, the daughter of Eurystheus, informed her father she would like the girdle, and to induge the wants of his daughter, he had Hercules procure it. The Amazonian women were a hardy race. They did away with weakly female children and took extra care in their crude eugenics to make their women as physically powerful as possible. In this they succeeded. Hercules had no easy task before him, but nothing daunted his courage. He went to Hyppolyta, their Queen, who received him cordially and agreed to give him the girdle, but Juno assumed the form of an Amazonian and let on to the Amazonians, Hercules had designs on their Queen and was duly subterfuging to carry her away to another land. The Amazonians became aroused at this hint, and surrounded Hercules' ship. This enraged Hercules and he killed the Queen at once and by force removed her girdle and drove the guards from about the ship and came away with the girdle.

His tenth labor was to capture the oxen of Geryon and

to build or raise the mountains on the two continents, Africa and Europe, that caused the Straits of Gibraltar, called the Pillars of Hercules. His eleventh was robbing the Gardens of the Hesperides of their golden apples. Hercules went to the region of the Atlas mountains in Africa, to see the father of the Hesperides, who was Atlas. He told Atlas he would hold the heavens on his shoulders while he (Atlas) must go and get the golden apples. This would not only rest him but would be a novelty to him. Atlas handed over the heavens to Hercules and Hercules placed them upon his shoulders while Atlas went for the golden apples. In short he returned with them and told Hercules he would take them to Eurystheus himself. Hercules said: "Very well, but just lay the apples down for a moment and take the heavens until I arrange the pad on my shoulders." Atlas did this willingly, thinking of the long rest and change he would soon have, but after he had replaced the heavens on his shoulders, Hercules picked up the golden apples, bid Atlas adieu and made his escape. Atlas could not follow with his burden nor could he drop the heavens.

His twelfth and last labor was the bringing of Cerberus from the Underworld. Mercury and Minerva went with him on this mission. Pluto gave his permission, but Hercules was not to use anything but his hands in this labor. Tho he was even successful in this, he carried Cerberus to Eurystheus and back to Hades again, tho he experienced much difficulty in doing it for Cerberus bit and blew poisonous vapors into his face and struggled to relieve himself from his malignant grasp, he was so hopelessly involved in. But his struggles were useless. Hercules was victorious—his grip was infrangible and death-dealing to those who would not relent. While in Hades, Hercules happened to see his friend, Theseus, who had been shut up there for his attempted abduction of Proserpine. Hercules prevailed upon the authorities to let him have his liberty, which they

conceded to after many more exploits before Troy and against Laomedon, and with the Argonauts and his unchaining of Prometheus from the Caucasian Mountains, where his liver had been gnawed by vultures for many centuries, and where as foretold Hercules was in the future to be his deliverer, fulfilled this prophecy.

Hercules was now a great hero. He married the sister of Meleager, of Calydonian fame. Her name was Dejanira. After an unhappy termination of their married life on account of Nissus, the centaur, trying to carry his wife away, which culminated into much trouble for them both, Hercules decided to end his unparalleled career. He ascended Mount Ætna, where he constructed his own funeral pyre. After handing his bow and arrows to Philoctetes and drawing his lion's skin robe over him and placing his club under his head for a pillow, he asked Philoctetes to apply the torch, which he did. As the flames licked up his powerful body he smiled and welcomed death. All of the gods grieved at his demise, for he had been a great benefactor to the earth and champion of all heroes. But not all of Hercules burned in the flames. The Jovistic essence from his father's side ascended to heaven. Juno had become reconciled to him thru his wonderful adventures on earth. She even went so far as to adopt him as her son and gave him her daughter, Heba, in marriage, where he from then on reigned in the court of the Immortals.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF HERCULES

Almost all mythological scholars agree that the interpretive significance of this great hero is a difficult problem to conjecture. But as many have given their opinion that he is the personification of the sun, and its heroic power and influence on the earth, it seems altogether probable

that the ancients had meant him to characterize this very life-giving metaphysical object. When the earth was first cast into space in its molten form, it was traveling thru space as now at a great velocity of speed, and continued drawing atoms from oblivion to its surface, which after many thousands of centuries became encrusted with the earth's present superficial strata that together with comets striking the earth, and leaving behind the detritus and soil, acted as a blanket that smothered its intense heat and cooled it to a great degree; while time further cooled its surface until vegetation sprang up from its soil. After the blanket of soil or the stratas were gathered by this process of revolving and absorbing atoms, it ceased attracting for the lack of heat, as we know an intense flame will attract the moth or small substances to it by suction. After many centuries, the storms caused the seas upon the earth, that with the aid of the north and south poles, where great icebergs form and break away and float down the ocean's current and melt, has also helped fill the indentations of the earth's surface.

In the early days the earth being so hot caused steam to rise from its surface. Dense clouds of vapor hung over the earth and made it a dark, foggy, unpleasant place to inhabit. Many other disagreeable elements were necessary to use in completing the world's building, but were so clouded at that time as it made the earth unsatisfactory to live upon, the same as building a house to live in while the carpenters are at work. There are so many things in the way, and so many parts that are not completed, that it is unpleasant to try to inhabit until it is finished. That was the condition of the earth in its early stages.

So it has taken time to remove these monsters or different elements. The Greeks characterized these unpleasant things as great monstrosities, abnormal beasts and reptiles, that the people were compelled to tolerate until Hercules,

the hero,—who was nothing more than the sun, that they found it convenient to name and characterize as Hercules, a great giant endowed with divine attributes, who, tho being powerful was good, and was the great helper and benefactor to mankind by doing away with these obstacles. The sun's rays have in time performed the twelve labors credited to Hercules and many besides, altho it has taken unnumbered years to accomplish all this. Its heat has crumbled the rocks, boiled the sea, vapored the clouds that fell and washed rocks and mountains away. It has caused the lightning to crash, the seismic shocks, the cyclones and numerous other disturbances that prepared the earth for a more habitable globe. Hercules was a hero who possessed a benignant smile at times, or on the contrary, he could be very ugly. This is the way with the sun, for this fiery orb is pleasure-loving when it comes out in the bright, summer morning; its face smiles on us and makes the whole world laugh. It also gets angry (as Hercules often became) when there is a mist over his face, and its formidable features burn and scorch the earth's vegetation and animal life. Tho Hercules was endowed as the sun with both attributes—good and bad—the object of committing destructive deeds was to further the progress of good. (For illustrative poems see Sir Philip Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella"; Pope's "Rape of the Lock," and "Dunciad"; Browning's "Balaustion"; William Morse's "Golden Apple," and Bayard Taylor's "Hylas.")

THE PLEIADS

Altho Orion has received the swift arrows from Diana's bow, evidently he has not been taught to cease his wandering after beautiful women, for he still chases the Pleiads and they still flee before him. These beautiful Pleiads are

seven in number. They are the lovely daughters of Atlas, and belong to the hunting goddess, for she has retained them for her retinue of nymphs. Orion gave chase to overtake them once in ages gone, and they became so frightened at his following them, that they appealed to Jove to change them into doves. This he did, and they were blessed with fleet and posphorescent wings that gave them the power to pinion far away from their pursuer to their heavenly abode, where they are plainly visible.

The constellation, called the Pleiads, must have been observed in remote days, for it was spoken of by Job in the Old Testament. Only six of these seven sisters can be seen. Electra has left her sisters.* Not that she was tired of their company, but that by remaining in the sky she would be compelled to look upon the ruined city of Troy that was founded by her son, Dardanus, and after whom the straits, or Dardanelles, were named. The great Trojan war had a terrible effect on all of the seven. They lost much of their youthful radiance, and became attenuated and pale, and have never recovered their former beauty. Electra became a comet, and while leaving her sisters in haste, her hair came down, and in running, the breezes have blown it in flowing curls of golden flame that is called the tail of the comet. Diana was always jealous of the Pleiads tho she was an immaculately pure goddess. She has created no small amount of heavenly gossip, not only being coupled with the name of Orion, but also with that of Endymion. She has been confounded with Selene, the moon goddess, and it has been said that she was away at frequent intervals, and the gods were of the opinion she was not hunting all of this time, but was watching over this youth, Endymion.

Venus had at times been so ill-treated by Diana, because of her lascivious mode of life, that the former, no doubt,

*Read The Immortal Dante's "Divina Commedia."

had been waiting in ambush for an opportunity to pay back the chaste Diana for the trouble she had caused her. It is possible that Venus had her little dwarf son, Cupid, with her, and had him fire an arrow into her heart that she might know the sweet pains of love's paroxysms as she had known them. The story is that Cupid fired the arrow, and Diana began her love peregrinations at once. If this moon goddess was not Diana, it was Selene, the more ancient goddess of the moon, but we will say that it was Diana, for she had flirted with Endymion in her modest way of flirting, that is sure, for she looked down with hopeful and winning glance at night on Endymion, who was a shepherd on Mount Latimus, herding his sheep. Endymion had been watching all day and had fallen asleep at night, and his beautiful body reclining upon the grass awoke a desire in her that changed her whole attitude towards men. She at once flew down to him, kneeled over him while he was still sleeping and kissed him. Every night she would repeat this loving tryst and go to Endymion and kiss him. These visits away from her heavenly home became so frequent that the gods were suspicious of her, for when she would return in the morning, after her night's rendezvous, she gave the appearance of over-indulgence and staying out too late at night. She had taken on a pale and haggard expression that displeased Jupiter, to the extent that he decided he would discover the cause of her nocturnal rovings.

He watched her and found she was in love with Endymion. Jupiter said nothing to Diana, but told Endymion he would sentence him with two penalties, and that it would be optional with him which one he would accept. The sentence was that he could choose death out and out, or that he could choose perpetual youth, united with perpetual sleep. Endymion chose the latter, and he, even to this day sleeps in caves and is visited the same as before

by she who watched over him on Mount Latimus. She watches his flocks while he sleeps and sees that nothing shall happen to them, or to him. She surely loves him, for no matter where Jupiter has driven him to hide or where he sleeps, she seeks after him in caves, thru valleys, canyons, meadows and plain, and even under the sea.

The interpretation of Endymion is thought to signify either a hunter who has been on the chase all day and sleep by night, or that he signifies vegetation coated with the evening dew. Diana or Selene, whichever it may be, is the moon's soft light that kisses his sleeping brow. For illustrative poems, see John Keat's "Endymion" or Spencer's "Epithalamion" or Hume's "Metrical Essays." "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," Keats' "Endymion."

ENDYMION

The "Oblivion Mount," the ancient resting place
  For Endymion, who spent nocturnal hours
In sleep well earned by huntsmen on the chase,
  Or shepherd's bed, a couch of folded flowers.

Of Latmus' caves, the poets love to tell
  Of this fair youth whom goddesses adored;
One flew from out the sky and on him fell,
  And kissed his brow—on him caresses poured.

But why not conscious of such pleasing things
  As celestial virgins hovering o'er his form,
Joy without bounds unfelt she brings—
  Soft, sweet, mellow love, and warm.

And not to know! Ah, why should stories end,
  And leave this youth still sleeping in a cave?
And not to wake and even countersend,
  To clasp and hold, to feel, to love and crave?

To sleep and have is no better than a dream,
For to know is substance of all joy.
For we must feel for pleasure not to seem,
To tease and please. Oh, Jove, go wake the boy!

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE

Proserpine was the daughter of Ceres—the world denotes to "creep forth"—but in the Greek, she was called Cora, which signified a "bringer of death." Thus the former was the vegetation creeping forth in the spring, while the latter represented the dissiduous blades and leaves perishing in the fall. Ears of corn were her symbol of florescence and vegetation; poppies were her symbol of sleep and death; while pomegranates were the fruit of the underworld, that if partaken of rendered them in a state of sequestered "mauvais su jet," a bad man, who has taken evil fruit and shall never see the light of heaven. Many illustrative poems are extant, worthy of mention. Aubrey de Vere, "The Search after Proserpine"; Swinburne's "Hymns to Proserpine," and Rossetti's "Proserpine" should be perused. The queenly person of Proserpine was queenly by duress or rape. Pluto, the King of Hades, or the underworld, stole her in Sicily, on the plains of Enna, and dragged her to his realm where she is ruler of the shades. Her supposed or imagined queenly presence comes forth from this realm each and every spring. She bears a cornucopia full of flowers and fruit. In the late fall she sits at the left hand of Pluto, as his Queen, and directs the Furies, who are inimical to all plant life at these duly recurring seasons of death.

It was from the dictates of Venus, the mother of Cupid, that caused him to fire his sharpest dart into the breast of Pluto. He loved her at once, and tho Ceres, her mother,

was in close pursuit, he had reached the River Cyane, where he wielded his trident that opened the passageway to Tartarus and the Garden of Asphodel, where he carried her. Ceres, the mother of cereals, and the mother of Proserpine, hunted the world over for her sweet daughter. Aurora (the bright morning) and Hesperus, the bright jewels of heaven, aided her with their light in her search. Tired and exhausted, she sat on a stone to rest, where she remained many days. This rock was near the home of an old man whose name was Celeus, and at this spot in after years was built the City of Eleusis. From this sprung the Eleusinian Mysteries, for which a hymn by Museus, the son of Orpheus, was composed and always sung at the celebration of these mysteries.

While Ceres sat there, the little daughter of Celeus came to Ceres and called her "mother." At once Ceres awoke in ecstasy, on being called "mother." She was invited in their home but she declined at first, altho when she was told by this old man that he had had a similar bereavement, she went with them and accepted the old man's hospitality. Celeus went on to say that he had even worse cares than she; that his only son lay sick with fever and was giving him endless worry. At this the Goddess stooped and plucked some poppies that grew at the wayside. She carried them with her to the bedside of the son, Triptolemus. The boy was burning up with fever, but with a single kiss the child was restored to normal health. To compensate Ceres, and to manifest their gratitude, they spread the board with honeycomb, apples, curds and cream, and while at the table Ceres squeezed poppy-juice in the boy's milk. When night came on the boy was overcome by sleep, Ceres used some precursory ejaculations and passed her hands over him and then laid him in ashes with coals of fire smoldering about him. At this the boy's mother, with a reproach to Ceres, withdrew the boy from the fire. Where-

upon Ceres began to show her divine aspect, with a golden radiance that shone around them all. Ceres answered the reproach by saying, "Mother, you have been your son's own enemy, by your fondness and shielding attitude. I would have immortalized your son had you not disturbed me." The mother was overcome with regret, yet of short duration, for Ceres told her the boy would be of great use to the world. "He shall teach men to plow and to raise crops and be the patron of agriculture" (which he proved to be ever after in Greek mythology). At this, Ceres was enveloped in a cloud and vanished from their sight.

Ceres went from here to every quarter of the earth's surface in quest of her daughter Proserpine, and had returned to the banks of the Cyrane river in Sicily. This is where Pluto had taken Proserpine below, and where Proserpine had cast off the girdle. The river nymphs would have willingly informed Ceres of the whereabouts of Proserpine, but they were deathly afraid of Pluto's implacable anger. This girdle was sufficient proof for Ceres. She knew it had floated at her feet and was cast off by her daughter, Proserpine, in her flight, and that this was done to leave evidence behind her that her mother might locate her. Ceres, enraged at this, execrated this hitherto unpolluted earth, and from this time on the earth has had floods, droughts, hot winds, famine and plague, until the fountain Goddess Arethusia came to the land's rescue.

Arethusia told Ceres she had (in flying from Alpheus in the caves of Hades) seen down the fretted vaults of Erebus, the beautiful daughter of Ceres; that she had become submissive and had the dignity and bearing of a queen, altho the Queen of Pluto in Hades. Ceres was somewhat sad, but was greatly relieved, when she was inspired with the idea of invoking Jupiter to intercede in her behalf, to restore her daughter to the sun's light at least once a year, and this to be spring, and after the November frost to allow

her to return to her office of Queen of the Shades. Jupiter counseled her that she must not partake of any foods while below, for if she did the Fates would not consent to her release. However, Mercury intervened and went straight to Pluto and demanded Proserpine.

Pluto could not resist—or at least he did not. But Proserpine had eaten a pomegranate seed that Pluto had handed her. So it was necessary for them to compromise, which they did. Proserpine was to stay half the year with Pluto as his Queen, and the balance with her mother, Ceres, to bathe in the sun's rays, under the canopy of heaven. Ceres was so pleased, she now favored the earth with all things known to the science of botany and agriculture. She thought of the old man's son, Triptolemus, and she found him and took him in her chariot, which was propelled by winged dragons that toured the entire earth, and under her precepts the young man taught men the art of agriculture and gave them all kinds of seeds to sow. After he had accomplished all of this he built a temple to Ceres in Eleusis, and here established the worship of this Goddess of Cereals, under the name of the Elusinian Mysteries, which in their regular occurrence and enthusiastic solemnities surpass all other religious festivals of the ancients. (For illustrative poems read: Hood's "Ode to Melancholy"; Tennyson's "Demeter and Proserpine"; and Schiller's "Festival," etc. In art, Bernoini's "Pluto and Proserpine"; and Schobelt's "Rape of Proserpine.")

The Eleusinian Mysteries are mantled in a dark veil of secrecy that has rendered it impossible for generations of ages to penetrate its real significance, because these secrets belong to God and are the phenomena of life and death, the unknown, and the unknowable. It meant not only the growth of the condiments for our subsistence, but it also meant purification of our beings from crime, passion, deadly sins and the various degradations of human society. The

significance of Pluto and Proserpine is plainly conceivable: that the elements that produce vegetation lay in dormant and dark pose in the ground, or Hades, for part of the year which is winter, and in the spring the earth is crowned with herbs and grain, which is Proserpine, who has appeared on the earth's surface to visit her mother, Ceres, under the light of heaven.

According to different authors, the underworld was in two different localities. The Odyssey says it is in the far west of the Island of Ocean. This dark realm is bounded by the River Styx, the sealer of oaths, and the Acheron River of Woe. With its different ramifications, Phlegethon, River of Fire, and Cocytus, River of Wailing. Mercury, the swift messenger of spiritual transition, carried the departed to this realm.* And from Mercury's arms on the banks of the River of Woe, Charon, the old attenuated boatman, ferries them across this river if they had been provided with a coin which was supposed to have been placed in their mouths at death, as his fee.

At the gates of Pluto, in statant posture, is Cerberus, the three-headed serpent-tailed dog, friendly to all who enter, but will allow none to depart with impunity. Strange apparitions appear in this dark abode; shades of old men and women are seen here; black, somber forests grow here; the soil in many places is murky and boggy; faded willows and poplars are numerous. The meads of Asphodel where dark souls wander are embellished somewhat by faded weeds and thorny flowers. Its novelty in being a sequestered abode or retreat for forlorn romantic men and women, and the name it has been christened, "The Garden of Proserpine," lends a beckoning pleasure, an inviting change to go below and lay your head on the breast of the beautiful Proserpine, away from this troublesome world of ours. Some authors say the entrance to this realm is at Lake

*See Miss Hemans' Poem, "The Lost Pleiad."

Avernus, near Cumea, Italy. This lake is so foul from noxious gases and poisonous effluvia that a bird that attempts to fly across it is always overcome and dies before it reaches the opposite shore.

However, the souls of the departed could weather this entrance and when they had entered the inner court of Hades, they were judged by three personages called the "Judges of the Underworld." Their names were Eacus, Minos and Rhadamanthus. Here the souls of the dead were tried. If condemned they were to be sent to enclosed places where they were tortured by the fifty-headed Hydra and by the avenging Furies. But the souls of the good, who were proven virtuous and pure, were sent to the Elysian Fields, where they lived the same life as before, in spring and summer, in sweet air and golden sunsets; where friends after death are reunited and where life is one long song and poem, and where you can float on the River Lethe and drink the oblivion of pleasures from the cup of decarnate youth.

After the perusal of Solon's short sketch on the "Island of the Western Sea," and Plato's "Republic," and then the "Elysium" of Pindar, also "The Fortunate Isle of the Blessed," it seems of logical sequence to believe that the earthly heaven referred to must have been the lost Atlantis (read Lord Bacon's "New Atlantis" and Ignatius Donnelly's "Atlantis"; Hesiod's "Works and Days"; also, "Avalon" or "Fortunate Isles," by Andrew Lang.)

HECATE AND HEBE

Hecate was a goddess of the Infernal Regions. She is without doubt no other than Proserpine, the wife and queen of Pluto. The name Hades lends a sound of horror, but according to all accounts, by different mythological char-

acters who have visited this place, there are beautiful spots even in hell. I would imagine the Garden of Asphodel and the Elysian Fields, or the abode of the dead, would be very attractive places to visit and drink the oblivion of pleasant moments and events of the past. The office of Hecate was the punishment of crimes. Diodorus Siculus records her name as signifying horror and terror. Hecate was the daughter of Jupiter and Ceres, who sent her in search of Proserpine after the "Stuporation" by Pluto. Hecate's power was almost unbounded, for it extended over heaven, earth and the seven seas. She granted pre-eminence in victory, sat near to the dispenser of justice, was the invisible mentor and the sailor's genius. She blesses with riches and affluence, and she financially embarrasses. These are some of her divine prerogatives. Pausanius describes her as having three heads and three bodies with three backs joined together, and six arms, two encephalous, two with ivy, one torch and one with a key. She was the goddess of cross-roads, doors and entrance ways, and also regarded as the goddess of lustrations, and the goddess of night and darkness. She is present at the efflux of blood. Her moral character was dual. She was at times pure and tender, and at other times was present to inspire erotic desire, like the Goddess Iris. She inspired illicit love and pusillanimity.

The Platonists considered Hecate the first of evil genii. She was present during parturition and during intense suffering. The ancients characterized her as the "triformi" or "tergemina," the triple goddess, which was Luna in heaven, Diana on earth and Hecate in hell. She was a trinity of divine phantasmagoria, being present at the pleasantries of life and the sorrrows of death; near mankind in agonies and suffering, evil and good. She would skulk with the dawn and come with the moon, bearing a torch to light it and cloud to eclipse it. She was a huntress through the realms of spirits, and taught Medea the secrets of nature. Dogs

were sacred to her, for she was the mysterious goddess of the netherworld and of witchcraft and black arts. Her festivals were held at night and oracles were divinated from the steam issuing beneath her tripod. The ancients could always feel her frightful presence at crossroads and near forests in lonely rural districts. In nearly all respects she was an unpleasant goddess to meditate on and of; but we are to take the good with the bad and the bitter with the sweet, or the world would not need a Themes with her scales of Justice to weigh and dispense the verdict or sentence of the court, which is only the power of the people and the voice of God.

Hebe was the goddess of youth, and according to Homer was the daughter of Jupiter and Juno. She was cup-bearer to Jupiter's Olympian household, until one day she had the misfortune in slipping and falling to a disarrayed position. In this way she by accident discovered her sex. This enraged Jupiter to the extent that he placed Ganymedes in her office as cup-bearer. After this, she became the wife of Hercules. Hebe is significant of the mild temperature of the air that she deals out to all in the cup of infinitude, and in this realm of the ambrosial feasting of the gods. She served nectarious wines, shaded by the shadow of God in starry, cloudless climes. Hebe awakens to life and beauty the spirit of the wold and the meadow, the trees and the flowers, until they fade; then she slips and falls. This dethrones her and she finds her sex or the seed of the plant that must go back to go on, for it had a beginning and what has a beginning must have an end. But in this way there is no end, for the seed perpetuates. Consequently, she was the symbol of the immortality of bliss and eternal youth. As Milton has said, she was ever "quaffing immortality and joy." In statues Hebe is usually represented as tendering ambrosia to the gods, or pouring the wine from an ampulla into a cup to serve the imperial court of heaven. After her

fall, the youth Ganymedes, who took his place as cup-bearer to the gods, was carried to Mt. Olympus by an eagle.

ORION

Orion was the son of Neptune. His exploits as a hunter had become renowned. His stature was of immense size and he possessed marvellous physical strength. On account of his love for the chase he had won the favor of the virgin goddess Diana. In his hunting tours he had cleared the Island of Chios of its wild beasts, and brought their hides as trophies of his prowess and threw them at the feet of Merope, who was a daughter of the reigning king, at same time asking her for her hand in marriage. But the king was reluctant, and would not decide on allowing his daughter to marry him with such ease as this, so put him off with different excuses until with decided boldness Orion endeavored to take possession of her and carry her away bodily. But the king discovered his contemplated cunningness and offered him beverages that made him intoxicated. When this was accomplished the king destroyed his sight and cast him on the seashore. By an oracle he had been taught the way to seek the morning rays, which was by listening to the Cyclops' hammer (or thunder), by which aid he reached the Island of Lemnos. Here he was taken by Vulcan, who had him guided on his way to the sun. On his way he shouldered his guide, whose name was Cedalion. They shortly met Apollo, and by the rays of the sun's light his eyes were restored to their normal vision.

His life from now on was spent as before his affliction, in the rocky cliffs and the happy hunting grounds. Apollo was suspicious of his sister, the pure Diana, of caring for Orion, and he kept a close watch over her. He often reproached her for her apparent devotion to him, but to no

purpose. Apollo was wondering how he could dispose of this Orion to save his sister, and as he was thinking he saw an object in the sea that proved to be Orion himself. Apollo could discern it to be the head of Orion, but Diana's eyes evidently were not as keen as her brother Apollo's, for Apollo said to her, "Shoot at the object you see yonder, to show how well you aim." At this Diana drew her bow and the arrow pierced Orion's head. The rolling waves brought the body to shore. Diana wept over his cold, wet form, and to make restitution she placed him among the stars, where he is caparisoned in his girdle, sword, lion's-skin and club. He still is as he was on earth—always after the beautiful women. The Pleiads can be seen fleeing from his chase, Sirius, his dog, running on behind. He loves the chase in heaven as he did on earth, for he wanders forth across the great expanse of the inverted bowl of heaven every night. His tours are all by night, for at dawn he seeks Neptune, his father, near the sea. In the late spring he is near Aurora, who is fond of him. This causes the jealousy of Diana, who once more fires her arrow at him and he falls from sight below the horizon.

THE STATUE OF LAOCOON, THE TROJAN PRIEST

The beautiful statue of Laocoon, who is trying to extricate himself and his sons from the malignant, winding clasp of the boa constrictors, is really symbolic of the Pagans trying to tear themselves loose from the old religion, or might it not be an empirical setting to represent the new religion in the form of that reptile that has enwrapped the father and his posterity in a secure embrace? Perhaps all of his exertions, each one of them mean and represent such instruments of deliverance as the philosophies of

the new platonists, Aristotle and Socrates, which were used as an antithesis by Julian, the apostate. Still with all the philosophy, the monster reptile, which is a blessing in disguise, holds them, yet does them no harm, but on the contrary in time conquers, controls and tames them.

Philosophy and theology are so closely woven into each other that it is impossible to step out of the province of one without stepping into the domain of the other. We must agree that Spencer's "First Principles" or Kant's "Critique of Pure Reasoning" have framed the subject of creation with words that set forth a "Gordian Knot" that cannot be untied—it must be cut from you or taken whole, although their apriori reasoning is built with such logical timber and framed in such magniloquent synthesis it invites specious casuistry and still leaves the mind in chaos and bewilderment.

It is reasonable to believe that man has never known or he is never to know the true status of things as they now are, and as they were in Ragnarok ages of the fire and gravel period of creation. The "Onus probendi" is upon us, and will always remain so. It isn't best that we should know, or God would have revealed enough for us so that the objective mind could determine with ease the true essence of immortality, that has made all things in nature physical and metaphysical, and to know that He exists apart from the things made by Him. The Greeks believed they saw gods in and of nature itself. They could see Apollo in his gold-wheeled chariot fleeting in majestic grandeur across the starry, cobblestoned causeway of heaven, firing his golden shaft of light from his unerring silver bow at the earth. This was beautiful and impressive, and substance for poetic, imaginary minds, and was of consummate potency for nature-loving men of those days to inspire their imaginary faculties with poems expressing the beauty and grandeur of physical and metaphysical entities. "Omnia vincit

amor"—Love conquers all things; but "Sic transit gloria mundi"—Earthly glories pass away, especially the truth of those glories that were built upon reeds instead of rock. "Veritus prevalebit"—Truth conquers all things, which it proved to do when truth was born to the earth in the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ.

HYACINTHUS

Still the daily trips are made,
  Sol's chariot passes o'er,
Pursuing Daphne's dawning shade,
  To infinitude explore.
These Steeds of Light, they never fail,
  They keep the earth alive,
They follow on their same old trail,
  Tho Apollo does not drive.

Apollo, the Sun God, became very fond of Hyacinthus, who was a promising youth. He was physically handsome and intellectually beautiful, morally perfect and overwhelmingly attractive—especially so to Apollo. This alone should have made him proud to have a powerful and moral god, as Apollo was, favor him above others. Hyacinthus was fond of all classes of sport—fishing, hunting and all manner of games. Apollo would accompany him in his fishing and hunting exploits, and Hyacinthus would always look up to Apollo as a son would to his father. One day, as Apollo and Hyacinthus were out in the garth throwing quoits, which are large iron discs something the shape of a horseshoe, Apollo flung one at the stake to make a "ringer," but with so much force that it went beyond the mark. Hyacinthus was so enthused with the game that he ran up to see how near the mark the quoit or discus was

about to alight, and at this moment Zephyrs, who had been jealous of the amount of affection Hyacinthus was receiving from Apollo, caused the discus to swerve and strike the boy. The impact was so terrible that Hyacinthus fell to the ground mortally wounded.

Apollo had healing powers as we know, but after exhausting every means known to him in the medical art, it appeared that the youth must die. Apollo was so overcome with grief at what had occurred that he raised the boy's head and shoulders and supported him in this position, trying to converse with him and speak a last loving word to his dear friend. But the youth was limp, his strength had left him. He was as a lily when the stem is broken. It hangs its drooping head and the life fluid courses down the broken stem, as the blood coursed down Hyacinthus' neck and body and there saturated the soil near where he lay. Apollo informed Hyacinthus tenderly, or at least endeavored to inform him, that he would rather the accident had been himself. He cried, "I have robbed you of your youth. Speak to me! Speak one last word to me!" No words could be heard, no sound was forthcoming from those sweet young lips. Still Apollo continued his lamentations. "Hyacinthus, Hyacinthus, if you must die—if I cannot have you in life—my lyre shall mourn for your grace. Its vibrations shall herald your tenderness. My song shall disseminate your untimely death and you shall still live. You shall still be tender and beautiful, for I will grow from your spilt blood a flower that shall perpetuate my love and my regret for your untimely death, and it shall be called 'Hyacinth.'" This flower sprang up at once from the blood that had run from the wound onto the earth. Apollo, to further mark the remembrance of his young friend, inscribed by means of his arrow the letters "ai ai." These beautiful flowers spring forth every year, marked in the above manner, to perpetuate the youth Hyacinthus, and

the love Apollo had for him. The "ai" that is on the hyacinth is the Greek character to signify woe and regret. The meaning of the word "Hyacinthus" is supposed to be youth. Hyacinthus was to personify vegetation when it is young and tender. The quoits that struck him have been interpreted to signify the withering heat of the sun's rays in the late summer. It also signifies the uncertainty of life, the surety of death and the hope of immortality. See Milton's "Lycidas," or Keat's "Endymion," or Oscar Wilde's works.

PERSEUS AND MEDUSA

Medusa was a ravenous monster that the people were praying to have driven from their midst. There was no one to venture this hazardous undertaking until Perseus arrived upon the scene. Medusa had been, at one time, a beautiful, blushing maid, until she was transformed by Minerva. Her beautiful tresses were changed into hissing serpents and every one of her heretofore prepossessing features were made so hideous and repulsive that whoever beheld her was at once turned into stone. She dwelt in a cave or cavern, where all about could be seen the petrified images of men and animals of every description that had had the misfortune to behold her.

Perseus, undaunted at her reputation, with the promised aid of Minerva and Mercury, started out on this mission of killing the Gorgon in the cave or the abode of the Three Gracæ, who had but one eye between them. First of all, Perseus obscured this eye, then he obtained the Helmet of Hades that causes the one who dons it to become invisible; he also obtained the winged shoes and pouch, and when he had accomplished this Mercury gave him his sword and Minerva her shield. Thus safely armed he went forward amid these sisters and decapitated the head of Medusa and

from her horrible body sprang the winged horse, Pegasus, that was so masterly ridden and tamed by Bellerophon. Perseus grasped the head of Medusa and flew westward to the region of the Hesperides, where Atlas held forth. Atlas was of wonderful stature, and was surrounded by the Garden of the Hesperides, which was full of golden fruit. Perseus asked Atlas to receive him as a guest and furnish him with food and lodgings. But Atlas, thru a past warning, was skeptical about entertaining his new suppliant guest and refused. Perseus then pressed him by main force to receive him, and even then he refused until they embraced in actual combat. During the fracas Perseus held the head of the Gorgon so that Atlas was compelled to look into its repulsive face, which metamorphosed him into what is now the Atlas mountains in northwestern Africa, which was thought to hold the vaulted dome of the blue heavens upon its apex.

The next adventure for this hero was in the country of the Ethiopians. Cepheus was then their king and Casseopea their queen. There had been for many days a sea monster ravaging their coast until it was assuming such prodigious proportions that it had become unbearable to the people. The king was informed thru an oracle that he must sacrifice his daughter, Andromeda, to the unsatiable desire of this monster. The king had forthwith chained his daughter to a rock on the coast nearby and Perseus could see the monster approaching to consume this beautiful princess. Perseus flew at once to her rescue, altho there had been a previous understanding with the king that he would claim her as his gurgeon for the danger and trouble he would encounter, to which they gave their approval. Perseus readily performed this noble act and won the hand of Andromeda. To fully compensate Perseus for saving their daughter and ridding the country of this monster, they led him to the palace, where they wined and dined him in a way commensurate

with his chivalrous merit. But during the festivities a great noise was heard outside the palace. This proved to be her former lover, Phineus, who had come to demand her as his own. The king remonstrated, saying that he had proven himself unworthy of her and that he was ungallant and that he could not have cared for her or he would not have waited for a stranger to save her life. At this, Phineus became so enraged that he broke up the festivities with violence. Perseus took advantage of this turmoil and clasped his loved one in his powerful arms and flew to Seriphus. At this place Perseus returned the helmet and sword and winged shoes to their owners. He gave the pouch which held the head of the Gorgon to Minerva, who was also called Athena. The latter afterwards bore the head of Medusa on her ægis or shield.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE, OR THE ROMEO AND JULIET OF ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY

Pyramus and Thisbe were two of the most beautiful beings in the land. They were said to have lived in Babylon in the time of Semiramis, the queen whose mother was transformed into a fish. These two youths became very fond of each other, altho their parents were the worst of enemies. They sought each other's company and had a trysting place where they met to talk over their future and to tell how fond they were of each other. The trysting place they had was not a desirable one, for their parents discovered their cunningness and the father of Pyramus locked him in a room in his home and had his meals served to him, while the mother of Thisbe did the same by her. However, it happened to be that the house the families lived in was a double dwelling, and the two rooms were in close juxtaposition, and by this propinquity they soon dis-

covered that after all it was only a wall that separated them. They finally used a code of raps to convey their tender expressions of love, until Pyramus cut a small hole by means of his pocket knife thru a crevice in the woodwork, so after he had accomplished this they could whisper to each other and could kiss, or at least could touch each other's tongues thru this small orifice. Pyramus had become so expert with his knife he in some way opened some part of the wall where he could get Thisbe in where he was, and where they then could crawl out of a window and down on the ground. Without her he did not want to go out of the room. He was apparently locked in from her so his father did not think or care for the unlocked window.

After he had gotten her in the room he arranged that the same evening, when the stars shown their brightest and the air was cool and the world was all quiet about them, he told her that she must go first to a certain valley near, by the tomb of Ninus, a former King of Babylon. Near this tomb was a spring of bubbling water, and beautiful yew trees with pendant branches waving to and fro, whispering love songs and almost beckoning them to come and sit beneath their welcome branches. Thisbe did as directed. She arrived at the tomb, and it was so quiet about, and the great black tomb silhouetted against the moonlit distance and her knowing it contained a corpse, made chills run up and down her back. But what won't the human family do for love's sake!

While she sat there waiting for her Pyramus to come a great lioness came toward her. The animal was licking her chops as tho she had just devoured someone. It was apparent that the lioness was going to the spring near by to procure a drink of water. She became so frightened she ran from the tomb, and in doing so dropped her veil. The lioness, hearing her run, ran after her, but when the lioness had come to the veil, she picked it up and tore it to shreds

and stained it with blood, blood that was from the flesh of some animal she had just devoured before coming for a draught of water at the spring.

By this time Pyramus had reached this trysting place. He looked for his sweetheart, but she was not to be seen. Finally his eyes fell upon the torn veil that he knew was Thisbe's. He also saw the footprints of the lioness and could hear her roaring in the distance. That, with the blood on the garment, satisfied him that his loved one, his life, his all, was gone. What could life mean to him now! He cried, "O, but why did I not stay in the room where I was and keep my Thisbe there with me! O, if father could only have discovered my cupidity! It is my fault! It is my fault! I have been her executioner, and I will die, too, and follow her, and perhaps be with her in heaven. This consoled him somewhat, and deciding he would end his life right there and then he drew his sword and placed it to his heart and fell upon it. The blood spurted from the self-inflicted wound, and there he lay in the throes of death. One of the trees that stood near by happened to be a white mulberry tree, and his blood spattered upon its leaves and some of the crimson drops ran down to its roots. From this time on there have been red mulberries, colored by the blood of this broken-hearted youth.

Soon Thisbe somewhat overcame her frightened condition, and with trembling form strolled cautiously up to the tomb so as not to disappoint her lover, for she did not want to disappoint him alone, but she desired so much to see him she so dearly loved. On her arrival here she spied something on the ground and could hear a moaning sound that issued from that direction. Approaching, she saw it was her dear Pyramus. She thought at first the lioness had killed him, but on examining more closely she could see he had killed himself. And she knew why he had done this because she saw clenched in his left hand the torn veil. She

raised him upon her beautiful thigh and tenderly stroked back his curly locks.

"Speak to me! Speak to me! Why did you do it, Pyramus; why did you do it?" she cried; and as she cried her tears ran into the wound. This she desired, for she wondered if they would not heal the wound and bring him back to life and to her. She kneeled over his reclining form and kissed his moribund lips.

"Dear boy, dear heart, it is my fault. I am the profligate. I have killed you. O, why did we not stay under our fathers' roofs? Why did they not discover us in time to save us? I love you, Pyramus, I love you! If I cannot live with you I will not live without you. Speak to me! Speak just one word! Tell me those sweet words once more, the sweetest words of all! Tell me that you love me! Tell me!"

Faintly he murmured, "Thisbe, I love you. Thisbe, dear, I love you." These were his last words. He fell from her grasp to the ground—dead.

"O, my love, you have taken your own life and for me! The veil proves it all! O, why did I not take the veil with me? My only hope is to follow you, Pyramus, and follow you I will! We will be reunited! Our good-byes will be short good-byes! Ah, parents, why were you so cruel! You must suffer, too, you cannot keep love apart any more than you can crush truth! You tried to divide us, but heaven will unite us and one tomb shall contain us, and may this tree ever serve as a bleeding memory of two loving hearts that bled."

She tenderly arranged his body so that she could impale herself upon the same blade that had taken his life, that this instrument of death might serve to couple them in a last and eternal embrace that knows no parting. She fell upon the sword and laughed at death. O, love, what power thou hast! Truly, Love knoweth no fear.

MOUNT OLYMPUS

If the reader will excuse me for using the first person, "I," I will, with great pleasure proceed to tell you of my visit to Mount Olympus, the throne and seat of the Greek Gods. This mountain peak, if I may call it such, is only one of the many peaks of the Parnassus range. It was the throne of Zeus, the Roman Jupiter or Jove, the God of Gods. It is true that the gates of this metaphysical heaven were kept guarded by the Hours and Seasons, to permit the sorta and ontra of the celestials passing back and forth from heaven to earth, for the Gods had other habitations, but were often called on to attend court with Jupiter. And it was here, in this natural palace, he received them.

There are only certain seasons of the year that the clouds are away, and do not keep guard over the celestial gates of this Greek heaven; but the time that I ascended this mountain the air was lucid and pure, and one would feel that they were inhaling the breath of ancient mythical gods, the celestial food of classic days. The rocks seem to know you and welcome you; serene quietude embraces you with a homogeneous mass of purified sweetness or godly ego, joined and interjoined together by transparent pinions of long-expressed desires, prayers and hopes, that have transcended to a promised goal, and here on its way this nothingness emits a deafening sound of hypnotic stillness that seems to raise you out and away. With little exertion you survey the home of the ancient gods. Not a zephyr disturbs your wakeful dreams. Souls of millions try to convey some secret to you. It deafens you, still there isn't even the sound of a falling atom. Names are inscribed on these placid beds of sand that were inscribed by men as far back as Socrates, Sophocles, Homer and Heasiod. The names have never been obliterated by winds or the waters. Here the mind can see, hear and think undisturbed by worldly

din. A place to rest and contemplate, a place the flesh can invade and visit, and an earthly heaven where the soul lives and knows its own being.

LUCRETIA COLLATINUS

Roman anthology is not interlaid with gems of resplendence like that of the Greek, tho their literature abounds with a superabundance of satire, myth and apologue. Nævius, Ennius, Livius Andronicus and Plautus were several of Rome's greatest poets and writers in and about the time of the first and second Punic wars, as Niebuhr records the period of their nativity, which is undoubtedly correct. The legendary history of Rome is fraught with myriads of deflagrating stories that have been a Thesaurus of poetical substance for all phases of erudite dilettantes and inspired writers. Macaulay has taken advantage of many of these stories and has put them into verse as "The Lays of Ancient Rome," which are both beautiful and instructive. From among many of these legendary stories I have selected "Lucretia Collatinus" as my subject for the following poem.

During the reign of Tarquin, the Proud, in the year of the City 350, several of the Roman noblemen having nothing better to do to occupy and entertain their slothful minds and bodies, conceived the idea of fathoming the domestic and moral rectitude of their respective wives. Their mode of procedure was to mount their horses and go to their homes at a given hour of the evening to ascertain their exact attitude and decorum in their husband's absence. This suggestion was acted upon, with the result they found all of the ladies banqueting, dancing and enjoying life in as light and frivolous a manner as might be expected in that age of emotion and lasciviousness. All the ladies but one were indulging in riotous manner, and this one was Lu-

cretia. She was engaged in her domestic duties of spinning at the loom. She was universally accepted as the most beautiful woman, both physically and mentally, in Rome. She was endowed with just enough vivacity to heighten the brilliancy of her charming personality. She was gifted with conversational eloquence that was interlarded with impromptu and unqualified coruscating wit, that always brought forth applause from her auditors. She was well educated for the times, and was an omnivorous reader and wrote some verse. She was thoroly domesticated; she loved her parents, her family and her husband; she lived with her husband and for her husband. In a word, Lucretia was a pure, noble and beautiful woman.

The ladies' husbands who had come in upon their wives by surprise gave the prize to Lucretia for being the one whom they now considered the most deserving of a prize for domestic merit and chastity. The men remained the balance of the evening and enjoyed the festivities with them until a late hour. Then each and all of them mounted their steeds and rode back to the city, some staying at the imperial palace and some at the army headquarters; being public-spirited men necessitated their remaining away from their homes and wives many of their evenings. After they had all arrived at their several abodes, one of their number whose name was Sextus, a son of Tarquin, the king, returned quickly to the home of Lucretia. He went to her door under the cover of night and made himself known at once; that she should not cause any outcry to alarm or arouse the slaves or the rest of the household, at the same time made some apparently plausible excuse for his returning to her home at that late hour of the night. With hospitality that was always characteristic of her, she invited him in and offered him both asylum and a night's refuge in her home. The virtue she had manifested in the early evening, together with her physical beauty and magnetic charm,

had so affected his libidinous nature that it is obvious that he could not muster up and enforce sufficient manly courage to throw off the lecherous instinct that he evidently had allowed to overcome him. After he had gained access to her home, he at once went on to explain the friendship that had existed for many years between her husband and himself, and also went on to recount adventures both in war and in peace they had encountered together. Finally in a circuitous manner he drifted his topics of conversation on to sentimental myths and romances, occasionally citing her with blandishments and eulogies as bearing an exact counterpart of some heroine he had just pictured to her, at the same time, during his didactic rehearsals, he would gradually work his seat closer and closer to her, finally coming into such close propinquity that he could not restrain his puissant desire to embrace her.

Impelled by her innocence, beauty, virtue, humility and magnetism, reinforced by the late hour of the night and the sequestered environment so conducive to lascivious temperament, he abruptly approached and caressed her, at the same time tenderly informing her that he loved her, and that she was the sweetest woman the light of heaven ever shown on, and that her life was a living song, and her voice was sweeter than music; her body was a perfect verse, its grace was its rhythmic meter, written on a golden human book of divine essence. He fell on his knees before her. He placed his arms in suppliant attitude toward her, at the same time shedding tears and begging her to trust him, to believe in him and to love him.

"My life and my fortune are yours," he repeated. "You are the tune to my song, the light of my day, the breath of my life, the wine of my cup and the heaven of my dreams, both here and hereafter. So come, be my love. I cherish your virtue; I honor your chastity; it's a gem I crave. Heaven has made and kept guard over it for me. If I can

possess it, sweetest memories shall ever abide in reminiscences of past pleasures and in knowing I possess the rarest gem in woman's virtue of the age."

After Sextus had made this declaration, he arose from his knees, while Lucretia had risen from her chair in terror. He was flushed and refulgent with passion; she was ænemic with fear. He waited in breathless expectancy; she studied in graceful retreat. "Speak to me! Speak, Lucretia! Speak!" he said.

"You shock me! You frighten me! Is this what you have come for?" She was about to reproach him severely, but caution, she thought, would be the better part of valor, so she calmed herself and tried to reason with him, for she knew very well it would not do to arouse his anger, which she knew would take the place of his animal affection, which would be as powerfully expressed both in words and in actions as his overtures of love were expressed in searching desire. "Now, Sextus, your fancy is a fleeting one. You have said enough for tonight, and I can see by your adulations that you are of an affectionate nature and must not be censured. Just wait and go to your couch and rest and see what time will bring forth. See if you continue to care for me in this way when the sun rises. When you arise in the morning I will see that your breakfast is served, and then you will be rested and the sun's rays of the morning will drive away all of the disquieting passions that come with the night shades."

Lucretia was politic. She said all of this to get thru the night unharmed, which had its desired effect temporarily, for Sextus at this picked up her hand and kissed it, saying, "Then you will some time, won't you, Lucretia? You will not refuse? You will promise me? At least promise, and not long will I need wait, will I?" as he held her hand, looking into her eyes.

"In the morning, Sextus; let me sleep over it and think. It is all new to me and I must think," she answered.

"But you will think favorably, won't you, Lucretia?" At this she purposely gave a slight assenting bow as he kissed her hand fervently and bid her good-night and went to his bed chamber. Lucretia was greatly relieved, at least for the present. She proceeded to her boudoir and disrobed and lay down, praying for the night to hurry past. She had no more than arranged herself snugly in her couch, than Sextus pressed the door leading into her room open and rushed up to the side of her couch in dishabille. She at once remonstrated. She now could see that euphemistic expressions were useless and that she would have to resort to harsh means. This she did. "Sextus, I am really surprised that a son of a Tarquin has reached this stage of moral depravity. I was sure the noble blood in you would assert itself, but you are devoid of chivalry, moral ethics and polite learning. Now, go from me or I will summon my slaves."

At this he loses all control of himself, grieved at her reproach, together with his animal lust. He drew a dagger he had ensconced under his garments and held it over her. "You will submit and at once," he said. "Tender words of expression have failed to elicit your consent. I am desperate. You will either consent, without delay, and without inimical or insuperable hostility, or I will kill you and also kill one of your slaves, and lay him at your side after I have ensanguined the counterpain with his blood."

At this he forcibly pulled the delicate lace coverings from her couch. "The dead slave will be the opprobrium of your conduct and disgrace," he continued as he started away to execute his ignoble deed. "No, no, you won't need to do that. Don't make it worse than it is. I will submit, I will submit." And submit she did to this varlet's base desires, tho under duress and the pressure of threatened calamity. After Sextus had ravished this sweet and pure woman he mounted his horse and rode to the city.

Poor Lucretia felt her life was ruined. She made up her mind she would confess her forced unfaithfulness and disloyalty to her husband. She not only summoned Collatinus, her husband, but Lucretius, her father, and Brutus. After she had dramatically confessed the tragic night she had experienced, with tears flowing down her cheeks, she drew a knife and thrust it into her heart. She fell on a nearby couch, dead, a bleeding sacrifice immolated upon the altar of lust for the expiation of Rome and the dethronement of the Tarquins.

Brutus, who until now had feigned insanity, together with the more noble offspring of royal blood, took her body to the Forum, where they laid it in state as a dumb witness, testifying to plebeians and patricians, and to all Roman citizens, the ignoble perversity and reprehensible depravity of the reigning nobility. Brutus waved the bloody dagger and adjured the Roman people to rise against the tyrant and his family. This they did, and after a short time the king with his confreres and retinue were deposed, and to escape flew into voluntary exile in Etruria as their only refuge from complete extermination and death. Again the "Infernal City" was washed of some of its impurities by the blood of a pure woman.*

LUCRETIA COLLATINUS

Time it was critical,
  Refuge was none;
It was so pitiful,
  How she was won.

Cursed by her beauty,
  Her virtue a curse;
In doing her duty,
  This made it worse.

*See Shakespeare's "Rape of Lucretia."

Born in affluence,
  Nobly bred;
In domestic pursuance,
  She all others led.

Purity her pleasure;
  Beauty of face,
That made her a treasure,
  A treasure of grace.

Her virtue was tested,
  In winning the prize;
Chastity invested
  Was torn from her eyes.

Her home was invaded;
  Sanctity of home,
Was raped and was raided,
  By a prince of old Rome.

First was persuasion,
  Then tears to impel;
Last redoubts invasion,
  Where many have fell.

He told of adventures,
  In life he had had;
Of trials and of censures,
  Tho not of the bad.

He told his affection,
  Affection for her;
He expressed some dejection
  That she should defer.

* * *

"Your music and singing,
  Poetry and song,
Have touched me in ringing,
  My heart as a gong.

"You're a flower in December,
  A snowball in June;
One forgets to remember,
  Sorrow and gloom.

"Rare and refulgent,
  In volatile glows;
Reluctant, indulgent,
  You keep, you enclose.

"I've told you I love you,
  My tears can't you see!
By heaven above you,
  Swear you love me!

"A morsel we crush it,
  Because it is good;
Your body I lush it,
  Because it is food."

Lucretia in danger,
  What could she do?
He wasn't a stranger,
  Tho worse than if two.

She began to reproach him,
  She saw her mistake;
She tenderly coaxed him
  To manhood awake.

"Let sleep refresh you,
This incubus fight,
Daylight will bless you,
'Twill pass with the night.

"For shades of the nightfall
That shadow the brain,
Are tiresome, frightful,
With passionate pain.

"If your love is fleeting,
'Twill go with the night;
If the kind's that repeating,
'Twill remain with the light.

"So wait until dawning,
If true what you say,
Grows pure with the morning,
And purer with day."

He raised her hand tender,
To gently kiss,
"Later you'll render
To me you'll do this."

Silence gave answer,
A half-wailing bow
That gnawed like a cancer,
When compelled to allow.

Her gestures consentment
In postponing grief,
For a villain's contentment,
From chastity's thief.

He went to his chamber,
And she unto hers,
Tho neither to slumber,
For passion deters.

He into wakening
In thoughts what to do,
She into making,
Placating in lieu.

She prayed to Minerva,
And Diana appealed;
She plead them to serve her,
This night as a shield.

Of virtue these patrons,
To Juno implore,
To guard troubled matrons
That purity adore.

She failed to awaken
The heavenly great,
By all was forsaken,
And left to her fate.

As she lay in forced sleeping,
Sextus walked in,
To her couch he came creeping,
Here her ending began.

He pressed on her forehead
An obtrusive kiss;
"How wicked—how horrid!"
She said, "To do this."

With frenzy he clutched her,
And fell on her breast;
And said as he touched her,
"I've come in to rest."

"I can't sleep without you,
With you who could!
With arms all about you,
Real sleeping, who would?"

Thought she of screaming,
While in his embrace,
With anger a-teaming,
"O what a disgrace!"

With strength she resisted,
Tho weak was her strength,
All power she enlisted;
She fought him at length.

Nor was he defeated,
"From my grasp tho you strive,
I will have," he repeated,
"You dead or alive."

"Choose what I offer,"
As he drew forth a knife,
"This bed as your coffer,
Or tonight be my wife!

"Your servant I will slay,
With this knife; when you've died,
By your side he will lay,
As proof to abide.

"Like fire it will go,
Your evil behavior,
The whole world will know,
I'm your ruin or your savior."

He raised to proceed,
Door open he tried,
To commit this foul deed,
As to him she cried—

"If my body is worth
The price you're to pay,
Life, Rome and the earth,
Then proceed, here I lay."

"When you are through,
What will you gain,
Except ruin two,
You might better slain!

"Oft hidden in sin,
As sorrow in mirth,
Revolution will begin,
That this night will give birth.

"Your beginning their end,
The Tarquins will fall;
The way you will wend,
You'll go with them all!

"I'm here in your power,
So lust may it be;
One ruined in an hour,
And a million set free.

"Wrong has been righted,
Right has been wronged,
Let burn what I've lighted,
My virtue thus thonged!"

Purity was ravished,
Tho from it she shrank;
Words might be lavished,
But I'll leave it a blank.

Forced wishes now granted,
He bid her farewell;
He left and she fainted,
The reason why tell?

The gray mist of morning,
That heralds the day,
It ushered forlorning,
In the sun's golden ray.

For it set her to thinking,
Of the few hours past,
The sun in its sinking—
She was pure in its last!

And now on its raising,
She covered her eyes,
From its pure beams a-blazing,
Out of the skies.

Still it inspired her,
To partly aright,
The wrong that had mired her,
As the sun made it bright.

She her husband enlightened,
  Of all she confessed,
How her life had been blightened,
  By the things she was blessed.

Her virtue and beauty,
  And decorum so terse,
With domestic duty,
  Had proven her curse.

With dramatic precision,
  She pictured in part,
For her husband's decision—
  Then thrust in her heart.

The dagger that ended
  Her grief and her fear,
That virtue had blended
  Together so dear.

Her love was lamented,
  Abroad and at home,
Crushed virtue tormented,
  A republic of Rome.

Chastity made handsome,
  To fight against odds;
Lucretia the ransom,
  For Rome and the Gods!

ACTEON'S AGGRESSIVENESS

Far out in Paradise Valley, where fountains gush forth their crystal sprays, and falling mists dampen the cypress vine and wild olives, bounded on all sides by rocky cover and waving grape vines, mantling the forest green; with birds singing, squirrels chirping and rabbits bounding here and there; Diana wandered one sunny day to bathe in the Bridal Veil Falls that ran over the edge of an enormous rock. She was accompanied, as usual, by her beautiful nymphs. On arriving at the falls she commenced to disrobe. Her nymphs with gracious mien condescended to aid her. Several held her garments while she was in dishabille, while another untied and removed her sandals.

After she had disrobed, the nymphs filled large earthern bowls and set them aside for Diana. She at once proceeded to bathe her pure virgin flesh. Acteon, who had been hunting, could see something unusual going on in the distance. This stimulated a desire in him to approach nearer and get a better view that he might determine the exact meaning of the disturbance of the foliage he saw in the distance. On coming nearer he descried the white shoulders and arms of Diana. This only increased his curious desire to scrutinize further and determine who this beautiful woman might be. He crept on and on in a furtive, sneaking attitude until he recognized the features as those of the Goddess Diana. He continued nearer and nearer until he sprang right up at the water's brink.

The nymphs screamed with fright, and with preternatural mobility grasped Diana's garments and endeavored to cover her naked form. The fright the goddess and nymphs had undergone made them blush. Their cheeks became flushed, their eyes sparkled and their disheveled hair fell over their white shoulders and breasts. This only added to their beauty and stimulated a desire in Acteon to step even closer

and reach out to embrace the one that attracted him the most, who was Diana. With an impromptu impetus, Diana reached for her bow and arrows, but they were not at hand, so the next best thing that she had recourse to was the water she was bathing in. She grasped the bowl and dashed its contents into his face and eyes, obscuring his vision. Then with angry reproach, Diana cried, "Go, you varlet; go and boast if you can that you have seen Diana's nude body!"

Jupiter must have seen all of this from Olympus, for from this moment Acteon was hideously changed. He was no more the prepossessing young man; now he had two horns that grew in a moment's time on his temples. His arms were changed into front legs and covered with hair that pied and pard both legs and body. He turned and ran from them in great fright. He did not know where to go to hide his changed body. He at first found refuge in a cave near a forest, but here other animals of a hostile instinct sought to do him harm, thinking he was surely their prey. He was forced to leave this cave, and when he did his dogs spied him, thinking him to be an animal. They chased him over mountains and valleys, thru deep gorges and ravines, until they overtook him and sunk their teeth in his sides and thighs.

His companions saw the dogs tearing his body to bits, yet not knowing it to be Acteon, they only sicked the dogs on and cheered for joy at the sport they were having. They called for Acteon to come and join in the fun, and as they called out his name he turned to them with an appealing glance, but it was too late. He could not make known his true identity. Consequently he went to his death as a result of trying to gratify his lustful desires and lascivious curiosity, so ignobly expressed.

ADMETUS AND ALCESTIS

Admetus sued and sought for the hand of Alcestis. Pelias, her father, had promised her that whoever the lucky man might be, he would come for her in a chariot drawn by lions and wild boars. This man fate destined to become her husband. Admetus, thru this difficult and dangerous procedure, won his wife and was happy in the possession of her until he was taken very dangerously ill. While apparently at the point of death, Apollo's prestige and power over the Fates was sought. He asked them to halt in their intentions for a while and he would see if it would be possible to find someone to die voluntarily by proxy for Admetus. This was agreed upon, and Admetus was enjoying his reprieve from total dissolution. He was so happy with his wife he had almost forgotten about the substitute he was yet to supply, when the Furies called upon him. This had come to his mind, but he dismissed the unpleasant reflection because he thought it would be an easy task for him to call upon one of his servants to die for him, because they never yet had hesitated in doing anything he had asked them to do. When the ransom was called for and the substitute demanded, he began to look around, and was grievously disappointed, for old comrades and soldiers and his aids in time of battle, who would have gone anywhere for him in the thickest of the fray, or would have charged to redeem his wounded body from the enemy if they had known it would be almost certain death, halted at this proposal. They would do any sort of heroic thing, but when he asked them, in time of peace, when all about was calm and beautiful, to simply lie down and die for him, they were not willing, and were evasive in their answers.

Even old servants that he had employed for years, that had lived from his bountiful salaries, and who had enjoyed life because of him and his fortune, even they were as the

soldiers and generals of the army—they could not think in that direction. As strange as it may have seemed to Admetus, life was even sweet to them, even tho Jove had not blessed them with personal beauty and with the world's goods and power as he had Admetus. It was with Admetus as it is with one who in time of great need goes to his "friends" to borrow money to bridge them over. They have either just had unexpected calls for their spare change or they say, "Why not go to some of your relatives for the help you need?" This is the way the friends of Admetus answered him. Several of his friends that he had asked these little favors of answered him by asking a question in return: "Why, Admetus, haven't you old senile relatives that are in the valley of the shadow and the slightest breeze of sickness will blow them into the stream of the great beyond?" Admetus would answer them, as he was compelled to, if he was to speak the truth that he had old relatives still living. "Well, then, ask them to die for you; they will surely do it for you, for they have one foot in the grave as it is."

This was at least a small favor, for Admetus left them with a new idea, and that was that he would go and ask his old relatives to give up and die on a bed of sickness to save his life. This he did, but always received the same negative answer, even from these old relatives that only had a very few years at best. "How astonishing!" Admetus soliloquized to himself. "How astonishing to think that even they, as old as they are, want to live and refuse to grant me this small favor I ask of them!" After Admetus had exhausted every available resource in this direction, he saw his own form silhouetted against the background of the mist across the Great Divide.

But this was only a moment, for he was offered relief that did not please him; it is not difficult to guess who offered it, for it is characteristic of a pure, sweet, moral wife who loves

her husband. They are always the ones who will lay down their noble lives or suffer the agonies of Erebus to succor their husbands. This is what his noble wife, Alcestis, offered to do as she placed her loving arms about him and smothered a kiss upon his brow. "No, no, no, no, dear heart, I cannot, I cannot! That would be worse than death itself, for I love you too dearly to part from you under any condition, let alone your dying in my stead." But the time had arrived—a decision handed down by the Furies could never be revoked or abrogated. The sentence must be carried out to the letter of the law. The verdict is death, or a substitute at a given date, and death it must be. This laconic yet ambiguous sentence was to be executed at once. Admetus was taken sick; he could prognose his fate. He already knew, or thought he knew, his end was near. But such was not the case. The worm had turned. The gods' wand has many crooks and curves. Admetus revived and his dear Alcestis was taken sick and died in his stead.

What sorrow Admetus must endure now with the light of the world mantled from the retina of his loving soul by the death of Alcestis! The gods had taken compassion on this heart-broken man, for he had been always worthy of divine intercession on account of his veracity and moral integrity both as a citizen and tender and affectionate husband. The great funeral cortege left the home of Admetus. Hercules, the powerful yet gracious god, arrived and was setting about how he would appease the sorrow of Admetus, who was now immolating himself upon the altar of grief as a sacrifice for his lost loved one, Alcestis. Hercules did not use his club. He waited in ambush, as Browning says in his immortal poem. He waited where the soul took its leave from her sweet and tender body. He clasped it in his strong yet careful grasp. He goes to her place of burial, he goes thru operations that are not to be known by man, only Hercules and the Gods of Olympus. He plants

the seed and grows the stalk and watches it while it grows. He stays away for so long the people wonder, "Where can Hercules be all of these days? Will he ever return?" But leave Hercules alone. He knows what is best, as anyone knows best who thinks he is doing right, for no man ever did wrong unless he knew he was doing wrong, for God tells them in his way of "talking" that they are doing wrong. Conscience, his unerring voice, speaks low and is always heard, but not always acted upon.

Hercules arrived, as hope will always be fed by reality if we have faith and do good "works." Hercules came before Admetus. Admetus surveyed Hercules from head to foot, nor did they speak at first. Admetus was pale and worn and weak, but not from labor nor had he encountered the Nemean Lion or Calydonian Boar, but something far worse, the suffering for his departed loved one. Beneath the hairy lion skin of Hercules' coat a pulsating throb could be perceived. Admetus watched, tho did not know. Hercules placed his powerful hand beneath his robe and drew tenderly forth a veiled yet beautiful woman. Admetus could discern her charms without scrutiny. And then, too, Admetus was not the man who would look for beauty in others, for there was but one for him and that was his departed Alcestis. If he could not have her he would at least cherish and love the sanctity of her memory, "and no other woman," said he, "shall pollute the purity of her boudoir or my palace."

"Ah, Admetus," spoke Hercules, "but you will at least offer this beautiful woman refuge for a while in some part of your home. You will do this for me, I know you will, for think who you are talking to—the great Hercules."

"No, no, indeed; my roof shall never shelter another since it cannot shelter Alcestis."

"Well, I don't care to vaunt her beauty to you, nor keep up a long gasconade on what I have here for your protec-

tion, but would you not take her if she resembled your Alcestis or was an exact replica of her?"

"No, not even then would I tolerate her for a moment," rejoined Admetus.

"Take her by the arm, raise the veil from her features; see, be sure that you are behaving with discretion in shunning what I have brought to you."

At this Admetus stepped forward, tears rolling down his cheeks. Ah, if words were only possessed of more power then what could and what would I not write! Admetus drew the veil tenderly from her golden tresses where it was still hanging. Still he had not spoken a word. As Browning said, "He must procrastinate the truth and keep back the joy" until she had proven herself to be his Alcestis that they could now both live and die together. He spoke at last. Could it all be true, or was it some subtle trick of godly make that had mantled flesh on bony frame to please the sad, or was it she, Alcestis, his beloved? As yet Admetus had only touched the veil. No flesh of her unknown should taint his hand, for it might be a test to see if he was true—this specter divinely interposed by godly power to prove his fortitude.

But no, altho she stood before him in beatific pose, Hercules went on to plead, saying, "Admetus, look, behold, thy wife and queen! You know me well. My valor and renown! Have I yet failed in earthly life below? Have I not conquered, fought and won? Have I not won by brain as well as brawn, and fooled even Atlas when I asked him to aid me in my quest for golden fruit? And did he not go to the garden soon and from it bring Hesperian apples bright? When I had said, 'Go, go, please go,' he said to me, 'How can I go? Haven't I enough to do? I hold the vaulted dome of heaven and still you ask of me more work. My shoulders now are lame, my body sore.' 'But wait,' I said, 'Let me hold heaven a while and this will be a novelty,

a change. Go get the fruit, and I will hold the heavens.' And such we did and when the fruit was brought he then appealed for still a longer rest. He said, 'I'll take the fruit to where it is to go.' Said I, 'Well, that you might, but hold while I replace the pad to ease my neck and then you may make off.' We changed again; I took the fruit and he the heavens upon his shoulders strong. I thanked him long and bade a long adieu and here am I, the Hercules with you. And still nor is this all I've done, nor have I time to recount the other labors eleven. But I have fought of late for you, dear king, and won. Even from her tomb, I, with these arms of mine, from ambush snatched her from the bier, and for your sake and hers have brought her here."

And all this time,
While he was talking long,
Nor did Alcestis move,
Tho silent smiles
Stole from her brow,
That was to him a song,
She used—and now beguiles
Him on to know her now.

Admetus still was cold,
Tho not of heart,
He only wonders why
She stays apart.
Hercules interposed,
"The time is rife,"
He opened what was closed,
Their life.

'Tis best for lips like hers,
To tell the loving rest,
She spoke—breath blew away the blurs,
We're both Olympian blest.
His heart it stirs,
For he'd won it by this test.

And now they join,
As water pure joins water pure,
Not even flesh—precipitate,
Recalcitrant—endure.

Hercules speaks the last—
"Go, ye, lead thy love away,
To piety cling ye fast,
And live eternal day.

"Farewell to thee,
Now I have lit the road,
Admetus and Alcestis flee,
To heaven's abode."

MINOS, SON OF EUROPA

Minos, son of Europa, was the possessor of a wonderful bull, of which his wife, Pasiphae, became so fond, on account of its beauty, that she became nearly obsessed, until Hercules rode it thru the sea to Greece. Tho before this it bore a monster that was named the Minator, which had a head like a bull and body like that of a man. This beast became such a terror to the island that Minos employed Dædalus, an artificer, to construct the famous labyrinth, which was curved and terraced with chambers above ground and below, winding as the river Meander. Anyone who was

shut up in this prison could never find their way out. The more they walked to discover an exit the more bewildered they became.

There had been trouble between Crete and Greece, and when Megarra was conquered, the Greeks were to give to Minos annually, seven adolescing males and females, a tribute to feed this brute. This had been done for many years until Theseus, the son of Ægeus of Athens, was sent to Crete to kill this monster. He informed his father that on his return, if he was successful, he would hoist white sails that he could know before he arrived of his good fortune. Theseus was aided by Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, by handing him a spool of silver thread that Vulcan had made on his divine smithy, and told him to unwind the thread as he entered this labyrinth. This he did and met the Minator and slew him. Ariadne was afterwards deserted by Theseus, whom she must have loved at first sight, but later found solace away from her home in the Isle of Naxos with her new-made lover, Bacchus. By some mistake of the promised sign in the hoisting of the white sails, they bore the opposite significance to the eyes of Ægeus, father of Theseus, which proved so overwhelming a shock to him that he fell from a precipice into the sea, and this body of water was afterwards called the Ægeian Sea.

ŒDIPUS, THE KING

From the house of Labdacus sprang many great rulers, among who was Laius, heir to the throne of Thebes. Thru an oracle he was warned that the future held great and unparalleled calamities for him and his posterity, one being that he was to be slain by his own son. This foreboding fear that he was compelled to entertain caused him to send his young son (later named Œdipus) to the mountains,

there to be cared for by a common herdsman for a given time. The herdsman was instructed to do away with him by taking his life. However hard it was for this herdsman to disobey the king's behest, he would not obey. Instead of taking his life he pierced one of his feet, which crippled him for life. Why this was done will probably never be known, although it was more humane than to take the innocent boy's life. Not long after this the young prince was sent to the King of Corinth. This was King Polybus. The king received him and gave him the name of Œdipus or "swollen foot," which the word meant to convey. After he had grown to man's estate he was informed thru an oracle that he was going to be the cause of his father's death. This caused him to leave Corinth, for he had been adopted by this king and perhaps was of the opinion he was the father designed by the gods for him to do away with. In making this trip back thru his native land by means of a chariot, he was about to meet another chariot that contained two passengers. They would not turn and give him any of the right of way. This inflamed his anger to such an enormous degree, he slipped from his chariot and slew its occupants, one of which was Laius, his father. This fulfilled the oracle.

After a time, Œdipus went on to Thebes, and on the way, amid the mountains, was a ravenous monster that had tormented the surrounding country for many months. They had characterized this monster by the name of Sphynx. It was in form the same as the great Sphynx at Cairo, Egypt, but that one is cut out of a solid stone, while this one was composed of flesh and bone, and was invested with life and great strength. It had the face, head, shoulders and arms of a woman and body of a lion. This beast would wait in statant pose for all who came by on the highroad to the city of Thebes. (Don't confound this Thebes with Thebes in Upper Egypt, the City with the Hundred Gates.) This

being had intelligence as well as strength, for when people passed by it would stop them and propound a riddle. If they could answer the riddle they might pass on in safety. If not, the creature would consume them bodily. Many had tried to solve the riddle, but none as yet had succeeded, until Œdipus arrived on the scene. The Sphynx at once asked him what animal it was that in the morning goes on four feet, at noon on two and in the evening upon three. Œdipus, after a moment's reflection and after perhaps surveying his own deformity, answered by saying "It is man," for in childhood he goes crawling on hands and knees, at adult age he goes on two legs and in old age he goes on three, meaning the two legs and a cane or staff.

At this the Sphynx was so overcome at its riddle being guessed it leaped from a rocky cliff that was near and perished. This good news traveled like wildfire thruout Thebes, and when Œdipus arrived in the city the people by unanimous vote made him their king, and to further compensate him for delivering them from this dangerous environment they had so long been compelled to live by, they gave him the hand in marriage of their beautiful Queen, Jocasta, who was older than he, but was still handsome. They also emolumented him with a gracious salary. Here he was King of Thebes, the throne where once ruled his own father whom he had murdered because he would not turn out and let him pass, and still he was ignorant of the fact that it really was his father whom he had dispatched with so slight a provocation. That was one of the ignoble acts he had ignorantly committed, and above all to marry the queen, who was no other than his own mother, of which he was equally ignorant. And now he was king of the people of Thebes and was living an incestuous life with his mother. For many years he remained ignorant of the true status of things. Finally a terrible pestilential plague came

upon the country*. And as retribution for his sins and his forefathers' shortcomings, the gods not only brought this terrible plague on his subjects, but thru this calamity he got to know who he was and that he had killed his own father, and had carried on incestuous commerce with his own mother, who was his own flesh and blood. He was not incredulous when first enlightened on the subject, for he knew there were two oracles extant that he was to fulfil and this he could plainly see fulfilled them.

What sorrow he underwent can never be known. There he was cast and shattered from the throne's pedestal as king and exalted ruler of his people to the very lowest realm of disgrace and degradation. His anger, remorse and shattered prospects were backgrounds for reflection. He would have left the country, but now the people would not submit to his departure. He was compelled to abide with them at least for a while. The Queen, his mother, was even more impulsive than he was, for she destroyed herself by hanging. Creon, the brother of Jocasto, was made regent of the realm as soon as the abdication of Œdipus and the death of Jocasto had taken place. His abdication was not voluntary, for he was compelled to give way by his own sons and by the reigning regent. He was very harsh, and made things very disagreeable both in the royal family and in the city until it became necessary for the regent and the two sons to place their father in exile.

Œdipus had been blessed with a beautiful daughter named Antigone. He was allowed to take her along with him to share his exile. She, being fond of her father, accompanied him without the slightest degree of hesitancy, although they were compelled to solicit alms for their immediate wants and subsistence. He wandered far and underwent much suffering, being taunted and kept down by

*See Sophocles' "Œdipus, the King," translated into English by Plumtree.

innuendo and slurs from the rabble in different localities until finally he arrived at Colonus, near Athens in Attica. Here he found a friend who proved a true friend, and that was no other than Theseus, the king. Ismene, his other daughter, finally joined him here, which increased his family circle, for Antigone had remained with him thruout. The King of Athens gave him pleasant quarters and here he remained until he passed on to a higher life.

The throne at Thebes was designed to have many unpleasant occurrences from this on, for their troubles continued, as Scripture records, "until the third and fourth generation," which was vividly apparent in the history of the posterity of Laius, who were now to continue the rule of these people. Polynices and Etocles were his sons, who had decided to take up the reins of government alternately. One was to rule one year and then the other. Etocles ruled the first year, and would not surrender the throne to his brother when the time had arrived for him to retire. This caused trouble. Polynices sought counsel and aid from the neighboring kingdom of Argos, which was the beginning of the long drawn-out trouble between Thebes and Argos, called the "Seven Against Thebes." Adrastus was king of Argos at this time. He had a beautiful daughter whose hand he gave to Polynices in marriage, and to dethrone the brother who had acted with so much insolence and indiscretion in violating his compact with Polynices, this princess mobolized her reserve army that had always been kept in readiness. She not alone depended on her own force, but others allied with her for grievances they had entertained against the same house. The names of these seven heroes were as follows: Capaneus of Argos, Hypomedon of the same place, Partheappeus of Arcadia, who was a son of Atalanta, Amphiaraus and Adrastus and the King and his son-in-law.

It is the belief of many that gems, or at least some of

them, are talismanic, and that they have a latent power that goes with them that is of both good and bad in its effect on the wearer. Many years previous a beautiful necklace that Cadmus, founder of Thebes, had come in possession of thru his marriage with Harmonia, was presented as a wedding gift by Vulcan. It became and remained one of the crown jewels of the Thebian dynasty.

It was then held by Polynices, who well knew the curse that went with this bauble. When he left Thebes he took it with him for the purpose of its dissolving power. Eriphyle, who was the king's sister and had married Adrastus, was the one that all matters of great importance were left to for decision. Polynices, knowing this, decided it would be policy and of logical sequence to present her with this necklace, not alone for the curse that went with it but to purchase her favoritism.

The war went on for many years; many deeds of heroism were enacted. Much cupidity and trickery was introduced by first one and then the other contestant. Oracles were sent to them by the gods. Jupiter struck many dumb by his great weapon, lightning. The outcome was dubious. Hostilities finally culminated into a warring deadlock. One was as powerful as the other until the leaders left the question to the female judge, who had worn the necklace, to decide what should be done, and she decided on single combat between two of the best and most able-bodied men they had; one from Argos, the other from Thebes. They met and both struck a fatal blow at the same time, both falling to the ground dead. The armies on both sides at this flew at each other with all the force and courage they could muster, but the Argocian forces were completely routed. Both Polynices and his brother, Eteocles, were killed. Creon, who had been regent of Thebes, was made their king, and Polynices had not only drawn the animadversion of the gods upon himself, but had also incurred the anger

of Creon to such an extent that burial was even denied him. The influence he had received by handling the necklace by giving it to others for its destructive power, might have been the indirect cause of his downfall and death.

It was then a belief among the ancient Greeks as also with the Egyptians, that to insure the eternal salvation of the human soul it was necessary for the friends and relatives of the departed to give the body a fitting burial, accompanied with all the solemn rites that tradition had prescribed. The Egyptians went even further than this. They would mummyize or, by the agency of different spices, would preserve the body, thinking that the same form would on the Judgment Day arise and be invested with the same soul.

Antigone, sister of Polynices, learning that her brother's body had been refused burial, and was exposed upon the battlefield where it was left under penalty of death by the king if anyone disturbed it, flew to the spot, and was in the act of burying it with her own hands, when Creon discovered her. He at once buried her alive with Polynices; this being done for her disobeying his edict. Creon's son stood nearby, for he loved Antigone, and appealed to his father to spare her, but Creon would not listen. The boy, overcome with grief at her ignoble ending, killed himself before his father's eyes. Creon saw his mistake when it was too late, and suffered remorse for this terrible act the rest of his days. The coming generation went against Thebes and leveled it to the ground. This ended the House of Labdacus. The offspring of Œdipus was exterminated, and the necklace was now having its last dissolving force. Thebes was crushed and the poisoned necklace was given to the Temple of Delphi, which from that time removed the deadly influence it had for so long brought to bear on the House of Cadmus.

ECHO AND NARCISSUS

Echo was a graceful and alert Oread, continually among the rocky canyons and hills. She was with Diana much of her time on her hunting tours. But her superabundance of loquacity purchased the jealousy of Juno, Queen of Heaven. Having the power to injure her, she took away her voice, except to reply to questions put to her. She could not volunteer to question others. Cephissus, the river god, had a beautiful son named Narcissus. Echo was very fond of him and desired to express her love and devotion to him, tho she could only repeat what he might be saying. And many times he would say things that were derogatory to her true sentiments. This was so displeasing to Narcissus that he reproached her for her sweet overtures, telling her he would rather perish than become her husband. This maid suffered untold agony, and to appease her grief she sequestered herself among the palisades and hills. Finally unrequited love undermined her health to the extent that she became so attenuated she was reduced to nothing but her voice, which could only repeat what others said. Altho she must suffer all this she remained faithful to her lover, Narcissus, who was not worthy of her love, for he was so proud and had so much self-esteem and would vaunt his personal beauty to others until he became very displeasing.

He knew well he had physical charms and that the nymphs were all fond of him, but he would shun them all as he did Echo. He loved only himself. He saw his own reflection in the clear waters of a river one day and fell deeply in love with it. He endeavored to embrace and kiss it, stooping with head reclining, telling his own mirrored self how fond he was of what he saw. He remained in this posture for a long period, and was so overcome by this reflection that he pined away and died, something as Echo had done previously. After his death this penchant still

manifested itself in his immortal shade, for while he was being ferried across the River Styx he saw his likeness as he bent over the side of the boat, and endeavored to kiss it as he had in life. After his untimely death the nymphs mourned his loss. Echo would strike her breast and moan above the rest. They sought his beautiful remains, but all in vain, except where he had passed away on the brink of the stream they found a beautiful flower with white and purple petals, which they named Narcissus. This same flower is proud of its beauty, for it bends its head to view its own personality in the mirroring waters as they ripple by*.

Adulation is the death of virtue,
Pride a seraphic crime;
Vainglorious souls that on it nurture,
Must fall in time.

PHAON, MYRRHA AND ARGUS

Phaon of Lesbos was a ferryman. The symmetry and grace of his youthful body was perfect, his features classical and attractive. In running his ferry from Lesbos to Chios, he was often asked by disagreeable persons the favor of ferrying them across from one isle to the other. His heart was large; he would not only ferry them across, but would commiserate them in their troubles in any way he could. One day an old beldame asked him if he would ferry her over to Chios without compensation. Phaon consented without the least hesitancy, but later it appeared that the lady he supposed was some old crone was none other than the Queen of Paphos in disguise. On her return passage she took off her disguise, and Phaon, of course, did not

*See Ovid's "Metamorphosis."

recognize her as the former old hag. This time she tested his spirit of generosity for the second time, and it had undergone no perceptible change. He would ferry the rich and the poor alike, for he seemed to have a generous, humanitarian heart.

After Phaon had ferried her back she told Phaon who she was, and that she was the same old crone he had ferried over the other day. Then she withdrew a granite jar of ungent, redolent with perfume, and told him if he would use this he would always be youthful and beautiful, for it possessed magical powers in suppressing age, feeding the try-out of time and satiating perpetual youth. He used the salve and became so strikingly beautiful that the women of the two islands would give him no peace; they all loved him and sought his caresses. Finally his beauty was to cause not only broken hearts but even death, for one of the victims of his charms was the singing poetess, Sappho, who loved him beyond description; he became the inspiration of her songs. Phaon would not reciprocate her affection, even after she sang her love sonnets and idylls to him. Phaon was made so much of that he became spoiled. Continual adulation causes man's affections to become vacillating, and they cannot concentrate their love on any one woman. Perceiving this, and becoming aware of his repulsion toward her self-tendered hand, Sappho's pride and modesty were hurt. She could see but one way to relieve the misery of her heart and that was to ascend the high rock overlooking the sea and leap from its apex. This she did, with fatal effect. The rock is called "Lover's Leap" and is pointed out to visitors until this day by the natives of the island.

Sappho was not alone a poetess, but a physically beautiful woman as well. She has been counted the tenth muse. Instead of seeking refuge in death as Sappho did, many of the beautiful women of ancient times were anthropo-

morphic and this rendered them still more attractive, for it is natural to aspire to something high and exalted instead of looking down. These beautiful women were turned into stones and trees to evade their relentless pursuers. Myrrha was transformed into a myrtle tree; Polyphonte into an owl; Arisnoe into a stone. This was Aphrodite's way of serving a penalty upon those who disobeyed her love behests. Even Hypolitus could not pay the slightest attention to Diana without causing Venus to become jealous, and a jealous woman who is gifted with divine powers is a dangerous object to encounter, as Hypolitus found her to be, for she proved to be his ruin as she had been to Enone, Phosephæ, Procris, Ariadne, Helen, Loadomia and Eriphyle.

It seems the mode of punishment with the gods was by metamorphosis. Think of poor Io, who was changed into a heifer by Jupiter when he discovered his wife Juno approaching, and after Juno had come closer she petted the heifer and wanted it herself, not knowing it was a beautiful woman that Jupiter had been making love to, and to shield his illicit love-making had recourse to this terrible transformation to deceive his wife Juno. However, Jupiter pleased his wife and took the heifer away with them. This would have pleased Jupiter to have had Io near him that he might change her back to a woman whenever Juno was away from him, but Juno wasn't to be fooled that easily, for she employed the hundred-eyed Argus to watch over this "Io" heifer. Argus watched her well and long, until one day Mercury drew his attention by means of his entrancing music and stories he told him. This lulled Argus to sleep, and as soon as he fell into a doze Mercury slew him and set Io free. Juno enucleated the hundred eyes of Argus and spread them on her peacock's tail feathers, where they are until this day.

Io ran to the sea and Juno sent a gadfly in pursuit of her. Poor Io saw there was no turning back, so swam to

get away from the gadfly. The sea was afterwards named after her, "Ionian." Finally she arrived on the shores of Egypt and swam the Nile, where Jupiter saw her again, and Juno agreed to restore her to her original maiden beauty if Jupiter would leave her alone. This he agreed to, and Juno changed her to the Maid Io, which gave her her original form and magnetic personality. The mythological interpretation of Io is supposed to have meant the moon, which is horned in its different phases. Argus is the starlit heavens—some of his eyes, or stars, blink at us. Mercury is the morning breeze ushering in the sunlight that closes the eyes of Argus, or all the stars in the heavens, and allows Io, the sun-faced clouds in the form of a heifer, to fly away into nothingness across the southern seas.

ATALANTA AND HER RACE WITH HYPPOMENES

Atalanta was the daughter of Schœneus. The family had been warned thru an oracle that marriage would be fatal to their daughter, consequently she avoided all men and devoted her time to all manner of sports until her physical being was perfect and entrancing to behold. She was a Phryne in beauty and tenderness, as well as powerful physically. Many men tried to win her love, but she repulsed them all, or if she was in any way taken with their personality she would tell them that they would have to win her by beating her at the stadium. The one who succeeded in outrunning her would be the one she would accept as her husband, tho she warned them that if they were defeated by her they were to be killed as a penalty for their defeat. Many were foolish enough to try, and lost their lives as a result of their defeat. When this virgin dashed swiftly ahead in her racing, with her golden tresses raped by the breeze, and her garments furled back, exposing her

beautiful limbs, the exercise stimulated her rosy cheeks to a refulgent hue.

This all contributed toward enhancing her beauty, to the extent of even winning the judge Hyppomenes, who had heretofore been judge of many of her races with her suitors, but he could not resist her charms any longer and told her he would run with her for the prize of her beautiful self. If he was lucky enough to win her he would make offerings to the gods. Atalanta looked into his eyes and her heart must have gone out to him at once, for she was somewhat changed in her attitude toward men after he had offered to run with her and risk his life, for she knew that he was an extraordinary youth and one of the most worthy that had yet sought her hand. The race was set for a certain day and Hyppomenes had asked aid of Venus and she had promised him she would see that he was graciously helped in the coming event. The day arrived—they stood on the mark—the signal was given and off they went. Hyppomenes was ahead, but could see that she was fast gaining on him, so he dropped a beautiful golden apple that Venus had given him for this purpose, and as she saw this she stooped, glanced at it for a moment, then she resumed her usual speed, but had lost time by glancing at the apple. Hyppomenes repeated this act of dropping golden apples until she finally stooped where he had dropped the third and picked it up. By this she lost time and was beaten a fraction of an inch. When the race was over they turned and walked together for a few paces; her breast was rising with deep respiratory movements, her blushing sweetness was deeply painted by the exhilarating exercise. She gave her hand to Hyppomenes, the very hand that held the golden apple.

"Leave me now," she uttered with a modest reluctance and still a loving glance. They might have gone on thru life together, but for some reason they had provoked the

wrath of the Goddess Cybele, and they were taken away; she was transformed into a lioness for her masculinity in trying to conquer her lovers and causing them to lose their lives in an effort to possess her beautiful body; he was transformed into a lion for the part that he took in encouraging such sport. They were afterwards yoked together, lion and lioness, Hyppomenes and Atalanta, where they still remain until this day on mural paintings and statues the world over.

THE CALYDONIAN HUNT

One of the great heroes with Jason on the good ship Argo was Meleager. Œneus was the king of Calydon in Ætolia; his son Meleager had done much in the way of settling the country, and had inherited many good traits of character from his illustrious parents. His progenitors had sprung from the most illustrious and noble stock in Greece. One of his near relatives was Dejanira, the wife of Hercules, while Leda, another close relative, became the mother of the twins, Castor and Pollux, all of which contributed toward making the family name an exalted one. I must not omit Helen, sister to Castor and Pollux, who has done so much thru her unequaled beauty to embellish the pages of history, poetry and mythology.

When Althea gave birth to Meleager, she saw on the family hearth a large charred piece of wood that was burning with tongues of flame shooting from it, and she heard the fiery tongues say to her that the accouchement would not live any longer than the piece of charred wood she was looking at; that his life would soon burn out with a flash as the wood was doing. Althea threw water on the coals and picked this particular one out from the rest and kept it in an urn free from molestation. It might have

been this very act that brought down the wrath of Jove upon her head by changing the fate of her son. It was either this, or the father, who in offering sacrifice to the gods omitted Diana, for it enraged Diana and Jupiter to the extent that they caused the materialization of a terribly dangerous and destructive boar, which was loosed in this country and became for many months a great pest and detriment to all the inhabitants.

Meleager instigated a hunt called "The Calydonian Hunt," to which he summoned the aid of all the heroes he could influence to take part in this formidable adventure, their object being to dispatch this destructive beast. Some of the heroes were Theseus, Jason, Telamon, Nestor and Atalanta, daughter of Iasius. She was caparisoned in hunting garb, but was the most attractive of all who took part, which of course was natural, she being one of the fair sex.

The heroes were glad to have the company of at least one female, especially one who was so overwhelmingly attractive, and one who by her personality would stimulate and inspire both chivalry and valor among the heroes that were near her, for men always will put their best hand forward if they know a beautiful woman is observing their movements, especially when they know the woman present admires bravery and heroic deeds above everything else. Altho she was gowned so becomingly sweet and was so much admired, they did not dare devote any time to making love to her, for this awful boar was paramount in their minds and would have to be done away with first. (It is possible these knights of the chase were more of a bore to her than the boar itself.) There were several in the company who were jealous, and who would have caused much discord among them if they could have had the opportunity to do so.

Two of these heroes were Plexippus and Toxeus, both brothers of the Queen Althea. They arrived near the cave

of the boar, and stretched great nets made of woven wood fibre; then they set their dogs on the beast to force him out of the shrubbery at the mouth of the cave. The mud was knee deep. Many of the company got stuck in the quicksand and the boar came rushing out and killed several of them before they had time to fire an arrow at him. Finally the brute made a second onset, and several of the heroes sprang forth and were nearly killed before they had time to retreat. Two of them would have been killed, had it not have been for Atalanta, who grasped the situation in a flash and sprang forth and threw her spear, which wounded the boar. Still the brute was not mortally wounded, but just enough to cause it to be more treacherous than before. However, they all praised Atalanta for her daring charge and effectual aim. Peleus, Jason and Theseus made a third attack. The animal made an unexpected flank movement and killed Auceus, one of their best men. Meleager set his teeth at this, raised his long, sinewy arm above his head and threw his spear, which took effect in the beast's heart. This brought forth cheers from all the company, but Meleager would not accept all of the glory, for he handed the hide and the spear that killed the boar over to Atalanta as a trophy of their victorious hunt, and told her and the heroes present that she had really been the cause of their success.

This caused much jealousy among the heroes, and Plexippus and his brother Taxeus started at Atalanta, and grasped the trophy from out her hand. Meleager, too manly to tolerate this abrupt and unchivalrous act, sprang at them and slew them both. Althea had been making sacrifice at the temple, and was on her way home as she was forced to look upon the dead bodies of her brothers. Altho very happy at first to learn the success of her heroic son Meleager, her countenance changed from smiles to sorrow and dismay on being informed of the demise of her broth-

ers. Altho he was her own son she swore vengeance. She thought of the charred piece of wood she had saved from the fire. She knew in this way she could destroy him for killing her brothers. She brought forth the charred piece of wood and commanded her servants to start a fire. When the fire became intense she laid the piece of wood in the fire. Then she thought, "But he is my son, Meleager. My son! Can I do this? Shall I do this?"

Then she would relent and stand back for a moment. Then again her wrath would arise and assert its influence on her, and she would place the charred piece of wood once more on the fire and again she would change her mind and withdraw it. She had repeated this operation several times, until finally her grievance had assumed such inimicable proportions that she left it on the fire and in a short time it was consumed and Meleager melted away. As the wood burned to ashes his knees gave way and he fell to the floor dead. The oracle was fulfilled—Meleager was to last as long as the charred piece of wood and no longer. The mother suffered remorse as a consequence of her terrible act. She brooded over what she had done until she finally took her own life.*

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

The mythological history of these two characters, if put into story form and narrated as the poets of old have given us the substance to build from, is an interesting myth, but a sad one.

Orpheus was a son of the sun god, Apollo, and the Muse Calliope. In extreme youth Orpheus was given a lyre by his father, and was taught to play upon it. He excelled in

*For poem on this subject see Swinburn's "Atalanta in Calydon."

this art above all others. While he was in the green fields, or in the forests, or among the foothills of the Parnassus, his lyre could be heard at intervals in its orotund vibrations, that would swell with melody and then sink into a soft, mellow, smothered, longing tone that kept up until the muse would change his spell to a rhapsody, and on and on from one to the other. This was so entrancing that it not only brought to his side all mankind who were fortunate enough to hear him, but it had the same effect upon beasts that were feral and even dangerous to be encounterd. Orpheus had a taming influence over them. Even inanimate objects were said to have been overcome by the musical strains from his lyre.

Orpheus and Eurydice were greatly enamoured of each other, but, as has often happened since, Providence had destined their love journey to be over a rocky path. At the wedding of Orpheus and Eurydice the torches, that were always in evidence at the weddings of gods and goddesses, smoked and made all who were present shed tears. This was a bad omen, which proved in a short time to mean much that was heartrending to both Orpheus and his spouse. Aristeus, who was a shepherd of extremely prepossessing personality, had the good fortune to see Eurydice one day after her marriage, when she appeared her very best. He became attracted to her at once, and something impelled him to approach her abruptly and make himself known, and to inform her of his great infatuation for her. Being a sweet, pure woman, she turned about and ran from him, in such haste that she was careless as to the path she took in getting away from his unwelcome advances. In doing this she stepped upon a poisonous snake that bit her on the foot, from which, after a short period of suffering, she died. Her loss instead of deadening Orpheus' musical gifts, had the opposite effect. Never had the world been adorned with one who could execute the lyre as Or-

pheus could. No one could listen to his harmonious strains without emotion. It pierced the very soul of both man and beast. His strains were mournful; he caused them to be solemn. This was his voice of sorrow, this was his way of complaining to the earth for the loss of his beautiful bride, a sweet way to complain, altho it might have been effectual in Orpheus' time. However, it proved to be unavailing, for he could not bring Eurydice back to earth in this way, however attractively he played the lyre; he knew, it is very likely if this would not attract her to him it was useless to resort to any other means that he might have had recourse to. So he resolved to visit Hades and see her there. He forthwith went to the heights of Tenarus, where between the hills and rocks he descended into the realms of Tartarus. He was not accompanied as Æneas was when he went below in Italy with the Sibyl as his cicerone counsel. Altho this was his "coup de essai," or first attempt, to go where Pluto and his queen, Proserpine, held forth, he was impelled thru his longing to do or to die. He passed an avenue of ghosts as he went on his way thru the gates of the outer court. He was not harmed, for he sang and played as the troubadour poets of the Middle Ages were in the habit of doing. He made it known that he had come to stay unless his quest for Eurydice bore fruit, for the world offered little attraction to him without her. His musical appeals for his wife made even the shades shed tears of grief. The chambers of Hades were all quiet for a moment. Even Rhadamanthus and Minos, the sober judges, laid down their gavels and listened to his musical strains. The beautiful reverberations were heard through and beyond the gates of adamant, where the chamber of horrors and deathless dying was. Tantalus was thirsting unto death for want of water, when copious amounts of spring water was continuously flowing a short distance from him; even he looked up with benignant smile and pleasing mien. Ixion's wheel of tor-

ture ceased in its maddening revolutions. The Danaids stopped from their tiresome task of drawing water in a sieve, also many others were entranced by his music. It might be well to explain the significance of the daughters of Danaus before going further. The daughters of Danaus, who were fifty in number, were characters in the mythical form of nymphs, supposed to be nymphs of the springs who held forth over the springs or cascades that sprung out of the soil of Argos. The fifty sons of Egyptus were to represent the fifty streams of water these springs supplied, which went dry during the hot summer season. This accounts for the significance of the story that their heads were cut off, and they were sent into Hades, where they were set to work at drawing water with a sieve, which must have meant the soft, sandy soil of Argos which absorbs the moisture in the summer when the springs are completely dry.

Even the King and Queen of Hades themselves gave way to emotion, for this was not an every-day occurrence. Eurydice hastened to Orpheus, and as she was coming down the vaulted corridor toward her husband he could hear her limp. Orpheus petitioned the king to let him take his much-beloved wife away with him, but thru the opposition brought to bear by the Furies, Pluto would not let her go unless he would abide by one condition, that he should not look into her face until he had taken her above ground and out of the limbo they were now in. Of course Orpheus consented to this and started along, leading his beloved to the surface of the earth. On his way he was to pass by and thru parts of Hades he had never before surveyed, for it seemed to be a different way than by that which he entered. The inmates, who were very numerous, as well as the attendants, looked with astonishment at the unheard-of temerity Orpheus was displaying. Yet he continued on his way thru unspeakable corridors of grief and chambers of this inferno until he had reached the last exit, and here he

either inadvertently forgot, or else he could not wait any longer. He did as Lot's wife is said to have done outside the walls of Sodom and Gomorrah. According to Scripture, Lot's wife looked around at the smoking ruins of Sodom and was metamorphosed into a pillar of salt. Orpheus turned, not to look at Hades, but to look into the face he loved so well, the sweet countenance he longed to look upon. He could see only vacancy—she had dematerialized before his glance. He tried to grasp and hold her, but all to no purpose, for she had been taken from him. He only clinched the vacant, hellish air. His sorrow was now greater than ever. He realized his mistake in not living up to Pluto's behest.

Orpheus from that time was soured against woman. All of the beautiful maidens throughout Thrace endeavored to captivate him, but he was hardened at heart. Their dancing and overtures of love were made in vain. They finally saw it was useless to try and win his love, so as it often does with women, if their tendered affections are cast aside, their love turns to hate, as it did in this case. They even tried to kill him by throwing javelins at him, which always fell at his feet without harming him in the least, for his music acted as a shield that made him invulnerable to whatever means they would take to do him harm.

The Fates must have inspired the maidens to conjure means to destroy him, for in a short while there was "le tout ensemble" of Sybarite maids, intoxicated with Satyrian beverages, who kept up a chorus of deafening discordance —ejaculations that drowned out the sweet cadence of Orpheus' lyre, and in this way rendered him vulnerable to injury. These maidens flew at him with implacable zeal, and tore him limb from limb, and then cast his remains into the River Hebrus, tho with all of this disfigurement he continued to play his lyre, for they had cast this into the river after him. He floated down the stream, playing and

playing as he went. The shores of the stream were not as improvident as the maids had been, for they tenderly reciprocated his sweet appeals. His remains were taken possession of by the Muses, who afterwards buried him at Libethra, where even at this day the nightingales sing with much more melody than at any other part of the globe. His lyre is outlined by stars in the blue heavens, which are plainly visible at times on a starlit evening. Jupiter was supposed to have placed it there in memory of him. There is much more that could be said of the adventures of Orpheus and Eurydice, for he had made a second visit to Hades to see his beloved, but this will have to suffice for lack of space.

What the poet meant to signify by Eurydice's fading away at the exit to Hades, while she was within the grasp of her lover Orpheus, was that she represented the fading blush of dawn that is pierced by the serpent of night, and Orpheus, the sun's penetrating shafts of light, following her to the dark regions of shadows, where she is found, but as he, or the sun's rays, encompasses her as he looks back, cause her to fade before his gaze, as the shadow of the early morn vanishes before the golden sheen of the rising sun.

There are many interpretations of this myth, and many beautiful and delightful poems have been written on these two mythological characters. See Pope's "Ode to St. Cecelia's Day," Southey's "Thalaba," Browning's "Eurydice and Orpheus," and the works of William Morris; also Max Muller's "Chips from a German Workshop."

NIKE, ERIS AND NOX

Nike was regarded as the Goddess of Victory, while Eris, or Discord, was the Goddess of Strife. Nox was the daughter of Chaos and wife of Erebus (darkness) who

bore two children, Ether (the pure air) and Hemera (day). She was regarded as one of the seven elements that constituted the universe: Fire, water, earth, air, sun, moon and night. She was the mysterious Goddess of the Night, present during sickness and suffering. She would often summon to her aid Oneiropompus, the guide of dreams, and Psychopompus, the guide to Hades, who was no other than Hermes (Mercury), the messenger to the gods.

Nox was supposed to have been present at all misfortunes that befall mankind, such as war, murder, quarrels and death. She always came out under the cover of night and darkness. All that was horrifying and of formidable foreboding was supposed to have been the offspring or product of this goddess. She was serious and always clothed in heavy drapery. Her head was mantled with a star-spangled veil. She was possessed of two black wings and carried two children in her arms; one was white to personify sleep, while the other was black to personify death. She sometimes rode in a black chariot, holding an extinguished torch in her hand, with the flame end pointing to the ground. She was surely the goddess of ill doings and sorrows.

PYTHAGORAS

Pythagoras was born in the sixth century before Christ, on the Island of Samos, but spent the greater part of his life in Corona, Italy. He was an extensive traveler, visiting Egypt and all of the Far East. He devoted all of his thoughts to the nature of the human soul, and while in India compared his philosophy with the Brahmins, and in Chaldea with the Magi, who were the wise men of those countries. Pythagoras considered that numbers were the foundation and essence of the entire universe. He said the monad, or unit, must be the starting place of everything—

all numbers increase from it. Therefore, the essence or the deity is from all sources of Nature, and Nature is but the unit. To illustrate: The horse, the trees, rocks and the human soul are all from the same element, which is the deity. This essence, or God, that is in us is polluted by the body. It is purer at youth than at adult age, and purification can only take place thru death, whereby the impurities dissolve away and the volatile soul passes into oblivion. So every living thing has some divine essence interjected into its make-up.

Pythagoras maintained that when the human soul left the body it held forth in the habitation of the ethereal dead, where it remained until it came by natural selection to inhabit another living thing—either an ox, lion, cat, or whatever the soul is eligible to inhabit. It naturally seeks, until by time it is sufficiently purified, to enter its original equal. The Pythagorian Theory of Transmigration of Souls was the ancient Egyptian doctrine of reward and punishment, whereby we make our own heaven by being pure and transmigrating to the human form instead of being impure and going into the form of a bull or some other beast. This is why the Pythagorians and ancient Egyptians worshipped animals and would not kill them, for they were sure they contained a human soul. Pythagoras had several ways of expressing his doctrine. "The Harmony of the Spheres" or the relation of the musical scale to numbers, whereby harmony is the result of proportionate sound vibrations, which is the "Karma," the good or the bad—Harmony and Discord. Pythagoras taught that in the center of the universe was a great ball of fire from which heat radiated to all parts; this was the life-giving principle. This great fire was surrounded by the earth, the moon and five planets. Their distance apart he considered corresponded in proportions to the musical scale. One planet repels, the other attracts, just enough according to their size to hold

them in harmony by mutual attraction and repulsion. This is the Pythagorian Harmony of Heaven, or "The Harmony of the Spheres."

THE TAJMAHAL

'Tis poetry in mason's art,
A human soul in stone.
If there's a heaven, this is a part
On earth alone.

The Tajmahal, the poetry of architecture, is located in Agra, India, and was built by Shah Jahan, the last of the Mogul Governors. It took 30,000 men thirty years to construct this wonderful tomb at a cost of 50,000,000 pounds sterling. Shah Jahan was partial to one of his beautiful wives, and often said if he ever lost her he would build a tomb for her that would excel anything of the kind in the world. He kept his promise, for the Tajmahal is universally accepted as being the most beautiful building ever constructed by the hand of man. The architect who drew the plans was forced to have his arms amputated so that he could not draw another that might excel or eclipse this one. Poetry or prose are too weak to express the "soul" of this magnificent tomb, or the human eye has never looked upon anything that is more inspiring or entrancing. Looking upon this tomb will inspire you with an earthly sentiment and a deeper insight into the soul of man and what he really can accomplish, whether he be Jew or Christian, Mohammedan or Confucian, Buddhist or Shinto.

After visiting this tomb its grandeur grows in you and with you. You are imbued with a feeling you can never throw off. The yew and the linden trees that form a vista to its steps; the diamond star granite walks beneath your

feet; the song birds in the branches above, with monkeys barking to the passers-by; and the little brooks fretted with pebbles to make the running waters play a tune and keep time in an eternal symphony. The blocks of marble composing the walls are cut larger and larger as they are superimposed upon each other to preserve the effect of perfect proportion, for when the eye looks away or upward the object appears smaller and smaller, according to the increased distance the vision is compelled to survey.

On entering the tomb the first thing to greet the eye is the cenotaph where this beautiful queen's remains were laid. Screens sculptured from alabaster as fine as lace curtains surround and enclose this sarcophagus. The acoustic properties are so pronounced beneath this great dome that when an E string to a violin is sounded it ascends under the rotunda and back, then accentuates the tone and repeats the journey many times; finally the sound dies away in the cenotaph and the last sound seems to raise the cover, expel a note and close again, smothering the last vibration into oblivion with her remains. All of the precious and semi-precious stones are cut into the native flowers and set into the marble walls. They look so real one would think they could be plucked with ease for a buttonhole bouquet. The stones are used according to the color required to picture the flower desired; ruby for red, emerald for green, lapis lazuli for violet blue, etc. The floor is laid in Indian mosaic.

The cenotaph is embossed with all the precious metals, and set with all of the most beautiful and expensive gems that could be procured in the world. It is interesting to know that the celebrated "Kohinoor" diamond was taken from here, being now one of the crown jewels of Great Britain. These gems were found in the Island of Ceylon, called the Pearl of the Seas, for there are thirty-two valuable gems mined there. The most pleasing time to visit the exterior

of this tomb is at the hour of moonlight. The moon casts its sheen on this great, white dome, with the winding Ganges in the distance, with the starry heavens as its background. All is quiet except the occasional song of the nightingale on its heavenly journey, keeping time and distant harmony with the eternal music of the fretted brooks that make a nocturnal symphony; a symposium of mirth; a paradise of earth; a place to love and be loved. This tomb of death, tho sphere of light and life—I cannot say more; you must go, see, think and dream!

Tho only of stone alabaster,
Of marble, of granite, of lime,
The Taj of all art is the master,
The Taj a soul-frozen clime.

It speaks to the heart and it mutters
Words that are void to the ear,
Heart feels, for its swells and it flutters,
It flutters and feels for the near.

A flower that has sprung from the spirit,
By the hand thru the soul it has grown,
It sings to the heart that is near it,
It sings from a soul all its own.

Esthetics in stone and in mortar,
Wherever you go you will be
Enchanted by day dreams you'll loiter,
And think of the past and of thee.

When we pass thru the gates of heaven,
And walk up the streets and the mall,
If the scene is as scripture has given,
'Tis the same as the Tajmahal.

THE EUMENIDES

The Eumenides, or Furiæ, were the daughters of night or darkness. They were the servants of Pluto and Proserpine and were stationed at the entrance of Hades. They were entrusted with the duty of punishing those who had committed crime on earth and had died in the flesh without atonement. Nemesis was often employed by them to pursue people who had committed some terrible crime, as Orestes did of old, murdering his mother, Clytemnestra, for her unfaithful attitude toward his father, Agamemnon. Clytemnestra was not to be trusted in morals as Penelope, the wife of Ulysses, while the two great heroes were absent, and to avenge the murder of his father, Orestes resorted to this capital crime that involved him in the almost hopeless pangs of the Eumenides. However, he was finally restored to happiness, after he had sought the advice of an oracle of Apollo from Taurus that saved him, as his sister, Iphogenia, was saved years before at this same shrine.

Eumenides seems to signify the "Well-minded Goddesses" who were divine instruments to punish those guilty of sloth, criminal negligence of duty, breach of faith, youthful forwardness and incorrigibility. They preserved morality by punishing vice and rewarding virtue, which compelled the leaning to charity and righteousness. How true it is that if one commits a crime the Eumenides, which is our conscience, follow us and torment us until we are compelled to confess our wrongs or commit suicide for relief. They oftentimes keep us from committing crimes by inspiring us with foreboding fear and punishing us with impending gloom and sorrow if we violate the divine dictates of our consciences.

There are several other inferior deities I will speak of this time that are surely worthy of mention. The first is Momus, the God of Mopes, who inspired, as the Greeks

thought, men with apathy and indifference. This god disliked both gods and men, with the exception of Aphrodite. He complained of Prometheus, whose name is significant of forethought, and his brother, Ephemephius, which is significant of afterthought. He felt that Prometheus, in making man, should have made a window in his breast that one could look within and read his thoughts. This God moped and moped until he died.

THE ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES

I have spoken of the Eleusinian mysteries in one of the former chapters, but feel there is more that should be said of them. In my last tour of Greece, there was nothing in the country outside of Mount Olympus, or the Parnassus range of mountains, and the view of the Vale of Tempe that interested me as much as the little ruined City of Eleusis, where the "greater Eleusinia" festival first took place, far back in remote ages. It was considered by the ancient Greeks and Romans to be the grandest phase of their worship. Its origin is so antique and its ritual antedates all classical antiquity, so that we are obliged to guess at the first inception of its evolution into polytheistic worship by the Greeks.

The practice of solemnization of this cult or religion is surely one of the cardinal developments of the Greeks, rising to such supereminence in every phase of culture, for through these mysteries they perceived life in vegetation that they invested with the divine bodies and souls of two goddesses, Demeter and Cora, the Greek names, while the Romans called them Ceres and Proserpine. The Rape of Proserpine by Pluto, the King of Hades, was the carrying below of this maiden goddess, where she became Queen of Hades, and her mother, Ceres, hunted the world over for

her, and finally, through higher authority, it was agreed that Proserpine could stay below with this Plutonian God through Fall and Winter, and could come out under the sun and stars of heaven and enjoy their light and the surface of the earth in the Spring and Summer, as vegetation, when it decays and goes back into the ground for part of the year and comes forth young, tender and beautiful in the Spring.

These mysteries caused the Greeks to look deeply into their own souls. They raised their heads from their marble gods to look up into the workings and phenomena of the living God. This gave them life, learning, hope and happiness. Their enthusiasm can be better imagined by reading the hymns of Homer, Pindar, Plato, Socrates, Sophocles, Aristophanes and many others. They were called mysteries, but there was nothing mysterious in this cult that they endeavored to keep as a secret from others. There was no password or symbols or signs for initiation into its membership.

It was because there was a mystery that only the Gods themselves knew, and in this mystery there was just enough revealed to give them hope of immortality after death when decomposition had thrown off the garments of flesh; that the mysterious essence, by passing through a change similar to vegetation, would perpetuate the human soul as an everlasting entity. This phase of the ancient Greek worship is somewhat analogous to our own Christian worship, for in the seared Fall of each year they saw death, and in Spring they saw the earth crowned with new life, which was their Gospel of Hope, predicting the immortality of the human soul.

EUROPA

Europa was the daughter of Agenor, King of Phœnecia, and son of Neptune. Jupiter was greatly enamored of her. It was from this character in mythology that the continent of Europe was named. Her three sons, one of whom I speak elsewhere, was Minos, King of Crete, and who was made, after his death, a judge in Hades with his brother Rhadamanthus. Some authors say she was a Princess of Tyre, who was carried to Crete by Taurus (which means "bull").

However, it is related that Jupiter, in the form of a bull, carried her far into the continent of Europe on his back. Cadmus, her brother, who was the founder of Thebes, sought after her. She was the soft light of dawn that travels westward as Jupiter, the bull, carries her in that direction. Cadmus, her brother, represents the sun's rays that followed after her.

Cadmus, son of Agenor, King of Phœnicia, while seeking his sister, had strange adventures. He sowed teeth of a dragon he had killed, which grew up into armed men, who slew each other, except five, who helped Cadmus found the City of Thebes.

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE

Pygmalion was a misogymist, a woman-hater, although he was a great sculptor, which may seem like an anomaly observable in the lives of many geniuses, for it would seem that one who could cut from stone as perfect a figure of woman as he did, that woman would have been ideal in his mind. He made a beautiful statue of what was his ideal of perfection in woman's physical charms. He took this statue, which was life-size, with him away from all worldly

life into some safe retreat in the country. The statue was so perfect it seemed to blush with modesty when its beautiful form was exposed. Pygmalion would go into his studio and sit near and talk to her and caress her.

He finally fell deeply in love with her. He would often feel of her pulse to see if she wasn't really alive after all. At length he had become so overcome by this statue that it was nothing less than worship on his part. At the time of the Festival of Venus at Cyprus, Pygmalion went hither and made offering on her altar, and bid Venus to bring his beautiful statue to life. Prior to his arrival, the altar of Venus had smoked and caused those present to shed tears. It was always an ominous sign of evil when the torch or altar smoked and made the Paranymphs, Auletrides and Bathyllos, who were present at weddings, shed tears. But this condition of things ceased after Pygmalion arrived and cast incense upon the smoldering fire, for in a moment a bright blue flame arose. That was of great significance to him. He went to his statue; lo and behold! there she was, ready to receive him with human life instilled into her and a heavenly soul. She was named Galatea, and after awhile she gave birth to Paphos, and from this name the city of Paphos was named, which was ever afterward sacred to Venus.

THE PARCÆ OR FATES

The Parcæ, or Fates, were three in number, and were said to have been sisters, the daughters of night and darkness. Their names were Clotho, Lachesis and Atropus. Clotho, the youngest, placed the wool about the spindle, which represents our growing youth and health during adolescence, while Lachesis signifies the potency of matured manhood and womanhood. Atropus, the eldest of

the sisters, was supposed to be the one who cut the thread of life. Thus we have it that one placed the wool on the spindle, the other spun the wool, making the thread of life strong, while the third and last cuts the thread that represents the last act in life's three-act drama.

Some have added Fortuna, the Goddess of Fortune, as being the fourth sister. In art, the Three Fates, like the Three Graces, are always together: Youth, maturity and death in one group as the Fates, while the Graces are Faith, Hope and Charity.

THE VOCAL MEMNON OF UPPER EGYPT

Memnon was an Ethiopian prince who went to aid the Trojans in their great war. He was a brave soldier as well as a blue-blooded prince. He, thru his merit and valor, slew Antilochus, son of Nestor, which kept back the destructive tide of the Greek army until Achilles came forward and slew him. While visiting the great Colossus of Memnon at Luxor in Upper Egypt my Cicerone dragoman explained to me that Aurora, his mother, had the four winds bring his remains to Mysia, and after this she had a great statue built, forty feet high and of proportional thickness, to represent her weeping at night, with the Pleiads, over the loss of her son. She also had another statue cut of the same proportions, which stands on the great desert of Egypt, far away from every object. This statue is supposed to have sung each and every morning for many years, while the other one uttered a moaning cry as the sun set each and every evening. No one could fathom the source of these utterances. It is a historical fact that one of them expelled an audible moan, with drops of moisture flowing down and out of the internal canthus of her eyes. Even now can be seen a discoloration where the trickling tears have made

their facial rivulets. These statues are called the "Vocal Memnon" because they were said to have kept up a morning and evening antiphony of dual chants, to each other and to the world, at the rise of the glorious golden sun over the eastern sea and again at the death of the Egyptian day, when it sank in the desert sands*. The heat of the rising sun melted the nocturnal dew, which formed the tears of Aurora on this vocal statue.

Doubt has been entertained whether Memnon was taken to Mysia or far up the Nile. Mysia is in Asia Minor, near the Sea of Mamora, and the statues of Memnon are in Upper Egypt, near where he was supposed to have gained his nativity. So it is altogether probable he was brought back to Upper Egypt. While visiting the Colossus of Memnon in Upper Egypt I induced my dragoman, by handing him a little "backshish," to climb one of these monstrous statues and pound upon it with a small stone. The sound that issued from it is the same as that issuing from a steam boiler after striking upon it with a hammer—it is a metallic sound. There is not the least doubt in my mind but what I heard a distinct sound of a wailing nature issue from one of these statues while sitting at its feet one evening waiting for the sun to go down.

The mythological interpretation of Memnon is that he was King of the unknown Ethiopian race in the land of gloaming and the center of the world, where the points of the compass meet and, as Bullfinch says, the name signifies "dark splendor."

For illustrative poems see Milton's "Il Penseroso" and Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination," which pictures the connection of Memnon's music with spiritual truth. If such manifestations are really true, as they have been heralded from past ages, it is obvious proof of the immortality of the soul.

*See "Pausanias, the Traveler," or "Herodotos."

HERO AND LEANDER

To test the verity of the tradition that Leander swam the Hellespont to see and be with his mistress, Lord Byron made the journey over the same body of water himself, by swimming from Sestos to Abydos, or from the continent of Europe to the continent of Asia. It is said that he proved the physical possibility of this adventure, altho he admitted it to be no easy task, and that the current at some hours of the day would be encountered with danger. Byron was of the opinion that the substance of Ovid's poem was an undeniable and indubitable truth, for there was no room for doubt but what a physically perfect man, as Leander was supposed to have been, could make this hazardous trip. The distance is in the neighborhood of two miles, but it is not so much the distance as it is the undercurrent that makes this journey difficult and perilous.

In Andrew Lang's translation into English of Ovid's "Metamorphosis" is an account given in detail by Byron himself of this adventure.

Leander was very fond of Hero, who made her home on the opposite shore, and in order to see her he would often at the death of day make this trip across the Hellespont. One day in particular, when nature had painted the water and shores a golden pink, and the elements were in harmonious gladness with the golden sunset, and the festival of Venus was being celebrated in Sestos, he swam across this stream to make obeisance to this goddess of love and beauty, for he was a lover of beautiful women and would be attracted to worship at the altar of one who might offer him in return for his sacrifice what she had in the past offered to Paris. Leander started on his long swim, with Hero on the opposite shore, far up in a tower where she could see each and every stroke her lover was

making to force himself to her side. From this same place she had made sacrifices of turtle blood, and after which she would mount the battlements and gaze across the Hellespont to throw Leander a kiss and beckon him to come to her. Those who love as Leander and Hero were said to have loved could not be kept apart by a simple stream of water, for God is always with those who truly love. They are as two gold ingots that are pure and unadulterated. They can be melted into one with ease without leaving a precipitate or without a recaltricant effervescence. They mix and melt together into one, for like attracts like. This was the case with Leander and Hero. Hero was pure and chaste, and much loved by Venus, for she attended her gardens and her altar. Leander was prepossessing and was capable of expressing his love for Hero couched in such poignant terms that not even a goddess would repulse him. He kissed her hands and tenderly pressed them to his lips with such fervent appeal that he won her in both body and soul. He would bury his face in her golden tresses and stroke her long, wavy hair that hung over her shoulders. He would kiss her lips that were curved into a Cupid's bow, with white, pearly teeth set in ambush back of those ruby lips. Her profile was classical, with eyebrows that formed two symmetrical arches. The external and internal canthus of her eyes were cut in the shape of an olive. Her eyes were large, "ox" eyes, with a scintillating radiance that spoke when the lips were quiet. They seemed to mirror her heart and reflect the image of a pure woman's soul. Her complexion was as smooth as polished ivory, with a subcutaneous rosy tint that seemed to emit the vital essence of love. Her form was as perfect in its curves as it would be possible for nature's hand to sculpture a human form. Hero had all of this, and much that goes with it that pen cannot write nor can the tongue express.

Leander was as perfect in all that goes toward making an ideal man as she was in all that contributed in making an ideal woman. She gave Leander all, and even more than was hers. She gave the part that belongs to "virtue," which is part of God. She gave the jewel that cannot be returned, yet she gave it willingly. She even held lighted torches that he might find his watery path illuminated for him as he swam to her. Such love is surely sweet. How could it have been a sin? Why should society or the world look upon love as a sin? Tho God must have deemed it as such, for the fatal moment arrived one evening when Leander had started on his last trip across the Hellespont. He had arrived midway between Sestos and Abedas. The winds started to blow and at every stroke Leander would make, it seemed to increase the severity of the gale. The waves swelled higher and higher. Neptune and Zephyr had allied against him and now they had him in their malignant grasp. Every moment was weakening him; his limbs were becoming weary. He would at intervals become completely submerged by the angry waves; each time he arose he was rendered more and more feeble, until at last he was compelled to submit to the overwhelming power of Neptune. Platitudes, prayers or euphemistic expressions were useless at this time, and what contributed the most to make the scene a frightful one was that Hero, who could descry her lover, from yonder tower, who was making superhuman efforts to reach her. She could see him as he became weaker and weaker. She wrung her hands and offered supplications to heaven to save him, and let her once more kiss his tired lips. But no, his fate had been written "and what is writ is writ." Leander was drowned. The "affair du cour" was now to have its ignoble ending. Like Dido, she could not live nor would she, for the whole world

sank beneath the waves of the Hellespont; he was her world, her happiness, her past, present, future and her undoing. Hero followed in the footsteps of Sappho. She leaped from the tower where she had seen him in his last struggles to come to her. Soon the waves covered her as they a moment before covered Leander, and it was a moment's pleasing reflection to her to know that she would at least bury herself in the same briny grave that her dear heart, Leander, had but a moment before been compelled to accept of as his final resting place.

Man's passion's a power
That will rule for the hour,
When sated 'tis conquered and tame.
It reflects on its folly
And awhile this will nolly,
But in time will falter again.

PARNASSUS, OR THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE GOLDEN SPRING

Parnassus, or the Birthplace of the Golden Spring, is the ineffable womb of ancient prophecy. God was first seen in the lightning, the wind, elements and the golden sun, and when the universe expressed its glorious gladness thru the medium of an impersonated deity that waved to earthly mortals its both smiling and frowning features in the flashing lightning, and its stentorian exhortations or the voice of thunder, keeping up an eternal sympathy with the whistling zephyr and the roaring Boreas, directed in matchless time and tune by the wand of the Olympian Jove.

Man has always tried to seek happiness and avoid misery. Locke says that happiness consists in what delights the mind and contents it. Misery is what discomforts and tor-

ments it. So it behooves men of all ages to seek that which will bring enduring happiness, and not ephemeral pleasures, that are illusory and always have a sequel of misery.

The Greeks differed much from the Hindus in their worship of the beautiful or the metaphysical objects of the universe. The Hindus, as Buckel says in his "History of Civilization," lived near the great Himalayas, that are like unto a terrible monster. The jungle of Punjab and Bengal had that wild look, as do the Himalayas, that made primitive man afraid of his own shadow, so he impersonated or invested these objects of nature with a monstrous personality that was abnormal and hideous in its every aspect. This monster they formed in their minds. They constructed statues of these allegorical deities and worshipped before them.

The Shinto religion of Japan today is a perverted form of Buddhism, where they write their prayers on paper, chew it into a plastic wad and throw it at the hideous deity, and if it sticks to it it is their belief their prayer will be answered and that they have propitiated the deity.

But not so with the Greeks—they saw the beautiful in all nature—they were endowed with artistic eyes. They loved physical perfection in man and godly beauty in nature. This produced Stoic philosophy and Zoileans. It made pansophistical scholars like Plato, Archimedes and Aristotle; it made Thales, the scientist, and Solon, the father of Plato. It drove these wise men of remote days to study and know the laws of nature that govern the destiny of the world. It brought forth a Phidias who built the Parthenon. It gave such human agencies as he and Praxiteles, who styled the fluted columns of Ionic and Corinthian architecture that support the entablature of the Parthenon and the Temple of the Olympian Jove "that still edifies the glorious fame of Olympian Zeus" and speaks past glories of the city of the violet crown.

But, ah! those glories have passed away as we must pass, and as even stone must change. Pan is dead; Jesus of Nazareth, wrapped in swaddling garments, resting in a stable in Bethlehem of Judea, was the cause of his passing. Pan, son of Mercury, had done his part for the world. He was a god of the woods—the great god of universal nature. Pan, tho he was not prepossessing in his putative personality, still was aggressive and pressed his suit and overt manifestations of love to the wood nymphs and maidens. His musical proclivities would draw them, tho his repugnant personality would repel them at sight of him. The meaning of the word "panic" was handed down from the obtrusive overtures and frights he so often gave to maids walking thru the woodlands. He caused pandemonium among them in their flight to get out of his presence.*

Pan was the god of multitudinous and diversified nature. This made him eligible to be accepted as one of the paramount gods in the Pantheon of the gods. People now began to see, as Socrates saw centuries before, that there was a living God that ruled the universe. Jesus, the long-promised Messiah, had come. His apostle, Paul, had stood in the shade of the Temple of Diana. He had talked to the savants and sages of the Areopagus, the public court of justice, founded in remote ages by Cecrops. He told them of the living God; his graceful mien and decorum were shafts that penetrated their soul and wounded their god, Pan, who writhed in a long paroxysm of Pyrrhonistic agony until his final passing.

*Read Mrs. Browning's "Pan Is Dead."

HEAVEN

(Written by Anna M. Fries Chapin.)

Heaven, a vacant place where earth is floating,
Encircled earth by heaven everywhere.
The human race its every type devoting,
Transcendent worship and to its ruler prayer.

Instinct gives hope unto the cave man,
Reason gives us confidence to know;
That the word revealed is enough to save man,
With the Pantheon of nature's gods below.

H is for the home and children raised there;
E is for the eternal peace therein;
A is for the Ave Marias that's sung there;
V is for the value Christ has been.
E again is that he equally loves thee;
N is for his noble death for sin.
Put them all together, they spell heaven,
The bourn of mansions we're to enter in.

A PROPHETIC DAY DREAM AFTER READING THE REVELATION OF ST. JOHN

The beast that rose from the sea with seven heads was imperial Rome. The ten horns of this beast were and still are the ten kingdoms of Europe, with a crown for each horn, or king. Rome was the conqueror of seven states, which is significant of the seven heads. Pagan Rome was now Papal Rome. The lion metamorphosed itself into a lamb. The dragon of the East gave birth to a new Rome,

which was the Byzantine empire grafted and transformed into a child of the East, born of the "City of God." When the "Father" had weakened under Teutonic invasion Emperor Constantine saw the sign in the heavens, which was the Holy Cross with the words "By this conquer." This not only changed his belief, but stimulated him to change the destiny of mankind and the world, having its initiative at Melvin Bridge, which eventually gave birth to the Council of Nice in Asia Minor and the Nicean Creed, settling the then current heresy of Arias by anathamatizing such Christian anomalies as "There was a time when God was not the Father"; "Jesus both human and divine," and the absurdity of transubstantiation. This ecumenical council denounced Arias and established tenets in the Christian liturgy that Christ *was* in "Ancient of Days," that he *was* contemporaneous with God. Nearly the whole world has since worshipped at Christ's altar, the protected Christian shrine. Although the church has since been divided into the Church of the East and of the West, still Constantine has saved it from eternal dissolution.

God handed down two swords, one for the Pope or spiritual rule and one for the emperor or temporal rule. For a period the three-crown diadem of the Pope would predominate and domineer over the Tyrean purple gown and scepter of the emperor, then the emperor would attain suzerainty over the Pope and vice versa. In time, all wounds, even these, were temporarily healed on the head of this beast (Rome). The old sore that was caused by Teutonic tribes from beyond the Rhine was bruised and contused again and again by Charlemaigne and Barbaroso, the paladines aiding and the Ghebelines injuring. The emperors of the Holy Roman empire were German. This empire included Rome and the most of Europe. After many mutations of this great state the Holy Empire was always ruled by a German prince, with the possible exception of Charles V. A Prussian finally succeeded

to the rule of a united Germany. The Prussian people were the last of Europe's nations to accept Christianity, and the first to protest against it under their leading protagonist, Luther. They were surely heathen at heart, for when the crusades were being made into the Holy Lands to shield the holy sepulchre from Saracen desecration, they also made crusades into Prussia to put down their pagan and barbaric modes of life and worship. The present Kaiser is the "anti-Christ," the "Appolyon,' the "666" (Prince, let me say through the royal line of David). His six sons are six horns that grew out of him. One of these horns will be transplanted on the old sore when Kaiser Wilhelm II. is deposed or abdicates the throne in favor of his son. This will be done under pressure at the termination of this great war, which is the Armageddon. England, France and the United States (God bless their consanguinity and nepotism) are the posterity of the lost tribes of Israel. The most representative men of these nations are of the tribe of Manasseh, who are to save the world from oppression. King George V. can trace his genealogy back to King David. His posterity will be placed on the Ottoman throne. The Sublime Porte will be free to all nations. The Bosphorus and Dardenelles will become an international waterway. Turkey will be vanquished into Asiatic exile; an English prince will rule over Palestine and this war will last three years and one-half. The "unclean frogs" that come from the mouth of this beast are the three allies of Germany. The ten horns also represent the German states that Germany proper is composed of, with her allies which have had power with the beast for "an hour," their ephemeral reign. They have given their power to the beast (The Kaiser) which is the "one mind" that has made war with the "lamb" or allies, who are lovers of peace. They shall win, for they are the "Chosen and Faithful." The "wonders" that this beast has created are the bringing of fire from heaven by means of the Zeppelins and airships in the "sight

of men," and the "miracles" he was to create are the submarines, which are an "image to the beast." The "mark" with the name of the beast is the German coin of that name that the soldiers of that cursed empire receive in their "right hand" at the hour of their enlistment, the same as the English soldiers accept of the "King's shilling" on joining the British army. If not for the allies the harp would be broken and harmony would forever cease, and no hand would there be to repair or restring the harp except God's, who will first bring down plagues, pestilence, hunger and strife upon mankind, as upon the Pharaohs of old, and to save the just, time will be opportune for the fulfilment of prophesy in the second coming of Christ, who is to come to earth surrounded by his retinue of angels and saints to punish vice and reward virtue, to claim the blessed and vanquish the cursed, to save the righteous and destroy the wicked.—Dr. H. L. C.

A POSTHUMOUS DAUGHTER

Sketch in One Act.
Time—Present. Place—Any city in the United States.

CAST

MR. ROBERT LOCK.....Bachelor
MISS FLORENCE HINES.....Posthumous Child
MRS. FLORENCE HINES.....Assumed name, Mrs. Evens
MARY.....Maid and Chaperon for Miss Hines

(Curtain rises.)

ACT I

FLORENCE HINES—Just think, you have been my—let me see, what shall I call it? O! yes, guardian, that is, you have been my protector for eighteen years; ever since I was that high (illustrates height by holding forth hand). I am eighteen years old today, ain't I, papa? Think of me calling you "papa," when you are not my papa. Tho dear, you have been an awful good papa to me and I—I—

ROBERT LOCK—And you're going to kiss me, aren't you?

FLORENCE—Yes, I'm going to kiss you, that will partly compensate you for your sweetness of the past; won't it? (They kiss.)

ROBERT—(Holds her hands.) Florence, you are eighteen years old today and—

FLORENCE—Yes, dear, I am of age now, and from today on I will be my own boss, won't I? I can go out into the world and mingle with the elite and social elect, where I can meet some nice prepossessing man and marry him. Won't that be nice?

ROBERT—Yes, that will be very nice—nice for you and the fellow. Florence do you mean that, or are you jesting with me?

FLORENCE—No dear (Laughingly), no, I don't mean a word of it, and you know I don't, don't you?

ROBERT—No, I don't know anything when it comes to the capricious acts of a woman; they are so hard to understand.

FLORENCE—How hard you do speak of woman.

ROBERT—You have never spoken of marrying until today. You have surely been thinking.

FLORENCE—(Pointing her finger.) You're jealous, you're jealous.

ROBERT—I am sorry to say that I am. And why shouldn't I be?

FLORENCE—(Pulls her chair closer to him.) You know what you have promised me so many times don't you, "papa"?

ROBERT—Oh! Florence, for heaven's sake don't address me with that paternal name "papa" any more. Call me Robert; just plain everyday Robert. You know you are a young lady now; besides I am not your father, and too, I—I—

FLORENCE—(She clasps her arms about his neck.) All right, dear, I won't. I'll call you Robert from now on.

ROBERT—That's a good girl.

FLORENCE—Robert, Robert! I love to call you Robert. (She looks steadily into his eyes.) You know that promise. Now you must fulfil your promise. You told me when I arrived at the age of eighteen years, you would tell me all about my parents and my early life; who my father was; what business he followed; how he died, and the same of my dear mother. Oh, yes; and particularly my mother, for you have already spoken to me of her queenly grace and transcendent beauty—her beautiful face, hair and figure, and her extraordinary intellect, together with her vivacity, that you said heightened the brilliancy of her charming personality, and made her the fairest object of creation, in your estimation of womanly perfection. Now, you can't put me off any longer; you must tell all and tell me right now.

ROBERT—Florence, I have always done by you as I have promised, and I am going to in this case. I can tell you the story of your father's noble life and ignominious ending in a

few words, but there is much more in your mother's life story that is real romance than there is in your father's. However, I will tell you all I know of her, but of your father first. His name was Hines, Captain James Hines. He spent the greater part of his time on the water, as master of different vessels, and it was while in command at his post of duty that he lost his life. He was master of the "Indian Prince" when she was lost with all hands in a severe storm on the Bay of Biscay. He was forty-five years of age, and the consensus of opinion among his friends was that he was handsome. He was very fond of your mother, and always claimed me as his best and nearest friend, and always said if anything ever happened to him that I should take care of both you and your mother, which I have tried to do.

FLORENCE—You have done it nobly; you have been so kind. But don't let me interrupt you; proceed with my mother, for a daughter has an innate desire to know of her mother above all others.

ROBERT—Your mother's maiden name was Florence Walsh. You were named after her, as she was named after her mother, and so on for many generations back. She was a very handsome woman, and my dear girl you would have been my daughter in reality, could I have had my way, but fate decreed it differently, very much to my sorrow, for I was very fond of her. We were schoolmates together, and grew up together in the same neighborhood. We were engaged and the day set for our marriage, but on account of a little quarrel we had, we broke up, and I left town for a few months and while I was away, she married Mr. Hines out—I—ah—

FLORENCE—Out of spite?

ROBERT—Yes, out of spite.

FLORENCE—(Presses his hands between hers.) Poor "papa"—pardon me. I mean Robert, poor Robert. How your heart must have ached; I know mine would if I loved

a man and he would leave me for another woman. Just to think; supposing you. O! yes, I—go on—tell me.

ROBERT—My God! (He utters beneath his breath.) My God! (He places his hand over his heart.)

FLORENCE—Why, Robert, what is the matter? Are you ill? Shall I get you some water?

ROBERT—Oh! no, Oh! no; I will be all right in a minute.

FLORENCE—Robert, what is it?

ROBERT—Oh! nothing, nothing.

FLORENCE—Yes, it is, it is something, tell me, tell me.

ROBERT—It is your compassion, your sympathy, your marvelous docility, your recognition of my erstwhile sorrow. You can never know how you comfort me with your soulful words.

FLORENCE—That is my intention.

ROBERT—You have done much to ameliorate and appease my grief, but there is room for more of your tender commiseration.

FLORENCE—The future has—Oh! Robert you have not told me all about my mother, you must reveal all.

ROBERT—There is really little that remains to relate, except the last few hours of her life.

FLORENCE—That is what I desire the most of all to know.

ROBERT—When you were a little body, she left you in your crib with Mary, the maid we have at the present time. She left the house and went down town, as we have always supposed, to do some shopping. Some one observed and afterwards made known the fact that she entered the Flinn dry goods store, and on this very afternoon the store took fire and burned to the ground. Many lives were lost, and it has always seemed reasonable to suppose that she perished, as a result of this terrible catastrophe.

FLORENCE—(Sobs.) How terrible—heart-rending—poor mother!

ROBERT—I made my home next door to your mother's house at this time. In fact, I always lived near your mother, for I

could not tear myself from her, even tho she was the wife of another man; just knowing that she was near, made me happy.

FLORENCE—I believe I can realize how you felt, for I know I would feel the same as you did under the same circumstances.

ROBERT—Ha! Ha! Would you feel badly if I would marry Miss Elliott, the lady that called on us yesterday P. M.?

FLORENCE—(In an attitude of reluctance.) Why do you speak of Miss Elliot? Please don't. I don't like—I believe you like her, for she comes so often of late. And I don't care (as she braids the tassel on the arm of her chair) she must have some encouragement.

ROBERT—Ha! Ha! You make me laugh. You said a moment ago I was jealous, now you are the one that's jealous.

FLORENCE—No, I ain't jealous, but I—

ROBERT—(Catches her and presses her near to him.) Florence, I have something to confess, besides I have something to ask.

FLORENCE—I hope it's good.

ROBERT—You'll be the judge. First of all, I love you, not as a father, but as a lover. I am not your father, consequently there is nothing reprehensible in my words. I love you as I loved your mother, yes even more than her, and I want you to become my wife. Will you, Florence? Will you? Answer me, answer me!

FLORENCE—(Folds and refolds her handkerchief. Sits motionless for a moment.) Y-e-s!

ROBERT—(Clasps her in his arms and kisses her.) God bless you, dear one. God bless you. Then you do love me beyond a guardian and protector, don't you, Florence, don't you?

FLORENCE—Yes, indeed I do and have for so long.

ROBERT—Will you ever tire of me on account of my age? You must realize I am much your senior in years.

FLORENCE—What has years to do with love? I will always love you just the same. I am glad you are as you are, for I

don't like boys or real young men, as they are so unsettled and frivolous; besides, they are not as nice or as sweet and smart as you are. I admire your intellect, and you are so handsome.

ROBERT—You have made me so happy. How bright the world does seem to me! You have revolutionized my whole life; "My cup runneth over."

MARY, the maid—(Raps and enters.) Lady to see you, sir.

ROBERT—Who is it?

MARY—The lady that was here the other day. The lady book agent, don't you remember.

ROBERT—Oh, yes; I recollect I told her to come today, and I would review the book at my leisure. Ask her in.

MRS. EVENS—(The book agent, enters.) I have come to show you a copy of the book I spoke of, while here the other day.

ROBERT—Be seated.

MRS. EVENS—(Stares at Florence as she opens the book.) Is this your daughter?

ROBERT—Oh, no! She only makes her home here with me and my servants. I include the servants as part of my family, because they have been with me so long and are so faithful, I have grown to love them as my own.

MRS. EVENS—Beautiful girl! I would have sworn she was your daughter, she resembles you so much.

ROBERT—Do you think so? Why she is light and I am dark.

MRS. EVENS—(Turning and addressing Florence.) How old may I ask?

FLORENCE—I am eighteen years old today.

MRS. EVENS—Today, your birthday?

FLORENCE—Yes ma'am.

ROBERT—Pardon me, but may I ask you—

MRS. EVENS—How long have you lived in this unusual manner?

ROBERT—Pardon me, madam, but why are you so interested?

FLORENCE—(Addressing Robert.) Why, how abrupt you are to the lady.

MRS. EVENS—I hope you will pardon me for my aggression.

ROBERT—We will proceed with the reviewal of the book, for my time is limited.

MRS. EVENS—(With her eyes still pinned on the girl.) Oh, yes, yes, yes.

FLORENCE—I will leave you to yourselves if you will excuse me.

MRS. EVENS—No, no; don't go, you won't need to, there is nothing but what you can hear with perfect impunity; besides I want to know you better, for I have really taken a liking to you.

ROBERT—Well, you surely have shown that in a very short while. It is really extraordinary.

FLORENCE—Robert, you are really unkind!

MRS. EVENS—Robert, Robert! It makes me laugh.

ROBERT—What makes you laugh?

MRS. EVENS—She calling you Robert.

ROBERT—What should she call me?

MRS. EVENS—Ha, Ha! Well, well, never mind.

ROBERT—You are inpertinent! It is downright impertinence.

FLORENCE—Why, Robert! What is the matter with you today? You are so unusual.

ROBERT—How could I be otherwise?

FLORENCE—You must not—for my sake.

ROBERT—I don't mean to be unkind.

MRS. EVENS—*I am sorry.*

FLORENCE—No harm. I will go and return later.

MRS. EVENS—Thank you, be sure.

MRS. EVENS.—This is not a prospectus, it is a full sized copy of the published story entitled "The Posthumous Daughter." (They are sitting near each other, and she turns the leaves and explains the story as she goes on.) You observe there are a few illustrations.

ROBERT—I was about to remark—allegorical?

MRS. EVENS—Not altogether, for it is impossible to draw a picture or write a story unless there is some truth in it.

ROBERT—Very little I fear.

MRS. EVENS—The heroine of this story, as the title would indicate, is a posthumous daughter. That is, she was born after the death of her father. You say there is a very little truth, you fear, but in this case there is little that isn't absolutely truth, for the entire story is founded on facts. That I am sure of.

ROBERT—How can you be sure of its authenticity when you are only a book agent? You did not write the story, so how do you know?

MRS. EVENS—Just wait, don't draw your conclusions so quickly. I know the author very well, and she—by the way, look at this picture—that is of a ship foundering in a storm on the Bay of Biscay. There you are; now that part right there really happened. All of the crew were lost. The master of this vessel was the father of the girl heroine of this story.

ROBERT—And his name—

MRS. EVENS—Let me think. It don't come to me now, but just wait I'll turn back here—here it is. Hines, that's it, Hines, Captain James Hines.

ROBERT—Hines, Hines, my—my God! My God! woman, where—

FLORENCE (enters)—Why, Robert, what has overtaken you? You are pale—are you ill? Tell me, aren't you feeling well?

RORERT—Oh, no, no, no. I—I—It seems to be close in here.

FLORENCE—I will open the window.

MRS. EVENS—Yes, it is close in here, too close, very, very close, I fear. (As she looks piercingly at Robert.)

ROBERT—I guess I will have to let you go, and have you come some other time, for I have an appointment and the time is up.

MRS. EVENS—I cannot come again. It won't take but a moment, then I will go.

FLORENCE—Why, Robert, you are at home every afternoon; you did not tell me of any appointment until now.

ROBERT—Florence, you may leave the room for a while, I will call you.

FLORENCE—I cannot understand.

MRS. EVENS—Oh, yes; here is the artist's illustration of the terrible Flinn & Co. dry goods store fire many years ago, where the mother of the child was supposed to have perished.

FLORENCE—Why, Robert, that is the same—

ROBERT—Florence I told you to leave the room. Now, will you please do as I say.

FLORENCE—(Apothetically makes her exit. Repeating to herself.) Flinn & Co., Flinn & Co.; that is the same store.

MRS. EVENS—Here next to the title page is a portrait of the girl's mother when she was a young woman.

ROBERT—My God, woman! that is my— she is my— why, I know—

MRS. EVENS—Yes, you know her, I guess you do, you know her very well. Besides you have seen her in the flesh and very lately.

ROBERT—Why, what do you mean?

MRS. EVENS—I mean what I have said.

ROBERT—Woman, she is dead.

MRS. EVENS—How could she be dead and have written this story of her life and that of her child. Don't you see the title page, look here! (As she shows him.)

ROBERT—But others have written it.

MRS. EVENS—Robert, look at me, look at me! Look well and long. Don't you know me? (She removes her veil and gray wig that she wore as a disguise.) Do I look as tho I was dead? Dead in your heart—that is all; out of sight, out of mind. What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve for.

ROBERT—Can I believe my own eyes? Am I beholding Florence, or is it her spirit that has returned to haunt me?

Why, Florence! What? where? when? I don't know what to ask you first. When did you come to life? Were you really dead or not? My mind is awhirl. Florence, why did you? Why did you —

MRS. EVENS—I know you are not glad to see me incarnated again, for I am old now. Even dead people age you know, and you, like all men, want the young, vivacious girl! But never do you mind, I am here and I am going to remain for a time at least, to watch you.

ROBERT—Hush!

FLORENCE (the girl enters)—Can I come in?

MRS. EVENS—(Hurriedly replaces her disguise, and they, tho very much flustrated, turn the pages of the book and talk, pretending to be interested.)

FLORENCE (the girl)—Do you think you will like the book, Robert? Why, what in the world makes you so pale? and besides you are so nervous. You aren't yourself this afternoon. What can be the matter?

ROBERT—Oh! Oh, nothing, nothing, I guess.

MRS. EVENS—Dear girl, it has reminded him of the past, that's all.

FLORENCE—I cannot understand why a simple little story should affect him so. Why be so emotional over the life and acts of those we know nothing of!

ROBERT—Florence, must I ask you again to leave the room?

FLORENCE—Well, for goodness' sake! (As she starts to make her exit.)

ROBERT—(Calls to her in a low tone of voice, as she is about to pass out.) Don't be provoked at me, I—I wish to be alone a moment, then I will call you.

FLORENCE—Alone! Is that it? Even then you won't be alone. It is strange you don't want me to hear. Oh, Robert! can't I stay and hear?

ROBERT—No, please go, Florence!

FLORENCE—Please, please—

ROBERT—(Shakes his head.) No.

FLORENCE—Well, I suppose I must, if you say so. (As she reluctantly leaves the room.)

MRS. EVENS—So you see, a bad penny always returns.

ROBERT—Tell me all about it.

MRS. EVENS—The terrible fright I underwent in the Flinn fire in escaping from the third floor, caused what the doctors called aphasia, which is either a slight pressure on or lesion of the brain. This caused me to lose my own identity, and my whole past was a blank to me. I wandered aimlessly away to another city, where a kind body kept me for years, until her physician had me taken to the hospital, where they operated upon me. I believe they called it Trephining or Craniometry —something like that. However, as soon as I came out from under the anesthetic, I was born into myself again. My whole past returned to me in a flash. This was a year ago, and since then, I have written this story of my life, and what I have secretly learned of yours. Robert, I still love you, and you well know I have always loved you, altho you know how you have used me in the past.

ROBERT—You have surely changed—

MRS. EVENS—O, I realize I am not handsome any more and that my days of romance are at an end.

ROBERT—You know you have no hold—

MRS. EVENS—Yes, I know I have no hold on you. I know we were never married. But I nevertheless feel I am your wife by natural rights. Because before I became the wife of Captain Hines, you robbed me of that which is dearest to womankind.

ROBERT—That same old comeback.

MRS. EVENS—How heartless! You know I gave you all because you promised me you would marry me. But instead, you left me and wrote me a note saying you had gone to leave me forever. You know very well you did that, thinking of course, I would find recourse in the next best thing that fate

offered, which was to marry Captain Hines. You only did this to get rid of me; you knew very well I never loved him, tho he was a good man.

ROBERT—You should be satisfied then, don't you think?

MRS. EVENS—Why weren't you satisfied to stay away from me after I was married? But no, as soon as you were informed that I was nicely settled then you returned and made frequent calls on me in Captain Hines' absence. The rest you know; if you do not, I will refresh your memory.

(A noise is heard at the door.)

ROBERT—Don't talk so loud.

MRS. EVENS—Why should I care? The world shall know the truth.

ROBERT—Well, then, what did you come here for to taunt me? Go tell the world!

MRS. EVENS—I came first to have you make restitution for the past and in that way obviate disgrace.

ROBERT—How could we if we so desired? You have published that infernal book.

MRS. EVENS—The world can never judge from this book, for I have written it so the real characters can only be identified by my giving the newspapers a laconic review.

ROBERT—Oh, is that so? How cunning of you. Florence, I don't see why you should come here at this late day, unless it is to ruin my happiness. Why did you not stay away as Enoch Arden did in Tennyson's poem. Florence, you are dead to me. There is no Florence. She has gone from my heart forever.

MRS. EVENS—Florence, you say; stop and think if there isn't a Florence that is very much alive in your cruel heart—one that has grown up under your doubtful guidance.

ROBERT—Florence? What Florence?

MRS. EVENS—The Florence that I am going to help you protect from this day on.

ROBERT—Help me protect! You help me? What have you to do—

MRS. EVENS—You forget that I am her real mother, don't you, and what is more, you are her real father, and not Captain Hines!

ROBERT—Absolutely ridiculous—preposterous, impossible!

MRS. EVENS—I swear before God it is the truth.

ROBERT—Unreasonable! How do you make it so?

MRS. EVENS—If you remember, I told you of the Captain's return home in August of the first year of my wedded life; you recollect me telling you that, do you not?

ROBERT—I do, but what of that?

MRS. EVENS—You also remember of me informing you that he would be home but two or three days at the most, don't you?

ROBERT—Well?

MRS. EVENS—He did not come as expected. In fact he never came, for he was lost as you well know.

ROBERT—Well, what of that?

MRS. EVENS—You also recollect of my informing you that his company sent him a wireless message informing him to proceed to Cardiff, Wales, for a cargo of coal that he was to take to Cadiz, Spain?

ROBERT—Yes.

MRS. EVENS—Well, then that must be clear to you now; for in crossing the Bay of Biscay, the ship was lost. Don't you remember?

ROBERT—Yes, I remember.

MRS. EVENS—Then stop and think for a moment.

ROBERT—(Sits and thinks.) My God, woman! You are right—you are right!

MRS. EVENS—She is our daughter.

ROBERT—(Bursts out crying.) Yes, she is my daughter, but I am sorry, I am sorry both for her and myself.

FLORENCE—(Enters.) I am not going to stay away any

longer. You can explain the book to me too. I like good stories as well as anyone.

MRS. EVENS—(Adjusts her disguise.) Yes, dear girl, you may come in as far as I am concerned.

ROBERT—Not a word to Florence! Leave that to me, for God's sake!

MRS. EVENS—Well, I must be going. It is getting late. (She whispers to Robert.) I will be here soon again. (Mrs. Evens takes the girl's hand in her's, and with the other, strokes back her beautiful hair and kisses her on her forehead as she says in a low tone) Goodbye, dear. (Then with an audible sigh she turns and leaves the room.)

FLORENCE—Why, Robert, what in the wide world can all this mean? What strange actions I have seen in the last hour in both of you. She must be insane. Who is she anyway? Do you know her? Where did she come from? Why is she so interested? You were right about her unusual interest. Why does she manifest such interest, Robert? Why Robert, how funny you look; you are as white as a ghost. The perspiration stands in great beads on your forehead. What did she say to you that has wounded your dear heart so? Tell me. Did she hurt your feelings? That mean, horrid old thing. I hate her!

ROBERT—Tut, tut! Florence, don't—don't say that. You must not, you must not.

FLORENCE—But I shall! I hate her—she has hurt your feelings. I don't want to see her again. If she comes I will slam the door in her—

ROBERT—No, now, Florence! You must not talk that way. You don't know. (He looks to the floor.)

FLORENCE—Robert, you have changed so much in the last hour; you are so cold and cross to me. What is the matter? Look up, Robert, look up at me. What have I done or said? Don't you love me any more? (No answer.) O, dear, O dear me! Robert, look up, look up; take me in your arms; kiss me,

love me, I am yours. (Robert still sits and stares at the floor.) Oh, my heart, I will die, I will die; I'll kill myself. I'll commit suicide; I don't want to live any longer. You don't love me.

(She wrings her hands and dishevels her hair and walks up and down the room sobbing.) I'll lose my mind; I'll throw myself in the river, if you don't love me or care for me any more.

(She shrieks and shrieks until she falls, and Robert catches her as she falls into a dead faint.)

ROBERT—Florence, speak to me, speak to me! My God! she has fainted. (He dips his handkerchief into a pitcher of water that is near by on the table and dampens her face.) Florence, I love you, I love you! Dear, you are all right now, aren't you? I love you, I love you, believe me, believe me! (He kisses her.)

FLORENCE—Robert, why have you been so cold to me?

ROBERT—Dear, you don't understand. I cannot tell you, I cannot, I cannot!

FLORENCE—You must tell me, you must!

ROBERT—I am so sad—my heart is so heavy.

FLORENCE—Why are you sad? What is it? Tell me. You shouldn't be, you have me, I love you, we are both well. Oh, I can see; I see it all now. You have recognized that horrid thing; she is some woman you love or have loved, and you still love her. That's why you don't want me to say hard things about her. I hate her! I hate her! so there— If you like her better than you do me, then you take—

ROBERT—Her, take her you mean! Why, Florence, can you give me up that easy? Florence, can you?

FLORENCE—No, (As she falls back on his shoulder) no, no, I can never give you up for anyone. I love you too much to part with you. But, Robert, tell me all. Why did you make me leave the room? And who is she, and what did she want? That old book had nothing to do with her call, did it? She

used that to dissemble her real object. Tell me why she came, will you?

ROBERT—Darling, listen to me. Suppose you were my real daughter, my own flesh and blood, and you would have to always remain just as a daughter should to her father, would you like that? Would that please you?

FLORENCE—But I am not your daughter.

ROBERT—Now, you just wait—answer my question.

FLORENCE—(She meditates for a while.) Why do you ask me this question? I can never be nor never want to be your daughter. I want to be your—your—

ROBERT—Wife, is that it?

FLORENCE—Yes, that is it. (As she falls onto his shoulder.) I want to be your wife for all time to come.

ROBERT—(Bursts out crying.) That can never be, that can never be, for I have just learned that you are my own child, my own, my own!

FLORENCE—Your child?

ROBERT—Yes, dear, and that woman that just left here is your mother. It is hard for me to say, but it is the actual truth.

FLORENCE—(Sits and studies a moment.) Can it be possible? Robert, do you want it that way?

ROBERT—No, no, indeed no, that is why I am so sad. Can't you see? It nearly kills me to know that things are as they are.

FLORENCE—I don't care, I think it's terrible. Why did that have to be? If we could have never known, what difference would it have made? It just goes to show what people don't know won't hurt them. Ignorance is really bliss after all; there is so much in the mind, why not pretend we don't know?

ROBERT—Dear girl, you make me laugh, even with all my sorrow. We are surely in hard luck. "It is folly to be wise."

FLORENCE—It surely is in this case. I don't care; I am not going to have it that way. You are not my father; I am just

your own dear Florence, so there! Besides, we are going to be married, aren't we Robert, aren't we?

ROBERT—Impossible!

FLORENCE—Why?

ROBERT—How can we? Why, Florence, haven't you a funny feeling towards me now? Hasn't your heart taken on a different attitude towards me since you have learned this? Tell me.

FLORENCE—No, no, not in the least. I feel just as I always have. I love you the same; besides, I feel there is some mistake. I don't believe what this horrid woman said to you today, for if I was really your daughter I would feel differently. My heart would naturally change, and the will could not control it either. As soon as I was made aware of the fact you would be repulsive to me in every phase of affection but fatherly affection, and you would feel the same towards me. God has arranged those things and we have nothing to do with them.

ROBERT—What a psychologist you are getting to be. Your hypothesis is really logical.

FLORENCE—No, dear, I don't believe it, for I don't feel changed at heart in the least, do you?

ROBERT—I can't answer that question just yet. Give me time, give me time. I wish I could feel easy about it, but I cannot. You know, Florence, that consanguinity prohibits marriage. The law does not allow it. It is called incest.

FLORENCE—Shoot the law! That was made by man, and our love was made by God.

ROBERT—But the majority of men's voices made the law, and the voice of the people is said to be the voice of God.

FLORENCE—But we aren't related, I tell you; we aren't, we aren't, we aren't! I can feel it in my heart. We can go a way off somewhere, where no one knows us and be together all our days.

ROBERT—Platonic love you mean, don't you?

FLORENCE—Platonic love, what is that?

ROBERT—That is when two love as we do, and they mutually agree to live together under one roof, eat at the same table, love each other, ride out together, sit and read to each other, hug and kiss each other, and you have your sleeping apartments and I have mine, and when the nighttime arrives, you go to your couch to rest and I go to mine, and we are not to see each other until breakfast time. How would you like that?

FLORENCE—(Smiles, and looks to the floor, meditating.) Oh, I don't know. I guess that would be all right. Did anyone ever do that?

ROBERT—Ha! Ha! You don't know what to say, do you dear?

FLORENCE—I'll tell you, we will do that way if we can't do any better, won't we?

ROBERT—I don't know; I don't know, I am dumfounded.

FLORENCE—We have already had Pla—what do you call it?

ROBERT—Platonic.

FLORENCE—Yes, platonic love, for we have lived together all of these years. I don't see where there is any harm in it, do you? We would only continue doing what we have been doing.

ROBERT—My dear, innocent, unsophisticated girl. There was never another like you. You know so little of the world, for which I am very glad.

FLORENCE—No, I don't know much, I guess. I feel I am awfully green, but I don't want to know about anything or anybody but you. Just you, you, you, you!

MRS. EVENS—(Rushes in.) I forgot my gloves. (She stoops and picks them up.)

FLORENCE—Here's your book too. (As Florence hands it to her.)

MRS. EVENS—No, I don't care for the book; it has done its work, let it rest. (Looks at Robert with a poignant glance.) I suspect something! (In a low tone of voice.) I can see it in

your every attitude toward this girl of mine, my daughter and your daughter. I hope you are not thinking or contemplating marrying her!

FLORENCE—Why not? I love him and he loves me.

MRS. EVENS—Love him, my God, love him! You mean as a daughter?

FLORENCE—I mean as his fiancee.

MRS. EVENS—Ridiculous, absurd! Robert, how can you think of such a thing or allow her to?

FLORENCE—But I know he is not my father.

MRS. EVENS—You know, how do you know? Can you remember when you were born?

FLORENCE—Something better than memory.

ROBERT—(Fortuitously picks up the book that is nearby on the table and opens it inadvertently.) Here, what is this? What do you mean by this? You say there was doubt about the real identity of the child, Florence, on account of the carelessness of a nurse while you were in the hospital, shortly after giving birth to the child. That is a falsehood. You were never in a hospital at that time, and if that was false, the rest is all your own fragile fabric! Now I have you! "Truth is mighty, and must prevail!"

MRS. EVENS—Indeed, I was in a hospital and I can prove it, for there is one in this very house I can prove it by.

ROBERT—Who is that, the girl?

MRS. EVENS—No, not the girl, of course not.

ROBERT—Who then?

MRS. EVENS—Mary, your maid.

ROBERT—Mary, come here a moment.

(Mary enters.)

MRS. EVENS—Mary, do you remember me?

MARY—(Looks at her for a moment.) Why yes, you are Mrs. Captain Hines. Why, how do you do? Where have you been? I thought you were dead. I can hardly believe my eyes.

MRS. EVENS—No, I am very much alive. Mary, who was my nurse while I was in the City Hospital, when I gave birth to this child here?

MARY—To this child? Why, let me think. Why yes, you had two nurses when you were there, Madam, Mrs. Brown and myself. I was second nurse.

MRS. EVENS—There, Mr. Robert, I have proved my assertions! I always speak and write the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

ROBERT—O, you do, do you?

MRS. EVENS—It was you, Mary, who carried this baby to the baby's ward and back to me several times each day. And you remember I gave you a pink ribbon to tie about the baby's arm so you would not get her mixed up with the rest of the babies and bring me the wrong one. You remember that, don't you, Mary?

(Mary begins to swoon and faint.)

ROBERT—What! Why, Mary, what is the matter? Get some water, she is in a faint. (Dampens her face and she revives.)

ROBERT—What made you faint? Are you ill?

FLORENCE—There is surely some significance to this.

MRS. EVENS—Why were you so overcome, Mary? What did I say that caused you to faint? I don't understand why you should faint, I am sure.

MARY—I am a good Catholic. Oh! my confessions! Father Duffy said I should confess all.

MRS. EVENS—Confess all—all of what?

MARY—I was over-persuaded. Oh! I can't tell it. I can't tell it, I can't, I can't!

FLORENCE—God is beginning to let the light shine through the clouds, Robert.

MRS. EVENS—You silly, lovesick girl! In love with your father—how ridiculous!

MARY—No, no, he is not her father, no more than I am.

No, no. Nor are you her mother. I did it; I did it. I am to blame. I tied the ribbon to another child that was not yours. I did it to please the other nurse, for she said your child would not live, and this one was healthy, and you would never know, and besides, you would not have to mourn the loss of your child if I would do this. Oh! forgive me, do forgive me!

MRS. EVENS—My God, woman! Why did you do it? Why did you do it? My life is a failure; all is lost, all is lost!

MARY—I did it to save you the sorrow that I knew you would have if the child died, which really happened shortly after. I felt what you did not know, would not hurt you.

MRS. EVENS—But I do know it now, and it surely hurts me more than if I had buried my baby, for now they are both dead and both buried, as far as my heart is concerned, and oh! if I could only lie beside my own little one, for there is nothing left!

FLORENCE—God has been good to me. God bless you, Mary, for your unconscious aid. You will be forgiven, for you have—

ROBERT—You have put two souls together. God always finds a way for those who really love, for we love each other and (as they embrace each other) we are going to marry.

FLORENCE—Robert, dear, I told you all the time we were not related. Now we will be so happy, won't we?

ROBERT—Yes, dear. How could we be otherwise? (As they embrace each other, Mrs. Evens falls in a faint.)

(CURTAIN)

IF HE WILL GIVE ME YOU

God's knighted me with blessings,
I've surely had my share
Of gold and earth's possessions
To travel everywhere.

He made me strong and healthy,
On wholesome food was fed,
In wisdom made me wealthy,
In college had me bred.

He inspired my soul with duty
To fear both Him and shame,
He gave my person beauty,
My works immortal fame.

He made me think of others,
He helped me others feed,
He knew I'd aid my brothers
If I would never need.

He gave to me a mother,
With tenderness endowed,
A sister and a brother,
And father of whom I'm proud.

He gave me farms and tools,
Horses, cows and doves,
He gave me gems and jewels,
And all but one that loves.

He inspired me with æsthetics,
In literature and art,
And philosophies, dialectics,
With classics known by heart.

He made me tall and graceful,
With prepossessing face,
In sartorial de rigueur tasteful,
In deportment gave me grace.

He made my life a story,
He let me taste of love,
He let me feel its glory,
Both here and up above.

He sent me to each nation,
Under every flag unfurled,
I viewed of his creation,
The wonders of the world.

With all that he has given,
With all that he has done,
Tho earth has been a heaven,
I'd give it all for one.

If he would only proffer,
The soul I love so true,
With joy 'twould fill heart's coffer,
If he will give me you.

I AM YOUR INNES, DEAR

Chapter I

It was Saturday P. M., and the sun was just dipping its crest into the sea, when Francis Brooks, while on his afternoon walk back through the lane and wold to the crossroad that leads to the village, met Innes Dorcy, a peasant's daughter, who made her home on a small farm near by with her father. Innes was dressed like a typical peasant girl, but she was very different in individuality from the ordinary rank and file of peasant girls.

She was endowed with many redeeming features, both physically and mentally; she was demure and unassuming, meek and submissive, yet vivacious and fastidious in her unsophisticated tastes. She loved nature and books; she used the objective mind and the subjective soul, and meditated deeply, while alone in her sequestered moments of apparent apathetic pensiveness, on subjects that were of a deeper strata than was really congruous to a mind so young. She was charitable to the needy, subservient to her superiors, courteous to her friends and obedient to her parents. Her bearing, though a country girl, was queenly and graceful. Her conversational ability was strikingly engaging. She possessed dark-brown eyes and hair; her complexion was of the lily and the rose. Her pearly teeth were set in ambush back of a pair of Cupid's bow, pigeon-blood, ruby lips. She had a classical profile and arched eyebrows. The contour of her chin contributed toward making her withal a subject of classical beauty.

Mr. Brooks had often passed her little home, and had often observed her about the premises, but until now had never been fortunate enough to meet her face to face that he might speak with her. Francis Brooks made his home in the city, where he practiced medicine and surgery. He was getting to be known as a very proficient surgeon, al-

though but 28 years of age. His father and mother had died and left him a large estate in fee simple, which was more than a competence. At different intervals he would visit the country for a few weeks, just as a change to rejuvenate and instil new life into him that he might return to the city with new vim and vigor to practice his profession. Francis was of strong physique, weighing 175 pounds, six feet tall, and had dark hair and eyes and well-formed features. The consensus of opinion among his friends was that he was handsome.

Francis, being the first to speak, said "Good afternoon, lady; what a perfect day, and how beautiful it is ending."

"Yes, indeed, it surely is a perfect day both for the body and the soul," Innes answered.

This answer had such a psychological ring, and coming from a young girl, and peasant girl at that, struck Francis with such overwhelming force that for a moment he was completely overcome. After the lapse of a moment and he had regained his mental equilibrium, he began to converse with her.

"Soul, you say! Dear girl, are you not speaking of something you know not of?"

Francis asked this question to draw her out, that he might fathom the depths of her obviously inspired wisdom, and to find the drift of her young, yet phenomenal mind.

Innes said, "To answer your question, sir, I must ask one, and that is—tell me, what does any one of us know above the other about the human soul or life?"

"Very little, I fear," Francis answered.

"Well, then, we all have an equal right to form our own opinion, though it may seem vague and puerile to others."

"You are right, you are right. Again may I ask you what your opinion is of the universe and the cosmic vagaries of the planets? Do you agree with the Ptolemaic or the Copernician theory and principles of the universe?"

"As far as the movements of the planets, I think there is

not the slightest adumbration of doubt in the Copernican theory, nor do I doubt Newton's atomic theory. I have perused his El Principia with avidity, and from the two great men I have made my own deductions and have evolved my own cosmic theories, and if you care to hear me relate my opinion or principles of the universe I will gladly draw a chart of the universe here in the sand, and we can use these eggs I have in my basket to represent the heavenly bodies."

"Indeed, I will be so interested to have you instruct me as to your ideas of the heavenly spheres and their movements," answered Francis. "And, too, I would be pleased to have you relate what you think feeds the sun with fuel that it may perpetually throw out its light and warmth on the planets that nourish vegetation and life of all kinds."

"The sun and the phenomena of its functions come in conjunction with my theory; in explaining one I explain the other," replied Innes.

"Why not go over to that little sand pit, where I can draw a chart in the sand and, too, there are some stones nearby that we can use for seats that will make us more comfortable?"

"A good idea," Francis answered.

As they walked toward the sand pit it seemed almost ridiculously clever to Francis that a girl, although developed into womanhood, would have ever given her time to heavenly contemplation, for she was the first one he had ever heard of in the "female of the species" that was decidedly feminine in every tendency that had resorted to scientific research as a last recourse to fortify herself against dying of loneliness in the country. But this maiden, that was even now a personified Psyche, astonished him. They reached the sand pit and sat down on the stones opposite each other, and she proceeded to sketch a chart of the heavens in the sand and place the eggs to represent the sun and planets in their respective positions.

Innes Drawing Her Chart of the Heavens at the Trysting Place

This was her description:

"The sun is caused by friction; it is the planets that make the sun, not the sun that makes the planets; as you well know, if it were not for the atoms in space, light would not be perceptible, neither natural nor artificial. They are a medium for reflecting the refractory rays of the sun; that is one purpose they serve. Another is that they are identical in infinite use to the brush near the revolving cylinder of a dynamo—infinite use, for this is what causes the friction. The planets and their satellites correspond to the cylinders of the dynamo. The atoms of infinitude are the brush that comes in contact with the planet 'cylinders.' Is that clear to you?"

"Your description is vivid," Francis retorted.

"Then I will proceed further. You readily see that the movements of the planets and their satellites, which travel through space at almost unbelievable speed, cause friction between the bodies of heaven and the atoms. This friction is the direct cause of an electric current of immense volume. This current passes into inertia, where there is very little oxygen and very little gravity, except the chemical gravity of the sun as within the incandescent light bulb. This space of inertia leads on through channels of inertia between the other planets of the same system and their satellites, until it enters the central sphere of the universe or the sun. The same as the spark of light between the two carbon poles of the arc light—and just as long as these planets move and cause this friction, just that long will there be a sun to this and other planetary systems. The sun's vibration and movements, which are slight, are caused by the planets changing their orbits slightly or by their leaving their tracks, due to their immense speed. This changes the position of all to a degree; consequently, it must change the sun that is caused by them. It is the same as with the marbles. If you bunch marbles and roll one against one of the bunch its impetuosity affects them all. The

planets are held in position by attraction and repulsion of one planet to the other, and from one system to the other, and we do not perceive the changing attitude of the earth that necessarily leaves us part of the time with our heads hanging downward. The reason we do not notice this is not because of gravity, for gravity only holds us to the earth. It is the infinite oneness or unity. The earth has no corresponding sphere to compute its position from, while all things on the earth must be computed in relation to the earth, whereas you can see the earth is infinite and alone; consequently, there is no north, south, east nor west, ups or downs to infinitude. So there being no points to the compass of oblivion, how can we realize our position on a body in oblivion?

"In the beginning I spoke of the planets making the sun, and not the sun the planets. It is the same with the people of the earth and their God. God does not make mankind, mankind makes God, as we make a great and good nation or government. A good, intelligent, moral race of people have rendered themselves fit to select one of their number for President or Chief Magistrate of their nation, and the moral and intellectual attributes of the representative men of the people support the upper and lower Houses of Congress. It is the same with our God. The better the inhabitants of the world, the better the God over the inhabitants of that world. A prayer is never lost. A good deed never dies. Every little good each of us does contributes just that much toward building a better God. And the better the God the better He can help us. It is the same with the planets and the sun. The sun, let me repeat, is only the shadow of God. This is my description as near as I can show you with these eggs and the sand."

"Well, well, I am completely overcome by your metaphysics and your unique conception of the universe. You are surely a female Galileo or Herschel. Your idea of the sun is so plausible and logical in theory that the world's

savants should know of it. It should be promulgated to all the world and mankind. You know I think you are wonderful, anyway. Little did I ever think I would be fortunate enough to meet a girl of your makeup and one inspired with almost pansophyical knowledge out here in the country."

"I am sure I am not wonderful," she retorted. "Still, I will say wonderful people often spring from the country and sequestered, out-of-the-way places. Think of Lincoln, Garfield, Edison, Catharine, Czarina of Russia, the peasant wife of Peter the Great; also Napoleon the First, who was born and bred at Ajaccio on the island of Corsica of subaltern parentage, who was raised in frugality, yet obtained empire and renown. God is capricious and freaky in bringing forth great men from out-of-the-way places, still I can never be great, for I do not possess the mental caliber and propensities that are indigenous to the great, and besides, my academic education has been so neglected. I do not expect to ever even try to acquire fame and renown. However, I find solace in my sadness oftentimes in just meditating on the secrets of nature and of God. I do it as a pleasure and not for a purpose."

"You are wonderful, and it is obvious in my mind," rejoined Francis, "that you will be universally known some day, and I have become fond of you in this short meeting. I am a professional man, but I am going to come to you for enlightenment, for my knowledge is from books and yours is inspired direct from God. You would have been an avatar had you lived in Hindustan in ancient times, although you are a maiden. They would have classed you as one of their trinity."

"No, no, I am only a pigmy. I feel so insignificant when I look about at the great works of the Omniscient Mind and the Omnipotent Power that rules and guides the destiny of mankind and the world."

"You need not think that way of yourself, for you are great and beautiful," Francis rejoined. "Your personality

is so overwhelming, your thoughts so transcendent, and your meditations so holy you have completely won my heart; dear girl, I love you, I love you." (At this he abruptly approached her.)

"No, no, don't touch me. You must keep your place if you are to retain my friendship, for you are from the city and should know by custom and natural sequence social ethics and the proper attitude toward new-made friends. I am aware that I have made a breach in the rules of social ethics and have stepped from the path of propriety in allowing you to speak with me without being presented by someone who knows us both. But I thought there would be nothing really reprehensible in allowing you to at least speak a while with me, not thinking that you would, on such short acquaintance, press your suit. That, I well know, is both inopportune and premature, which lends evidence of its not being an honorable one."

"My dear girl," spoke Francis, "how you do repulse me! I am sure I have not infringed upon the laws of conventionality or æsthetic conduct, nor have I done other than was compatible to the environment, for it is universally accepted that if two chance to meet in the country, away from all others that might serve to introduce them, they are allowed to be introduced to each other at the crossroads by Hecate, the spirit of loneliness."

"That is just why I allowed you to speak to me," replied Innes. "But after becoming somewhat acquainted I did not expect you to do as it is related the Satyrs did of old, or as the Roman Fauns and the Greek Pan."

"How unkind of you to class me with the Satyrs and Fauns. I wish now I had never met you, for I told you the truth when I told you what I did, and I shall never retract or abrogate my words in the least. If you desire me to leave you at once, that I will do, and, too, if you wish me to never speak with you again, I will comply with your wish. But I am driven to tell the truth. My lips are requirent to my

heart, and, as many of the old Greek philosophers believed that the soul of man was in the heart and spirit in the mind, which I believe is true, for if one is in love they feel it in their heart, not in their mind, as in unrequited love it is the heart that breaks. No one ever heard of the mind breaking. I love you, I repeat, which is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God. Do with me as you wish. I will do as you say. Speak your verdict."

"I will not be that hard on you," Innes retorted. "You must always speak to me, but remember, though I am a peasant's daughter you must treat me with the same moral and social solicitude and dignity that you wish your sister treated or that you would show your city friends. That is all I ask of you. By your last few words that you used to express the nobleness of your desire to please me even at your heart's peril and jeopardy, I can judge from that alone you are worthy of one's friendship, so I will condone and excuse you for your impromptu and overt manifestation of love."

"I thank you so much. It is so sweet of you," he repeated. "I was sure I had lost you through my fondness for you, as Apollo lost Daphne by following her around the world with so much assiduity until she was changed into a laurel tree, as you would have been changed into only thoughts of this perfect day, that I should have ever worn as my crown of celibacy, as Apollo wore the laurel as his crown of fondness and victory."

At this they parted with a pleasant and sweet good bye, each taking with them something in their hearts that gladdens the soul and gives life to the body. This something, next to time, is mankind's greatest treasure, for it makes the birds sing and the wheels in the factories turn. It inspires the poets and the artists, the playwrights and the actors. It is the essence of the sun's light and the moon's sheen. It is the volatile entity of the coloring in the flowers

and the creation of the lily's gown, for as Christ said: "They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all of his glory was not arrayed as one of these." It is love, love, that was in their hearts, the substance that is of God, the essence and leading protagonist in life's dramatic dream that must remain as long as life remains. For as things are they will be and have been yesterday, today and forever.

Chapter II

After several meetings with Innes, Francis was compelled to return to the city to resume his profession. He mingled in society as usual for a while, but the city girls were now a bore to him. They think of the latest creations in gowns and other baubles indigenous to woman's frivolous fancy, and their minds are vacuitive and empty. They never use the subjective mind to fathom the deeper strata of life and the phenomena of our existence, nor are they as tender and sweet as Innes. This he would repeat to himself until he decided he would equester himself away from the turmoil of society and the city. After arranging his estate that he might leave with impunity he went to his uncle's home to live, where he could be near and hear the voice he loved so well.

He had not proposed marriage to Innes, either by letter or orally since she had repulsed him, although he had been to see her several times, and had kept up a correspondence with her. He made up his mind that when he moved down near her home he would propose to her at once. In a short time he had arranged matters to suit him in both his profession and business. When this was thoroughly consummated he went forthwith to live with his uncle.

Francis sent word to Innes that he had arrived at his uncle's home, and told her in the note that he desired to

meet her at the sand pit at 2 P. M. the next day, which would be Friday, September 13th. He also told her that they would meet at the sand pit this time, but would decide later upon a trysting place that had more conducive environments for Cupid and Ate, the two tutelary deities of love and infatuation. Both were true and punctual; they met at the appointed time.

"How glad I am to see you again," said Francis. "The days have been years and your absence has caused many loving tears to flow. But God has been good; He has kept you free from all harm and I thank him."

"I am also glad, very glad to be with you again," Innes replied. "I have thought of you so much while alone in solitude, for it is then I love to meditate, for I wish to be far away from everything that will detract my thoughts from the subject of my sentiment that is of late the most paramount in my mind."

"How sweet of you to express your tenderness for me veiled in such diaphanous fabric that I may interpret your heart's meaning with ease."

"Innes, I have something to tell you, and if you repulse me as you did before you will kill me, for you are the idol of my fancy and the breathing object of my affection. You are the libation of my life and the food of my soul, the inspiration of my dreams and the muse of my verse. You can be a sword in my heart or the dove of my peace. You can be a cloud o'er my mirth or the light of my heaven. Innes, Innes, hear me and reason with me. I love you, I love you. Reciprocate my affections and care for me, for I ask you to become my wife. Will you, Innes; will you? Answer me, answer me."

Innes droops her head for a moment and looks to the ground. She appears to take on sort of a drowsy attitude and appearance, then she raises her head and looks into his eyes with an expression of fondness. He can see his answer is going to be "yes" by her eyes, the windows of the

soul, so he raises his arms to place them about her neck, the first time he could muster up courage enough to do this since she repulsed him many weeks before, but he knew he was safe now, for she raised her arms simultaneously with his, and in a moment they were folded in each other's fond embrace. Then Innes murmured as she laid her head against his shoulder.

"Yes, yes, I am your Innes, dear."

Then they kissed for the first time, and both felt the "grand passion," which can be felt but once. After they had spent the afternoon together, which were the sweetest hours of their young lives, they parted to go to their homes, and how happy and beautiful the world was to them at this time. But "true love never runs smooth," an old saying, but a true one, for trouble, even now, was impending that would soon come to sadden their hearts and teach them that Sic transit gloria mundi—so earthly glory passes away.

Glory is tempered by sadness
As chill tempers the steel.
If not for the woe with the gladness,
We would not enjoy the weal.

Chapter III

Francis and Innes choose for their trysting place a large sandstone, near an old stone quarry, where there was a large elm tree that had grown from the crevice of the rocks and leaned far over the artificial precipice of the quarry. The massive roots of the tree clung like tendrils of an ivy to the rocks and soil. The tree served as shade and the stone as a seat, where they met many times.

After Francis had become better acquainted with Innes, he discovered that she was surely a genius, for she was a writer of verse, and verse that was of eruditional merit.

He was sure, for Francis was more or less of a connoisseur of good poetry, for he was a writer of verse himself and was very fond of most of the modern poets such as Dryden, Pope, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Burns, Chaucer, Shelley, Keats, Southey, More and Longfellow. After they had become better acquainted they collaborated on a short poem of but two eight-line stanzas. Francis composed the first verse and Innes the second. The following are the verses:

Francis:

O Innes, sweet and tender,
You're the apple of my eye.
You're the sweetest of the gender,
I will love you till I die.
If ever taken from me,
Before God makes you mine,
I'll search the wide world for thee
And realm of Proserpine.

Innes:

If from you I am taken
And I should hear your call,
Since you my heart did waken
Tho immured behind a wall,
I'll sing, don't you remember
The words I spoke when near—
My promise of September?
"I am your Innes, dear."

Chapter IV

Just one month before Francis and Innes became engaged to each other, a wealthy Spaniard by the name of Rinaldo Toro had purchased a ranch in the neighborhood and was making his home there with his retinue of servants and

companions. He was fifty years of age and a bachelor. He was continuously vaunting his blood, contending that he sprang from valorous and chivalrous knights of the Middle Ages, who were Campadores, with the valor of a Cid, as he would say. He had large paintings on the walls of his home, which might be called a castle, for it was built with moats and battlements, drawbridge, wickets, parapets, ramparts, barbacon, dungeon, etc. He had genre paintings of Spanish pastoral life for mural decorative art, besides French tapestries and Persian rugs. He had paintings of his ancestors and portraits in replica of the "Moor" and the "Palfrey." He was never tired of looking at and talking of his favorite paintings and the artists who painted them: Dore, David, Van Dyke, Rubens, Raphael, Velasquez, Murillo, Tintoretto, Correggio, Titian and Ghirlondojo. He claimed consanguinity with the Cid, Don John of Austria, the hero of Lapanto; Phillip the Second, son of Charles the Fifth, and Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote." He claimed his ancestors were either grandees, dons or of royal progeny, "born in the purple," or of noble and mulier parentage.

Rinaldo had observed Innes in the neighborhood and had become smitten of her. Her charms had so overcome him that he decided he would win her either by fair or foul means. He would try gold first, and if that did not tempt her he would resort to force, which might end in actual stupration, but what of that! He would superciliously laugh out his wicked words.

Innes was walking far up the road to a neighbor's home one day, and had the misfortune to meet this Rinaldo in the road. He had one of his companions with him, and as they were about to pass each other he abruptly stopped Innes and asked her if she could inform him which road he should take to go to the Forest of Arden.

Inness, with politeness and civility that was always characteristic of her, informed him as to the route he should take. This was only a makeshift with Rinaldo, for he

knew very well where the Forest of Arden was, but he wanted to bring about a favorable opportunity to speak with her. Just as she had finished directing him he said:

"Pretty maid, I would like to kiss those rosy cheeks of yours that are going to fade some day like the flower on the desert in Gray's Elegy:

> " 'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.' "

At this he reaches to place his hand on a lock of her tresses that had been raped by the cooling zephyrs.

"What insolence! How dare you?" Innes spoke as she remonstrated. "You brute, get out of my path and let me pass!"

At this Rinaldo turns to his companion and said:

"Ah! the maiden reproaches me for my manifest fondness of her, but I will wager 100 pesos that I will kiss her before a week passes."

"I'll bet you will not," Innes spoke up as she turned and ran toward her home.

Rinaldo would have followed, but yeomen were coming up the road, consequently he knew it was useless. A few days passed and Innes received a decoy letter or note asking her to come to the trysting place to meet her "Francis." The note was delivered by a little innocent boy, and she supposed of course it was from Francis. She did not scrutinize the handwriting to find if it was written by Francis, because its purport was enough for her, especially when it spoke of meeting her lover and particularly at the trysting stone. Innes did as the note directed her to do. At 6.30 P. M., just as the earth was mantled in semi-darkness, she approached the trysting place, but did not observe anyone standing or sitting there to greet her.

Innes went on and up to the stone, and as she did two strong men, who were hiding there, sprang up and threw a large blanket over her head and rolled her into another blanket, and loaded her into a vehicle and spirited her far away to a railroad station, where she was put on to a train with a threat that she would be severely punished if she made an outcry to summon help. She was taken to an old estate in Spain that belonged to Rinaldo. The castle was nearly in a state of ruin, yet it had undergone restoration sufficiently to make it habitable and fairly pleasant, for it was located in the Sierra Nevada mountains and the scenery about was picturesque. Here she was a prisoner surrounded by luxury, guarded by day and locked into her chamber by night, which was 600 miles from her home and her dear Francis.

Every evening Rinaldo would come to her room and ask her to consent to his repugnant and salacious requests. He would place bags of English sovereigns in her lap and she would throw them into his face. He had been repulsed by her in this way so many times he decided he would resort to the most severe extremes to conquer her. To do this he left her in charge of his servants and went back, taking two strong men with him to do with Francis as they had with Innes, except they did not hold Francis only long enough to compel him, under duress, to write a note to Innes as Rinaldo dictated. The purport of the note was that he (Francis) did not love Innes any more, for he was sure her morality had been polluted, and that she surely must have given this Rinaldo encouragement or he would not have done as he did.

After they had obtained this note from Francis by duress they returned to Spain, leaving him locked in a stable, where he was compelled to remain for the night. After arriving at the old castle Rinaldo at once showed Innes the note. As she perused these terrible words, written by the one she loved above all others, she swooned into a faint, but was shortly revived by Rinaldo, who had caught her

in his arms as she was falling. When she revived and looked into this villain's face, which was embellished with an imperial mustache and Van Dyke beard, she slapped him and tried to force herself free from his powerful arms, but her struggles were all in vain. He pressed his lips to hers and kissed her with a long, drawn-out "soul kiss" that nearly smothered the poor girl. (This is one of the misfortunes which is brought about by being beautiful and overwhelmingly attractive.)

Every day Rinaldo would repeat this terrible act of forced kissing until she felt almost indifferent as to the ultimate outcome of her perilous situation. The note from Francis made her apathetic. She felt she might as well accept her fate and become resigned to what now seemed inevitable ruin. Rinaldo had given her a week to decide whether she would become the solitary "Queen" of his Seraglio. She promised she would answer him at the end of the stipulated time. Innes only made this promise to put him off, thinking something would surely transpire that would liberate her. Poor girl; she prayed and prayed that God would extricate her from the malignant hands that she felt she was so hopelessly involved in. After the second night she dreamed her mother came to her and told her not to listen to his blandishments and to reproach and repulse his libidinous overtures and desires, and that she must subterfuge and tergiversate every way she could to put him off, for her dear Francis still loved her and that the note was false, and that help would arrive at the eleventh hour and save her virginity and her life and visualize her lover.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," the last resort to keep the soul at rest, the greatest treasure, after all, within the Pandora Box, for now Innes at least had hope.

Chapter V

No one had ever suffered more severely than Francis had since this terrible calamity had overtaken him. He swore he would dedicate the remainder of his life and his entire fortune to find his Innes and punish the one amenable to his sorrow. He would study, and study alone by himself, wondering how he could find his Innes, whom he well knew was in captivity and forced exile. He was beginning to lose his appetite, and was becoming attenuated and thin until his uncle became worried about him.

His uncle told him that his troubles were no worse than millions of men and women of the past, and told him to read the story of "Paul and Virginia" and Alasandra Manzoni's "I Promesei Sposi" and Michaud's "Crusades of the Middle Ages," where millions perished and where lovers were parted without numbers.

Francis agreed to do this and started to read Michaud's Crusades first.

He had no more than opened the book than he perused the part where the troubadour poet had taken his harp and went out into the world looking for King Richard the First of England, who had been taken prisoner by the Duke of Austria. This troubadour, who had composed a song in early days in collaboration with Richard, traversed most of Europe in quest of him, and finally arrived at an old castle where he sang this song, and as soon as Richard heard the familiar words of the song he joined in and sang the last verse that he himself had composed many years before. The troubadour went at once to good old England (God bless her) and made known his discovery, and in a short time Richard was ransomed and back on the throne. This was real romance, Francis thought, and sure enough it was. He kissed the page it was printed on, and read no more, but proceeded at once to act out what he had read.

He disguised as a Biscayan troubadour of the Middle

Ages and, having a good command of the Spanish language, he started for Spain, thinking of course Innes must be in Spain, for he knew Rinaldo was a Spaniard, and had formerly made his home there during his adolescence, and even after he had developed into manhood. After Francis had arrived in Spain and had sung and repeated many poems in Spanish and French before many prisons and castles, both from the *chansons de gest,* the French Epic, and from the Cid, Comien's "Lusiade," "Jerusalem Delivered," "Orlando Furioso" and many others, he arrived before the castle where Innes was imprisoned. Francis was tired and discouraged, for he had tried so many castles without success. But "it is always darkest before dawn," and he made one more attempt. He placed his fingers to the strings of his harp that hung by a strap about his neck. He first began to play and repeat lines from Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso."

As soon as Innes heard the strains of music she looked out of the barred window of her room in the castle with nonchalance and indifference, for she felt that what she saw was some fanatic or beggar playing to solicit alms. However, she stood as near as she could to the window that she might hear and see him sing and repeat verses, for blessed be anything, she thought, that would relieve the agony of her breaking heart. She did not recognize him as Francis, for he was disguised so completely that his own mother could never have known him. Francis could not see Innes in the window, for the walls were so thick and the lance-morrelled windows were so narrow that she could observe him, but he could not observe her.

Francis played several verses from the Italian poet Petrarch, then he played and repeated the lines that were nearest his heart, and they were the ones they had composed togther days before at the old trysting stone. He began to play and sing:

"Oh! Innes, sweet and tender,
You're the apple of my eye.
You're the sweetest of the gender.
I will love you till I die.
If ever taken from me
Before God makes you mine,
I'll search the wide world for thee
And the realm of Proserpine."

Innes, on hearing these words, knew her prophetic dream was beginning to be fulfilled. She could hardly wait for him to complete the first verse that she might commence the last, for she knew it was Francis disguised as a troubadour poet to find her.

Innes began the last verse with a tremor in her voice, but nothing ever sounded as beautiful to Francis as when he heard these words coming from the castle through the linden branches, words he knew well, no one but himself and Innes knew.

So after the first line he knew well his tiresome journey would be crowned with love and victory.

Innes joins in and sings with him:

"If from you I am taken
And I should hear you call,
Since you my heart did waken
Tho immured behind a wall,
I'll sing, don't you remember
The words I spoke when near—
My promise of September?
I am your Innes, dear."

As soon as Innes had completed singing the last line (and if anyone could have been near they could have heard Francis say "My God! It is my Innes, it is my Innes") he waved his hands, thinking that if she could see him she

would know that it was Francis, the man who loved her above all others. No one could be happier than they both were now.

Francis did not wait a moment, he went post haste to the authorities and had Rinaldo and his men, who had been of the contrabandisto element, arrested.

Francis walked into the castle with the gendarmes, when they were placed under arrest. Here they were, Innes and Francis, reunited in the room that had been her prison for many days. They clasped each other in their arms, and it was moments before either one uttered a word except "Innes!" "Francis!" "Innes!" "Francis!"

After a very few moments they left this beautifully horrid place and went to a hotel in the city, where they had rooms opposite each other, with only the hall to divide them. They remained here but a few days, for they had planned a long journey on their return home. They went by the way of the Pyrenees and stopped at Maultrassia, the Hermitage of Ignatius de Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus, or the Jesuits. From here they went on to Tours in France, where Charles Martel was successful in stopping the further invasion of the Saracens in Europe, and from here they went to Lourdes, where the Catholic shrine of health is located, the greatest shrine in the world, for its number of pilgrims each year and for the great number of miraculous cures that have taken place there through the agency of divine intercession, brought about by prayers and faith from the supplicant. From here they went on their way to Picardy, Brittany and Normandy in France, finishing their itinerary at Cherbourg, and from here they left for their home and their country. For certain reasons I am compelled to omit the name of their native country, shire and city. However, I am afraid I have already tacitly inferred the country of their nativity in one of the preceding chapters. Be that as it may, they in due time arrived at their respective homes.

In this circuitous trip home they traveled without chaperon, and were together on boats and trains, and in hotels so much that the temptation became so great that it eventuated into indiscretion that finally culminated into sorrow for both of them.

They were back at their homes but a few weeks when Francis began to meditate on what had occurred, both in regard to Innes being for so long under Rinaldo's roof, and also what had taken place between them without civil or ecclesiastical sanction or ceremony. Francis was reasoning under illusions and delusions, for God had kept Innes immaculate and pure until the last few weeks that she had traveled with him. But like most all men, under these same circumstances, it always renders them into a state of dubiety and incredulity. Francis was afraid that Innes had made obeisance to the God Hymen under the domineering pressure of Rinaldo.

One day Francis, by a slip of his tongue, made a slight imputation to her and her hypothetical conduct with this Greek God in conjunction with Rinaldo. From that moment on Innes was a changed woman, for this poignant remark was too acrimonious for her acute and sentient mind. His insinuation was so thinly veiled, its meaning was easily perceptible. It pierced her very soul to think that, he, Francis, would ever doubt or attack, even in a tacit manner, her common-law prenuptial chastity and virginity. She would say to herself: "To accuse me of offending against what I have always held the most sacred, I who have fought, labored and prayed to feed the Vestal fires at the hearth of Vesta, instead of extinguishing them. Oh! my God, I am ruined, I am ruined!"

It weighed upon her mind and had wounded her modesty, pride and humility to such an extent that she decided she would go away to America and travel incognito, that Francis could not follow her. She decided she would assume some cognomen that was suitable in America, where

she felt she could make her own living. She first, without divulging the secret of her intended departure, made known her *enciente* to Francis, and also told him she was looking forward to her accouchment, that she was satisfied would take place on a certain date that she mentioned.

She told him her evidence of its proof was a fact beyond cavil, and she desired to purchase different articles she would need for the coming occasion. Francis liberally supplied her with funds to do with as she saw fit.

In a few days, while Francis was in the city on business, Innes purchased her ticket via the North German Lloyd Line for New York and sailed for "the land of the free and the home of the brave." After arriving at New York she, for some unaccountable reason, went on to Philadelphia, Pa. While on the train she happened to pick up the Philadelphia *Ledger* and in scanning its columns she saw an ad. where a widow lady on Chestnut Street desired a lady roomer and boarder as a companion. Her name being Adams, Innes conceived the idea that she would adopt "Adams" as her fictitious name.

After arriving at Philadelphia she went directly to Mrs. Adams' residence and made her home there with her for many dismal years, where she gave birth to her child that proved to be a girl. She christened her by the name "Frances Adams," pretending to Mrs. Adams that her name was "Adams" as well, and remarking how strange a coincidence to possess the same name. Innes thought it would be well to do this, as it might give her more prestige with Mrs. Adams.

Her naming her little baby girl after her father may sound strange, but the name "Francis" can be applied to both sexes, for it is a fact that many male as well as female children are christened by this name.

In a short time Innes procured a position on the *Ledger,* Philadelphia's leading paper, writing the Salmagundi columns of social events and doings of the elite and social elect

of the city. This, and arranging the pictures on the intaglio sheet of Sunday's edition of the same paper, she was driven to do for subsistence and a livelihood.

Chapter VI

Before Innes left home she sent a letter to Francis and requested it should be left between the leaves of his ledger, a book that she knew very well he would be compelled to consult before many days passed by, and in doing this would discover her note. The purport of the note was as follows:

"At Home.

"My Dear Francis—I am sorry that I have to take this step, but it seems that I am a creature of circumstances. My life was surely designed to be a romantic one, and romance that is not pleasing nor desirable, for it is fraught with so many periods of tenebrosity and sorrow. I must tell you what has prompted me to take this step that I fear will end disastrously both for the incarnate and the unborn, but your doubting my moral integrity and common-law prenuptial chastity by insinuating that I had not told all that might have occurred while I was forced to remain under the roof of that lecherous scoundrel, Rinaldo. But I swear by God, the archangels and the ten thousand saints in heaven, and all else that is good and pure, that I came to you a pure girl and I leave you a pure woman, with the exception of the pollution that you yourself have sullied my virtue with. When you have read this note I will be in the ocean, so it will be useless for you or any one to attempt to find me, for I have gone forever. I love you still, with all you have said, and hope you may always be happy. Good-bye, good-bye, and may God bless you.

"Forever, your disconsolate and broken-hearted,

"Innes."

On returning home, Francis, as usual, went to his library and opened his bookkeeping ledger and found the note. He opened it and hastily read it. Before he had finished its contents he swooned and was about to fall as he grabbed hold of a nearby chair.

"Gone, gone, my God! Innes gone; what have I done? What have I done?" he repeated. "Fool that I was! Why was I so unkind? What a mistake I have made; pure, chaste, I know she is. I know she is. Now, now it is too late to make amends. I know she is pure, for she would not have been so sensitive and so malignantly wounded by my rash utterances. What will I do; what can I do? I will find her; I will search the world over for her. Ah! but she is dead; she is dead!" as he reads the letter the second time. "For the note says 'in the ocean'; she has committed suicide, and I can never see her either dead or alive."

He carried on in this way for hours and days. He was sure she was dead because the word "in" in the note, that should have read "on" the ocean, and as she intended it to have read, was by some mistake or slip of her pen made to read "in" the ocean. The "o" was an "i," which made the word "in" instead of "on." So how much there is sometimes in small things, like a little letter of the alphabet, for this nearly proved fatal to Francis, for he would have destroyed himself if he had not been closely watched for many days. Months passed by before Francis was in any condition to take care of his own business affairs. But time is a great healer, for after months had passed he disposed of all of his property and decided that he would go to the United States to spend the remainder of his life, for he felt he did not want to live anywhere near anything that would remind him of that which had been the wight of his happiness and the instrument of his ruin.

In a few weeks from the time he had decided to go away he arrived in New York City, bag and baggage, and here in New York he decided he would make his home.

After he had been in America a few months, and a year after Innes had left him, he met a young lady that was born in one of the Romance countries. This he knew, which was about all he did know of her early life and the place of her nativity. In a short while he married her, but did not love her. Well did he know this, for well did he know there was no woman on God's green earth that he ever could or would love, for he would often say, "Love is like smallpox. You can have it but once," he had had a very severe attack of it and one that left pits in both his brain and his soul. Knowing all this, he felt he might as well marry the first woman that chanced to come his way that suited him in the least, that he knew to be a pure woman. He married for a companion, and that was all.

After a year had passed Francis and his wife were blessed with a baby boy. She, having a penchant for Spanish names, and also having a relative by the name of Rinaldo that she was very fond of, determined the child should be christened by that name. Francis reluctantly consented to this, but he had never made known to his wife why he entertained such an invidious hatred for this name.

Francis seemed doomed to experience much grief and sorrow, for in a short time after the birth of his son, Rinaldo, his wife died, leaving the two, father and son, alone in the world to fight life's battles.

For nearly fifteen years after this, they made their home in New York City. Rinaldo was a graduate of Fordham Preparatory School and now felt he was fitted to take up a profession. All of this time, he had lived with his father, but after he had attained the age of sixteen years, he decided he would like to take up the medical profession as his father had done and go to the University of Philadelphia for this purpose. This his father consented to and forthwith sent him to Philadelphia, where he matriculated and started on his medical course. The boy's extraordinary precocity made him eligible for this undertaking, otherwise his father

would not have allowed him to take up a profession while so young.

While at school Rinaldo got to mingling with some of the younger class of the social set in Philadelphia, and one evening, while at a card party he met a young girl that was very prepossessing and accomplished and was also endowed with qualities that Rinaldo knew could not be acquired, and these were her physical charm and magnetism. Her name was Frances Adams, or at least she had been given that name by her mother, but she in reality was no other than Frances Brooks, Rinaldo's half-sister, for Innes had given birth to this child that was Francis' own daughter, but instead of naming her Frances Brooks she named her Frances Adams, the name she had assumed on arriving in Philadelphia and at the home of Mrs. Adams, her landlady.

Rinaldo became so attached to Miss Adams that he would go to see her three and four times a week. He kept this up until he had grown so fond of her he made the fact known to his father.

On returning to New York to spend the holidays, Rinaldo confessed to his father that he was about to marry Miss Adams. This did not please his father in the least, for he said to his son:

"Rinaldo, first of all, will you go from me and leave me here alone, you who are all I have left that is near and dear, and secondly, she is not the girl for you; you want to marry a girl of some class distinction, and from a family that have a name already established and have blue blood in their veins. And thirdly, you are far too young to marry. No, no, that I cannot allow, nor will I. If you marry I will disinherit you, so you can see and realize my attitude in this matter. My word is law in this household and you must abide by my word."

Rinaldo's father had made inquiry about the girl's parents and from what little knowledge he had obtained he felt they

could not be of very much consequence, for the gentleman he had made inquiry of was a prominent Philadelphian, who said that the Adams family located at this address he had never heard of before, and if they were of any real consequence he would surely have known it. Francis thought from this unfavorable inquiry it would be folly to make further investigation into the matter.

As time went on Rinaldo became incorrigible. He would at times sit and stare into vacancy, and at other times would become phlegmatic and morose. After a few weeks he became desperate and decided he would marry at all hazards, even if his father did consider he was acting with indiscretion and that he was violating parental quiddities.

Francis became very suspicious of his son's letters of late. He interpreted the context of their meaning by interpolating between the lines his own idea of what he himself would have done under the same circumstances, after donning the toga virilis in early manhood. He well knew, or at least he felt he knew his son was about to make a *faux pas,* so he proceeded at once to Philadelphia to shadow his movements. To aid him in this undertaking he employed a private detective. It was not long until Rinaldo and Frances mustered up enough courage to proceed to the courthouse to obtain a marriage license. Mrs. Adams, the landlady, accompanied them and swore, under oath, that they had attained the age that the law requires for the consummation of this contract.

They entered the clerk's office of the Probate Court and the clerk asked them if they were both of age and if they were wards in chancery, or had been at any time in the past. Also, many other questions relative to the legality of their matrimonial undertaking, all of which they carefully weighed and answered, that they would not defeat their youthful wants and desires. These questions were all sworn to by Mrs. Adams, thus suborning herself and laying herself liable to criminal prosecution for perjury.

They obtained the license by swearing they were of legal age to consummate the nuptial ties, when in fact they were both minors. This alone was sufficient to invalidate the proceedings even though the marriage ceremony had been solemnized.

After obtaining the license they proceeded directly to a Justice of the Peace and were married. Just as the last word was being uttered by the Justice that united them in "wedlock" the private detective had traced them and, running breathlessly into the office he shouted, "Don't marry them, don't marry them, for they are both under age."

"But I have already married them, my dear man," the Justice retorted.

"They were armed with the necessary documents, so what was I to do but to marry them?"

The detective made no reply to the Justice, but turned to Rinaldo and the girl and told them they were under arrest and to sit down, as he pointed to two chairs near by. In fact, they were not under arrest, for he had no warrant, but did this to hold them until he had called Rinaldo's father by telephone. This he did, and the father came at once to the office and swore to a warrant issued by the very Justice that had a moment before married them. Instead of having them placed in cells they were taken to the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel and placed in separate rooms and guarded there.

Their cases were to come before the Judge of the Police Court because there were really three offenders, for Mrs. Adams had sworn to a falsehood in aiding them in procuring a license, consequently she was arrested at once and placed in the room occupied by the girl. Their trial was to come up at 10.00 A. M. Monday, and this was Friday.

Counsel was obtained on both sides.

Mrs. Adams was sure she would be bound over to the Grand Jury, be indicted by that tribunal and tried in the next term of the Common Pleas Court.

Innes Adams, the mother of the girl, being sick, was unable to appear to aid her daughter in any way. This greatly troubled Innes, for she was very fond of her child and was courageous in protecting her.

It may seem strange, still it was a fact that in all of the months Rinaldo had kept company with this girl he had never said one word about the mother to his father. He had always used the name "Mother Adams" in referring to this woman, who had been a godmother to his fiancee, consequently his father was of the opinion this lady who had perjured herself for them was the real mother of the girl, which proved to be very misleading *ignis fatuus* to him later.

Chapter VII

Monday morning has arrived and court has convened. The Judge is on the bench and the court bailiff is at hand with the three prisoners, who are allowed to sit at the trial table with their counsel. Both the plaintiff and the defendant's attorneys were waiting at the trial tables; also Rinaldo's father, and far back in the courtroom was an old gentleman whom it could readily be observed was from some Latin nation, either in Europe or South America.

This dignified gentleman was no other than Rinaldo Toro, the identical man who, years before, had held Innes prisoner in the old castle in Spain. He of late had received word that the man who had married his youngest sister's daughter was no other than Francis Brooks, the very man he had caused so much misery years back. His niece had left Spain without informing them as to her intended destination, nor had she written them since she had left home, nor since she had married Francis. He had heard of her decease and of her only child by Francis Brooks and that she had named the boy after him, who was her favorite uncle.

He had become cognizant of all this through a Spanish servant, who was at one time employed by Francis, while he was living in New York City. Through this same servant he had learned the city address of Francis, and that his grand-nephew was attending the medical department of the University of Philadelphia. Upon his arrival in New York he became aware of the impending court proceedings through the medium of the newspapers, and knew it was his niece's child, Rinaldo, that was in trouble, but did not know that the girl in the case was the daughter of Innes, the woman he had wronged. He knew his days were numbered, and he had come to bestow a large share of his fortune upon his posterity and namesaked progeny Rinaldo (Secundus). After being informed that the man who married his niece was no other than Francis Brooks, the physician he had harmed so in the past, he decided to expiate this wrong and make restitution for the future. He knew very well he would have to do more than shrive to his confessor and offer a few Holy Marys as penance to obtain absolution for this sinful act. To do this, he felt that the only way open at this late day was to make this boy, who was his collateral heir, his legatee. This, he felt, would partly atone for his evil behavior and grievous sinning of the past. So there he sat, back in the throng that had gathered to hear the trial.

He would have made himself known at once to Rinaldo, his grand-nephew, but he was reluctant as yet to approach him when the boy's father was present, so he watched, waited and listened.

The Judge sounded his gavel and the court was called to order. Evidence had been submitted to the court by the boy's father, tending to show that they were both guilty.

The counsel for the prosecution first called Mrs. Adams to the witness stand, at the same time allowing the other two defendants to enter the court room and sit at the trial tables beside their attorney.

Mrs. Adams, the landlady, is asked to take the witness stand.

(The Clerk of the Court):

Question: "Mrs. Adams will you please place your hand on the Bible and then hold it up? Do you swear that the evidence that you shall give in this case will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

(Mrs. Adams)

Answer: "I do."

(Counsel for the prosecution)

Question: "What is your name?"

Answer: "Adams, sir—Christina Adams."

Question: "Where do you reside?"

Answer: "1881 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa."

Question: "Do you know these two defendants sitting here at the table?"

Answer: "I do."

Question: "How long have you known them?"

Answer: "I have known the young man only seven months, sir. But the young lady I have known for seventeen years."

Question: "If you would have known these two defendants to have been minors, would you in that case have sworn they were of age?"

Answer: "Indeed, I would not."

Question: "What prompted you to go out of your way and even inconvenience yourself to aid these two in procuring a marriage license?"

Answer: "It was because they were so fond of each other and I was of the opinion that it was beter that they were joined in legal wedlock than to continue in a long period of courtship, which I consider is so conducive to immoral conduct and is apt to involve them in ill behavior and disgrace."

(Counsel for the prosecution to the Court): "I think that is all at this time."

Mrs. Adams is cross-examined by the plaintiff's counsel.

(Counsel for the prosecution)

Question: "Can you tell the court the exact date you first looked upon this young lady?"

(Counsel for the defense): "Your honor, I object to the question."

(The Judge—after studying for a moment): "The question seems to have a direct bearing on the witness's knowledge of her age. Objection overruled."

(Counsel for the prosecution): "Please answer the question."

(Mrs. Adams): "I was present when the dear child came into the world. I saw her when the light of heaven first shone upon her."

Question: "Then, if you were present, you surely remember the date of the child's birth, which you may please state."

Answer: "It will be eighteen years the 13th of next month."

Question: "Then you did know the girl was not of age, for she will not be of age until the 13th of next month, according to your own sworn testimony."

At this Mrs. Adams breaks down and cries as she utters: "I did it because they wanted to be married; besides a friend of mine once told me of her great suffering on account of her inadvertence and procrastinating legal matrimony, and confessed to me the sorrow and disgrace of her early life because of its neglect, telling me that her own experience of contact and continuity of courtship without marriage was sufficient to cause her to perjure herself many times over to legally consummate the nuptial tie, if she was ever driven to this extreme."

At this Francis Brooks, the father of Rinaldo, leans over to ask his counsel to question the witness whether the girl has always lived with her, since she has no other protector, and being suspicious that she is the real mother of the girl,

but for some reason is endeavoring to cover up this important phase of the case, he asks his counsel to interrogate her further in this regard.

(Attorney for Francis Brooks): "Is it not a fact that you are the real mother of this girl?"

Answer: "I have not said I am the real mother of this girl, have I?"

Question: "Well, then, is her mother living?"

Answer: "I have not said she is not living, have I?"

Question: "No; nor have you said that she is living."

Answer: "I am aware of that fact."

Question: "Then tell me whether her mother is alive."

Answer: "Indeed she is, and very much so, for she is in full bloom of womanhood."

Question: "Why is she not here to aid her child?"

Answer: "Because she is ill and unable to be present at these court proceedings, sir."

At this time Innes, the girl's mother, feels it so much her duty to go to the courtroom that she forces herself from her couch, although she is ill, dresses and hastens downtown and walks into the courtroom. But there are so many people standing in the rear of the courtroom she cannot get by; besides, if she could, the seats are all occupied, consequently she is compelled to stand there and listen to the proceedings.

(Counsel for the prosecution): "I think that is all I have to ask the witness for the present."

(The counsel for the defense examines the witness further).

Question: "You say that you were persuaded to act for these two offenders on account of their infatuation for each other?"

Answer: "I did."

Question: "What evidence had you other than the frequent calls the young man made at your home to see and to court the young lady?"

Answer: "I had copious quantities of evidence sufficient in such cases as this one of their being extremely fond of each other."

Question: "Will you explain to the court what the evidence consisted of?"

Answer: "That which I considered paramount and the most insignificant of all was that they both became so sentimental, particularly the girl, while away from her fiance."

Question: "What was the phase of their sentimentality?"

Answer: "Love stories and poetry—poetry and love stories, in particular the latter, and very often the former."

Question: "Can you tell the court the names of the authors or poets they were so fond of?"

Answer: "I think I can, sir: Byron, Burns, More, Shelley, Keats, Petrarch and—let me think—there was one short poem; I am sure I do not know the author, but I have heard the girl's mother repeat the poem many hundreds of times, and of late or in fact during the past seven months, I have heard the girl repeat this poem several times each day to herself until I am sure it became a habit with her."

Question: "What is the poem? Can you repeat it to the court, Mrs. Adams?"

(Counsel for the prosecution addresses the Judge): "Your honor, I object to this tomfoolery. The idea of bringing in this silly sentiment that has not the least bearing on the fundamental aspects of the case! I move that it should be ruled out."

(The Judge, after meditating a few moments): "This may not have any direct bearing on the case, but it may lead up to or evolve some nucleus that would indirectly be of great value in determining a final verdict. Objection overruled."

(Counsel for the defense)

Question: "Mrs. Adams, will you please repeat the poem?"

Answer: "I will. Let me think; I have heard it so many times; still I—well, the first line goes—just let me think a moment—something like—why not let Miss Adams repeat it? I am really afraid, after all, I have forgotten it."

(Counsel for the defense): "Yes, let the girl repeat it."

As he turns to Miss Adams, the girl hangs her head and the "livery of innocence" is so perceptible on her young brow one could readily observe she did not care to repeat the poem. However, after Mrs. Adams, her godmother, had prevailed upon her she reluctantly accepted and forthwith took the witness stand.

(Clerk of the Court)

Question: "Do you swear that the evidence you are about to give in this cause shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

Answer: "I do."

Question: Will you please repeat the poem, Miss Adams?"

Answer: "I will."

"O, Rinaldo, sweet and tender,
You're the apple of my eye;
You're the sweetest of the gender;
I will love you till I die.
If ever taken from me
Before God makes you mine,
I'll search the wide world for thee
And realm of Prosperine."

At this Francis Brooks' knees became weak from a semi-faint, and he unconsciously expelled an audible moan as he fell half-reclining in his chair. He had risen from his chair as the girl repeated the first two lines of the verse that was his own composition of years before, with the exception that she interpolated the name of "Rinaldo" in the place where "Innes" should have been. Francis Brooks sits with his hand on his heart. The Judge turns to him.

Question: "Are you ill, Mr. Brooks?"

Answer: "Oh, no; oh, no, it is only a little spell of the

heart I am subject to; I will be all right in a moment, your honor."

Francis Brooks looks at the girl on the witness stand for a moment, then rises slowly from his chair and proceeds in a low, trembling voice to question the girl. This, of course, was violating the rules of the court while in session, but the Judge allowed this breach of procedure because he could at this time see the extraordinary drift of the case.

(Francis Brooks).

Question: "Where did you get those lines of poetry? Do tell me, where did you find them; who taught them to you. Please tell me; please tell me."

Answer: "My dear mother taught them to me. She has often told me how they saved her life once while she was imprisoned in an old castle in Spain when she was a girl."

At this Rinaldo Toro, who was one of the spectators, gave a loud shriek that could be heard all over the courtroom.

The Judge sounded his gavel. "Silence, or the bailiff will expel all of you from the courtroom. This is a court of justice, not a vaudeville performance."

On hearing the girl utter these last words Francis Brooks collapsed into his chair with a shriek of agony. All was quiet for a moment except a cough now and then in the courtroom. All looked and listened with a pose of expectancy.

Innes, who was still standing back of the crowd of men in the rear of the courtroom, could see between the shoulders of two men who stood before her, and there she recognized her Francis, the man she loved of all men. She did not recognize him until he stood up the last time and spoke to the girl who was his own daughter, by Innes, the woman he loved so much.

Francis Brooks at this moment deliberately, and for the second time, violated the rules of the court by abruptly, with tears running down his cheeks, approached the girl on the witness stand and taking her into his strong arms

he murmured: "My God! dear one, then you are my own daughter, my own flesh and blood. God bless you, God bless you!"

As he was kissing her, Innes began to cry aloud in the back of the room, and in doing so the men about her turned and looked at her, and at the same time made way for her to press forward in plain view of all in the room. She ceased crying by mustering her fortitude and began to sing the remaining eight lines of the poem that was her own composition years before. Tears of joy were in her eyes as she slowly walked toward her Francis, down the aisle, singing these lines, which were so familiar to both of them:

"If from you I am taken
And I should hear you call,
Since you my heart did waken,
Tho immured behind a wall,
I'll sing, don't you remember
The words I spoke when near—
My promise of September?
'I am your Innes, dear.'"

As Francis Brooks heard these words he slowly released his grasp on his newly-found daughter and turned his eyes in the direction of the voice that was singing them.

As Innes was finishing the last line she commenced to walk to him, between both knaves and crooks, tears on her cheeks and love within her looks. With head erect she sings the title role,

"I am your Innes, dear,
And, Francis, you're my soul."

Francis held forth his arms to receive her. "My God! it is my Innes, my long-lost Innes! Come to my arms, come to your home, my breast, my heart!"

They embraced and kissed, both shrieking in tones of mournful gladness. While they were in each other's loving embrace, Rinaldo, the old Spaniard, came down and stood near them. As they released each other, Rinaldo said to them: "I am Rinaldo of old, who has caused both of you

so much agony. I have come to make amends for my wrongs of the past. This boy here is my grand-nephew. His mother, who is now dead, and who was the wife of Francis Brooks, this man whom I have harmed, was his mother and my sister's child. I have come to make him my sole heir. I ask your forgiveness. This is all I can do. Will you forgive me?"

They spoke simultaneously, "We will," as Francis shook his hand.

Francis spoke as he turned to the two who a moment before thought they were man and wife. "Dear children, you two are brother and sister, instead of man and wife, and I am your father."

At this they kissed, as the girl said: "We are better off than before, for we are nearer than man's law can make us, for our blood is the same, and even marriage could not do that, could it, Rinaldo?"

The Judge spoke out in a low tone of voice: "This case has, by due process of the divine Court of Justice, terminated into a godly verdict that has united husband and wife, brother and sister, daughter and son, enemies and friends, and by this He has exemplified His infinite wisdom in proving that "True love is a product of Heaven, with by-products of sorrow and care; tho far you are flung and driven He will be with you everywhere."

Faith is to have what we haven't;
Truth is the earth that we trod;
Charity is the subsance of loving,
While Hope is borrowed from God.

"In interpreting heavenly jurisprudence, which is greater than any court or tribunal of man, I feel that I am only empowered to dismiss this case. No other verdict than this shall be pronounced, but all indictments will be quashed and all prisoners set free. This case is dismissed. Court is closed;" (he sounds his gavel) "you are free to go where you will, and as the great God has blessed you, may He continue to bless you on; amen."

VIRGINIA

Appius Claudius, the Decemvir of Rome in the year of the city 347, attempted to ruin the chastity of a beautiful girl by the name of Virginia, who was a daughter of Virginius, a Roman soldier of humble birth. A member of the Claudian house claimed this beautiful maiden as his slave. The case was brought up before the Tribunal of Appius Claudius for trial. Evidence on both sides was submitted. The evidence for the claimant was weak, tho in defiance of overwhelming truth, the girl being free-born, Appius brought in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff. His doing this regardless of the evidence was that he desired the damsel as his mistress or slave. But the girl's father, a brave soldier, remonstrated, and to save his pure daughter from living a life of slavery and immoral servitude, as a last resort asked the magistrate for permission to have at least the privilege of kissing her pure and unpolluted lips once more before she was torn from him. To this Appius agreed, and as he pressed his daughter to his breast with tears flowing down the old soldier's cheeks, he drew a knife and thrust it into her heart, killing her while she reclined on his breast. This caused the whole city to rise against Appius Claudius, and to save himself from slow torture, that he well knew his evil behavior merited, he committed suicide. James Sheridan Knowles, in the early part of the nineteenth century, wrote a drama in five acts that he named "Virginius," after the girl's father. The play is somewhat exaggerated from a historical standpoint, tho not any more than was necessary to construct a plot and pad the facts with philosophy and moral sentiment, to lengthen the scenes sufficiently that they would encompass the time desired for an evening's entertainment. In my poem I have only brought in three of the characters—Virginia, Virginius her father, and Icelius her lover.

VIRGINIA

Icelius, her lover, speaks:

List Romans, while I speak to thee!
My time is brief—for Appius deems it so.
Will he enslave what heaven's given me,
Sully the sweet treasure the Gods have left below?

Men, Romans, I appeal to you!
Look on the one who frames the law for Rome!
He's mantled freedom's hope, to hell pursue,
To claim our sisters, daughters and our home.

But I, for one, forbid those pandering hands,
To pollute what Gods and death alone can clean,
When virtue is cast aside by sceptered wands,
'Tis time for plebeian grace to step between.

Will we uphold what Gods have crushed before?
Will we uphold what Gods will crush to come?
Will we uphold what Gods have cursed and more?
And sanction rape more grave than Pluto done?

Pluto sought by force and made her Queen,
His motive noble—his aggression brave.
He made her equal in power and graceful mien,
Nor did he virtue blight—and to vice enslave.

Born free—and yet must live a slave,
Born pure and still must live impure,
Born for me yet stolen by a knave,
Sick waiting virtue—poison be thy cure.

Virginius, the father, speaks:

She is my flesh and blood, heaven willed it so,
Not even Gods can change what has been done.
With subtle mind you strive with works below,
To take what heaven gives—my only one.

You say she is a slave—look well and long,
Do peaches grow from hazel bush and briars?
She is but mine—to me she does belong,
Who contradicts my word—they're false; they're liars.

Was I not near when light of day first shone
Upon this budding flesh—my babe—my child?
In travail, pain, in suffering, mother's own,
That bids Virginia ours, this name we styled.

And now, you take from out a soldier's breast,
A soldier, I repeat, and one of Rome,
If I'll shed blood for state it is a test,
I'll do the same for honor, child and home.

If you remove from out this breast its heart,
I'll caution you, as man to man I speak;
For in its place you leave a poisoned dart,
That strengthens muscles as the mind grows weak.

Nor need we moral laws on tables carved,
For Gŏds have carved them on the air we breathe,
Conscience feeds where Rome's patricians starved,
Truth, virtue, right, that needs no crown nor wreath.

She gave her heart to one she loves the best,
A heart that's young, that vibrates to the mind;
Nor can you tear apart—they do invest,
The soul's repose loves tendrils have entwined.

True love's tenure is forever and a day,
True love's tenure isn't love when forced to yield.
A King may force affections, "coup d'etat,"
And win the "battle," vanquished from the field.

And now you use the force of Rome to win,
A blushing maiden and no quarter give,
You even take from her her natal kin,
And let her slowly "die a death" to live.

Ah, Rome! Rome! Rome! Hear my voice,
Not only living Rome, but Romans dead!
Of vice or virtue, what would be thy choice,
O Roman heroes! You who fought and bled!

Will you with Roman blood wash out the stain,
Or will you shield the purple garment pure?
Or will you let it writhe in deathless pain,
That has no ending, or that has no cure?

No, no, I hear—I hear from out the grave,
The noble rise, I see their sanctioning nods,
"No free-born girl shall be a Claudian slave,
To mar dead Romans or to shame their Gods."

Virginia speaks:

O father, father, take me in your arms,
Why should he take me from my home and friends?
(He hugged her closely—the hug that never harms,
That hope and comfort for a moment lends.)

Why should he want me! What am I to do?
What can I do? What will he want of me?
O father, father, I appeal to you,
For my Icelius with whom I love to be.

Last night my dreams—father, do dreams come true?
I dreamed that you had taken me away,
I was not far, nor was I near to you,
You called, then led me where I was to stay.

I saw an entrance to a chamber far,
Its entrance dark—the clouds were melting fast,
That had obscured a bright and lingering star
That seemed for me, tho it was fleeting fast.

Appius soliloquizes:

Dreams—I interpret well her dream,
I am the star she sees beyond the gloom.
When the mist I've brushed away to let it beam,
Into her present life, that is the room.

Those eyes so bright to heaven are akin,
Tho they rebuke, they rekindle my desires,
For reluctant glances in their sparkling,
Arouse my spirit to love's latent fires.

Age makes me tremble, and my hair is gray,
Still I keep company with the wants of youth,
I've never known of love until today,
Tho it pains this maiden, still it is the truth.

While young the mind, if volatile and light,
Like the evening mist—it scatters everywhere,
It kisses every flower, then takes its flight,
And dies away by sunlight in the air.

Tho older minds are like the morning dew,
That falls at moonlight when the world is still,
As mine on yonder lily—Virgin—you,
Has fallen and will thru your form distil.

Icelius speaks:

How incompatible for age to speak,
Of love for youth, when trembling near the grave.
Your life is done, tho still you farther seek,
For a youthful maid in morbid passion crave.

What right have you to her? She is for me,
Let Virginia choose—let her lips decide.
Speak up, my darling, which one will it be,
For which will your dear heart divide?

If words were loud as actions, a deafening roar
Would be expelled from out a maiden's chest;
She'd scream the name she chose, and even more,
She'd run and faint upon her lover's breast.

Both plebs and patricians, Appius has spoke his mind,
He told you his own heart has opened wide.
Three score and ten he's lived and now to find
A maid to love this side the Great Divide.

Men! Romans! Be worthy of the name!
When tyranny assails our natural rights,
'Tis not Virginia alone, but a common shame,
That will obscure liberty's brightest lights.

Appius speaks:

Measure your words! Guard your actions well.
Lictors press the rabble back and heed my call.
The verdict she in Claudian hands has fell,
She now is mine—I own her soul and all.

Virginius, her father, speaks:

Appius, since Providence has torn from me,
My girl, so grant a last caress. Do this!
A last caress, I say, and last I promise thee,
Those living lips shall have a parent kiss.

Appius speaks:

The most that I could do is grant you this.
You may proceed, tho may your time be brief.
For the nectar on those lips are for my kiss,
Of love and ecstasy—and not a parent's grief.

Her eyes with joy at this began to flood,
She ran into his arms with childish lust,
As the lamb licks the hand that sheds its blood,
For here she died—he gave the fatal thrust.

Virginius speaks:

To Gods and men: My promise is fulfilled,
A second Lucretia's blood—to wash the state.
Virginia's life it seems the Gods have willed,
That she, thru death, should lift declining fate.

Take what is left with my sincere regrets,
That I must sacrifice a pure young life for Rome,
At the bar in heaven where the exalted Jurist sits,
He will judge my motive when I'm taken "home."

Appius here, upon the Forum floor,
Is the sequel of your passion and of mine.
Survey your ruin in this solemn gore,
Feast on her lifeblood—your inauspicious wine.

Appius "fecit"—he did it—it is finished,
Bewail the virgin that passed thru heaven's portal,
Where life's increased as times on earth's diminished.
Where she's immaculate, immutable and immortal.

Now you're to bite upon the shaded side,
Fruit she was to taste, you must devour,
For poison plants grow best when light's denied,
Like deadly night shade—cankering Claudian power.

The goat's now sheared and Romans see the pelt,
As an ostrich that tries to hide his head,
Now drink the draught, dealing as you dealt,
That takes you on an unretraceable tread.

The daughters now of men, once more secure,
Without divine afflatus for a guide,
A revolution thru a virgin pure,
Synonymous virgin and Virginia will abide.

MOTHER, I'VE COME HOME TO DIE

Once I knew a wayward boy
  Who lived upon a farm.
A life he never did enjoy
  Tho one devoid of harm.

"Mother," he said one day in May,
  "This life out here is slow.
I know not where—but I'm going away,
  I'm going away I know.

"I want to know of other men,
  And take all life can give.
I'll cast this life from out my ken,
  I'm going away to live."

"My child, why leave your mother's side?
  On you I do depend,
While I'm to live with me abide,
  For I'm your dearest friend.

"For an unsophisticated one
  Like you, my only child,
You'll find the world is hard, my son,
  For you—for one so mild."

"But I want to see what others do;
  I want to do as they.
I'll make my way by wit in lieu—
  For here I cannot stay."

He dresses and says a long good bye,
  His clothes he has outgrown,
She packed his bag with bread and pie,
  His first to eat alone.

"I'll say good bye because I must,
But not because I would,
Not in you, son—in God I'll trust,
To keep you well and good.

"When you have seen you may return,
At day or late at night,
I'll leave a lamp turned low to burn,
For you, my only light."

She watched him as the distance grew
Between mother's heart and son.
Space was cutting souls in two
That always had been one.

* * * *

The metropolis was first to draw,
The cabarets and shows.
He tasted wine, he woman saw,
Quite soon he sees and knows.

He knows both woman, wine and song,
He learned this quick and well,
He took the road that led him wrong,
The short wide road to hell.

Wild western life came to his mind,
To follow up the trail
Of men before him who would find,
Some solace when they fail.

Herding cattle on bronco's backs,
And mining gold he tried,
Sans hope he drove the mountain hacks,
Two western ponies pied.

From good to bad—from bad to worse,
On and on he went,
Until to replenish his empty purse,
Would criminal tricks invent.

He murdered in a gambling den,
To gain a little wealth.
The jury gave him years but ten,
In prison he lost his health.

He served his time, his eye grew dim
As he thought of the burning lamp
In the window home to welcome him
Who now was but a tramp.

He had no health, he had no wealth;
The law and its searching eye,
He evaded it with cunning stealth,
To wander home to die.

He wandered home, this forward boy,
A total wreck was he,
What heaven had done he did destroy,
Now a derelict on the human sea.

With little to come and less to give,
Except pleasing mother's eye,
Tho he had gone away to live,
He's going home to die.

He passed the village and the school,
And church where mother prayed,
And, too, he passed the swimming pool,
And grave where father laid.

This caused his heart to beat with pain,
These reminders of the past.
If he could live life o'er again
He would not live the last.

He met his playmates who had grown
To man's estate and prime,
Farms and houses they now own,
While he must beg to dine.

He wandered till he reached the home;
It was the hour of night,
Mother waiting there alone,
Praying by the welcome light.

Praying for her boy's return,
The words, "Come home, I pray,
I've waited long—for him I yearn,
God bring him home today."

And there she sat with open book,
Her sleepy head would nod,
As for the prodigal son would look,
While she read the word of God.

He followed the light up to the door,
And thereupon he rapped,
And entered in, in a moment more,
And aroused her as she napped.

She raised from out her old armchair,
She saw what mothers love,
Her son—the answer to her prayer,
From God in heaven above.

"Is this my boy?" she asked in tears,
He said, "Yes, dear, 'tis I.
But not the boy of yester years,
Listen—I'll tell you why.

"I've lost my health, I've gained no wealth,
I've sinned and committed crime.
All pain that's known to men I've felt
While I was serving time.

"Dear mother, to you what's left I give,
My wasted form—for I—"
At this she said, "You've come to live."
"No dear, I've come to die."

"All good is gone; I'm a human sieve.
My soul I've drained it dry.
I went away from you to live,
But I've come back to die."

She pressed him to her breast at this
With joy and sorrowful cry,
As she pressed on him a mother's kiss,
"If you must go—may I?"

From this sad hour her life was brief,
Their hopes in bye and bye,
For another start death turned the leaf,
That in heaven they may try.

Two souls unto their God they give,
Too soon—tho this is why—
In going away from home to live,
Then coming back to die.

IF I WERE GOD

If I were God, what would I do?
Of the many ways, which one pursue
To ameliorate and right the wrong
That to society belong?
Whom would I praise? In whom find fault?
Whom would I humble and whom exalt?
Whom should I curse? Whom raise on high?
And whom as Saint beatify?
And those whose contemplations blend
With mine, and upward may transcend—
With such, regardless of their race,
On earth I'd meet them face to face,
And if I fail to save a soul
At least I'd make their bodies whole.
I'd have no senile on life's stage
To play life's drama of old age,
I'd do as Sibyl would in truth
I'd give mankind eternal youth,
With cheeks refulgent, rosy flush—
The livery of innocence, childish blush.
The germs of sickness I would scorch,
I'd send Prometheus to light his torch
From off the sun, the antique plane,
And return to earth in behalf of man.
I'd make woman calm and not to rule,
But full of grace and beautiful.
I'd heighten the brilliancy of their station—
The fairest objects of creation.
I'd have Pandora with raven locks
Return to earth and refill her box;
With trouble on mankind she hurled
When first she came into the world.
On the plains of Enna still should dwell,
From out the garden of Asphodel,

Fair Proserpine exempt of rape
To her mother Ceres all year escape—
Gowned in flowers above the sod.
This I would do, if I were God.

If I were God, what would I do?
Instead of peace with war in lieu.
Of the bellicose, which should I choose?
Which side to gain and which to lose?
Whom should I punish and whom dissolve?
Whom condone and whom absolve?
If armistice to help the Fates
Of neutrals, would I choose the States?
To bring earth bliss and stop the war,
Cause strife to cease and peace restore,
By crushing well the leading fiend
Of Zeppelin fame and submarine;
And still let Britain rule the main,
And mold big guns and soldiers train?
For where old Union Jack you see,
Whether on the land or on the sea,
Three crosses crossed, I'd let it be—
Peace, love and light for liberty!
They take, but in return they give,
They believe in "living and let live."
I'd let her navy rule the brine,
In helping her I'm helping mine.
Wherever Tommy Atkins trod
I'd let him rule if I were God.

If I were God, this I would do:
I'd make sun brighter—heaven more blue.
I'd never let the flowers fade,
I'd have no dying leaf or blade,
I'd blot out winter, have summer twice.
I'd make this world a paradise,

I'd reveal my word to all about—
They'd all believe and none would doubt
But that the Logos was truly mine—
Wisdom, infinite, divine.
I'd make all women pure as dew.
I'd have all lovers faithful, true;
The initial kiss, I'd make it long,
With life a poem and love a song.
No cross or icon, and no crest.
No emblazoned arrow through a breast,
To herald sacrificial fame
And by it die to take my name.
But as a circle that has no end,
On and on your way may wend—
As time and space that never'll cease
To signify perpetual peace.
The olive branch and gentle dove
For war and unrequited love,
And Psyches with malignant wound
By Cupid's arrow would be crowned;
And he astray who may have led
Will change from hate to love and wed.
I'll have no sins as the "deadly seven"
To obstruct the way of birth to heaven.
I'll have no sorrow or parting tear,
I'll have no hell below or here,
I'll have no murder or Macbeth,
No parturition and no death.
I'd have my angels instead of birth
Bring little children to the earth.
I'd have no Hamlets to play insane,
Or original sin from a second Cain;
No suicide shall here abide
No fratricide nor uxorcide
No homicide nor sorocide,
No patricide nor matricide

No regicide nor parricide,
To make the race so horrified,
But all on foot and all on wing
Shall love each other and shall sing
Hallellujah to the power above—
To me, their God, with praise and love;
And before my altar in reverence nod,
All this, I'd do if I were God.

A RING

A ring is a circle of gold,
  It has no beginning or end,
A symbol—it has often been told,
  Of infinite love of a friend.

The heart that beats for the one
  That has tendered this emblem of time,
Will pulsate the blood it will run,
  Thru the band on the finger that's thine.

It binds, winds and reminds,
  As thru pages of ages its done,
Two hearts with a vow it entwines,
  And holds them both into one.

'Tis placed with a promise—a vow,
  'Tis placed with a love-searching eye,
'Tis received with a kiss and a bow,
  To be worn until they may die.

Even then the vow and the ring,
  For a promise that is pure like the gold,
Past memories sweet it will bring,
  Tho tarnished in the grave by the mold.

LOOKING BACK

I've made a resolution;
  My life I will commute,
By the problem of self solution
  To take the narrow route.

The iridescent white way,
  The music halls and stage,
The maelstrom called Broadway,
  Youth's enchanting cage.

Dine, wine and dancing,
  A Medusa without her locks,
I a Siren entrancing,
  Ships upon the rocks.

The latest vogue in dresses
  French creations I would wear,
And the famed Bernice's tresses,
  To imitate would dare.

I'd waste my time massaging,
  My arms, my neck and face,
I'd use pulchritude in dodging,
  Age that won the race.

From the battlefield I'm limping,
  All I won, I've lost,
For the man that's won by primping,
  Is never worth the cost.

Now my heart is yearning,
  For that which can't be found
On Broadway, so I'm turning
  About, I'm looking 'round.

I'm going to walk the narrows,
The wholesome lonely way,
Now Cupid's shot his arrows,
That've glanced and gone astray.

To a farm that's far from Broadway,
I want with nature's light,
To feed my body through the day,
And shelter me at night.

I want a man with brain and brawn,
Who worships *me* not pelf,
Tho nights may come, he's never gone,
He loves me for myself.

This home, its blessings must be dual,
Its forest wide in form,
Whose shades in summer keep me cool,
In winter keep me warm.

I hope to have a little girl,
To teach and to persuade,
By pointing to my brain awhirl,
From mistakes her mother made.

I hope my dreams are not too late,
Too late to change my ways,
I always thought that time would wait,
That life's not made of days.

Oft precepts of my mother come,
"Don't waste your feeble power,
For man can't make a single crumb,
Nor add to life an hour;

"As long as power from power'l feed,
On food of latent breath,
We're normal till they cease to heed,
The cause of beauty's death."

Now I have reached the time in life,
Where failure looks around,
And sees life's fruit is overripe,
And fallen to the ground.

And that is what I'm doing now,
Though late to fight and win,
The thought a pleasure does allow,
Of what I might have been.

'Tis past, I've lost and time has won,
But may it serve for you,
Not to do as I have done,
But as I now would do.

I had no tears, but lots of time,
And I fooled away my years,
But things have changed, sorrow fell in line,
Now I have no time, but tears.

A useless life is a living dead,
By experience I have found;
If when you're young, you'll look ahead,
In age needn't look around.

We all mistakes in life will make,
It seems to be our fate,
Alarm yourself in time, awake
Before it is too late.

Paul when young, he started wrong,
But he raised above the fall,
And now church bells in their ding dong,
Ring out "St. Paul, St. Paul."

He saw the light with blinded eyes,
And he heard the Savior call,
And unto us the same applies,
As to the Apostle Paul.

As the scroll of life by time unrolls,
Your acts right free from shame,
At the bottom line before it folds,
Be proud to sign your name.

THE SOUL OF THE SUN

The Angelus ringing reminds me
That the evening of life is at hand.
Death takes me away as he finds me,
Time loaned—I am to pay on demand.

The stillness and beauty of sundown
Is the flounce to the skirting of day,
And the main-spring of life that is run down
Still lives—yet it passes away.

There's a soul to the day that is dying,
For the soul of the sun is its light;
Tho under the sea it is lying
Living dead tho its grave makes our night.

Oh, Death's like the sun in its sinking;
We live, but to dust we have gone.
Of the cup of life we're thru drinking
Then the sun-setting soul must pass on.

THE THEIST

He believes not of the Holy Word,
  Of Pluto's realm or Elysian field,
To him all classic myth is blurred,
  All lacks the proof of truth revealed.

The Avesta, Vedas, Talmud, he
  Cannot accept it with a nod,
Nor of the Holy Trinity;
  Still, he believes there is a God.

The books of wisdom and of lore,
  And sages, fathers of the church,
He accepts as ontologic bore
  And continues on his search.

He believes the mountains and the sea
  And the carpet of the earth, the sod,
Is proof enough for him and we
  That sun is shadow of a God.

* * * *

The "Fortunate Isles" called "Avalon,"
  Earth's heaven for the blest;
Columbus proved the poets wrong
  'Twas America of the West.

And the Amaranthine nomadic one
  That forced Christ up the rue—
Christ said, "I'll go, but till I come
  You'll be 'The Wandering Jew'."

The Theist devours the above for lore
And the Mabinogean of Wales,
With Odin's Ragnarck and Thor,
But never credits miracles.

Then Valhalla or the hero heaven
That's only won by valorous deed,
Valkyries leads them there, 'tis given
In the Nibelungenlied.

He'll peruse the Crusades of Middle Ages,
"Jerusalem Delivered," by Tasso, add
The Cid, and Roland's Furioso rages
With Don Quixote and the Lusiad.

* * * *

His will's not free, he is to toil
For gentle passion and humility,
To fit a Janson for Port Royal
And grow the "herb of immortality."

Tho an antithesis is his reason
He postulates a God creation.
He studied Herschel to only season
Berengarian transubstantiation.

* * * *

Aristotle and Kant he reads,
Phylo and Origen in between,
On Hume and Descartes he feeds,
And "The City of God" by Augustine.

He reads Darwin, Spinoza and Tyndall,
Aquinas, a Kempis and Pascal,
Then Bullfinch or Ossian's Fingal,
With Montaigne, Hobbs, Rousseau and Heckel.

He reads Hesiod, Horace and Homer,
The Koran, Lao Tsze and Confucius,
With Virgil and Pausanius the roamer,
Then Newton, Kepler and Copurnicus.

He reads Bacon, Huxley and Spencer,
Locke, Lessing, Laplace and the Sagas,
In Dante he smells of Hell's censer,
And he turns to the works of Pelagius.

Socinianism is his choosing,
To Erasmus and Voltaire he'll knuckle,
To him Ovid and Pindar's amusing,
For Thesaurus 'tis A. Smith and Buckle.

To him Solifidian teachings are evil,
He is Zoilean and Phyrrhonian now.
He deletes "personality of devil,"
In Pythagoras he'll partly allow.

Manashean and Coptic are schisms,
The schoolman and gnostics the same,
Nestorians and Arians are isms,
To him Shinto and Buddha are lame.

The austerities of Hindu Swami,
Or before Icon of Greek could he kneel;
The Bon worships or Tibet's daal llama,
Nor Parsee of Bombay can he feel.

Nor Saturn of the age that was golden,
Nor the idols of Baal in the grove,
The pyrolatry worship of olden,
Nor Zeus, the Olympian Jove.

Judaismic latria of the Psalter,
And the Pentateuch of Zealots he sips.
With the rest if he could he'd not alter,
From Genesis to the Apocalypse.

The Gospels are an immortal fountain
That spray a beautiful rule;
With the sermon Christ gave on the mountain,
To the Theist is a soulful school.

He's regenerating life alone teaches,
He felt and lived what he taught.
His word moves the soul that it reaches
But was he the "logos" promised wrought?

He believes God's daily addressing
His children of earth through the doves.
The celestial way of expressing
His care for the world that He loves.

Then to nature Theist comes for believing,
In the phenomena of life plainly sees—
That God is forever revealing
Himself in the flowers and the trees.

GREECE OF OLD

Athens, Athens, fairest of them all!
The home of ancient gods—the exhorting place of Paul.
In the land of classic myth—in Elysian fields and grove,
The hunting grounds of Greeks—and of the Olympian Jove.

Where the Areopagus of old-bred philosophers renown,
The city of Stoic lore and of the violet crown,
The fair acropolis on the hill crumbling to the breeze,
The scar of centuries dead, since the age of Pericles.

There is bold history on all sides, sweet legend to the ear,
With marble Athens in the front and destruction in the rear.
Here are namesakes of the Gods—of cities, lands and seas,
And where Philippics first were heard from the great Demosthenes.

And here, where Persian hosts were tamed by men who fought to free
Themselves from out impending doom at the Pass Thermopalæ!
And there is Marathon, that looks far out upon the sea,
From where the courier ran to tell they'd won and now were free.

There's Delphi in the north—its oracles of old,
That used to herald in the spring, and of the harvest gold
Mount Parnassus! O! that range of which old poets sing,
Here the Olympian throne of Gods—here flows the Castillian spring.

Here where Spartans won their fame, since Spartan valor thus,
Became synonymous, in a word, since Leonidas.
And here the isle where Sappho sang, for she it was, I trow,
That Cupid wounded in her breast, with his unerring bow.

Where hills once echoed her sweet songs, this was her way
to weep,
And then to heal her heart by death—she made the fatal
leap.
But Gods could see a place ahead where she could be of use,
To the other nine on Helicon, they added her as Muse.

The soil of every Grecian isle, once peripatetics trod,
To philosophize on heavenly realms and create another God.
And of these sages, old and wise, the greatest failed to
please,
He who styled a living God, the grand old Socrates.

He shattered hand-made marble gods, or made them all the
same,
With omniscient mind he invested them—before our Jesus
came.
Nor did he value earthly life, or fame, or golden pelf,
He said the greatest thing to know is to know thyself.

And another in this age of lore—a Stoic sage of ease,
Whose home was but a common tub—his name Diogenes.
With lantern he would go by day, around with it he ran;
On asking what he sought with it he said, "An honest man."

Still of another I must speak—of Plato grand and wise,
Whose words, tho handed down to us, transcendently arise.
His republic here could never be—'twould have to be above.
How many men could live a life—a life of "Platonic" Love?

For who could live with a maiden fair, with handsome form
and face,
Compelled to look upon and love, but never to embrace?
If I could live life o'er again, and live the old, old ways,
I'd choose the Grecian soil for mine, I'd choose the classic
days.

If death could shrink the gap of years, how quick my life
I'd give,
Instead of living a life of death, in dying I would live.
I'd live in days when the human soul was omnipresent in art,
The spirit was of the wilful brain—while the soul was of the
heart.

* * * *

The citadel of ancient days, with Parthenon on its brow,
Where many fluted columns stood they're only sixteen now.
No eye has ever seen on earth, you can sail the seven seas,
And fail to find a Phidias or a Praxiteles.

In every church throughout the world, from the toll of all
their bells,
It reminds of one who walked these shores, his name, how
sweet it spells,
As the sexton pulls the ropes to ring, a summons to us all,
It seems to speak in its mournful tone—"St. Paul, St. Paul!"

And nearby is the hill of Mars, that Paul has given fame,
They worshipped gods unknown to them, he introduced
one's name.
He said on tombs, "I see dear friends, as thru your city trod,
You dedicate your dead unto the unknown God."

HECTOR'S FAREWELL TO ANDROMACHE AND HIS CHILD

Astyanax, my boy! ah, let me hold,
Hold and behold—perhaps 'twill be the last.
These warring hands will ever chance to mold,
These youthful limbs
That are my pride.
And flooding tears that swim
Above their normal tide,
That I have failed to hide
From my family fold.
Ah, that foreboding fear
Of Grecians bold.
My Andromache, dear,
Let memories sweet abide
When dissolution's here.

Mother Hecuba prompts me stay;
Father Priam cautions me
To retire and not rejoin the fray.
And you the same, my Andromache!
That word I love to speak,
And the one that pains me leave.
But no longer can I dwell
On sentiment puerile, weak,
For Achilles comes they tell;
Then where's my time to grieve?
So good bye, my all, farewell,
The enemy I must seek.

Hector, you owe to the child and me—
To a faithful wife, you owe—
You owe to a mother that will be,
Where, the Gods only know
If I am left alone

To think of a smoldering pile,
And over it to moan,
O! Hector, I love you so!
You must abide awhile,
Revoke for once the style,
And think of me and home,
Before you go.
For the first and last below
Is your family, flesh and bone;
Your child to make you smile,
The seed that you have sown.
I repeat—abide awhile!
Your answer—yes or no?

So fond—need I repeat?
The truth is in my tears,
My heart, it's every beat
Is not for fears,
Or the hero who appears,
That Hector so defies.
But your sweet self endears;
Your love, form, face and eyes,
Your manners, smiles and sighs.
There's nothing to delete
Of you or of past years.
But Trojan fame and state
And the patronymic name,
It calls—I should not wait,
Or I will be to blame.
It comes before our love,
For the enemy's at our gate,
To crush or blight our fame,
If such is to be our fate—
The spear and not the dove,
And I alone remain
To reinforce the reign.

For Troy spoke he well,
He made a last embrace,
And in his last farewell
On his determined face,
Purporting lines to tell
That honor was more than life.
She read her answer well:
" 'Tis war, 'tis death and strife.
A parting word to you—
Adieu, a fond adieu."
"The time is ripe,
Achilles I'll persue!"
He turned from child and wife,
And before him thus he fell,
As he was born to do,
The Oracle all too true;
This was his last farewell.

TO COME

To come, to come! the rest that is to come,
To come thru gates that death will swing ajar;
My weary limbs may rest in time to come—
In time not far.

And when it comes my soul as well will rest,
For in the flesh the soul is serving time,
To guide the human form it doth invest,
And then returns unto its native clime.

To come, to come! the hours will not be long,
When back to its own essence, part will come.
Its only hope seems in this daily song,
Of time to come.

DEATH'S GERENT

I saw him leave the Plutonian camp
  This apparition stern.
One hand held a flameless lamp,
  The other held an urn.

Short and tall he seemed to grow,
  By gestures would convey:
"I'm the somber guide to realms below
  You all must go my way."

The old, the young, the low and high,
  With supercilious laughing cries,
He says, to humble pride, "'Tis I
  Who make you all one size.

"I separate the bride and groom,
  Still I unite the groom and bride,
Tho not in youthful life abloom,
  But in two graves aside.

"I take the child from mother's breast,
  I take the mother from the child,
I lay the weary old to rest,
  I rest the weary wild.

"I meet the frail and pass them by,
  I meet the healthy and the strong.
The weak I let them live to sigh
  And take the potent on.

"I take the bravest of the field
  And let the coward stay,
The monarch to my wand must yield—
  Capricious is my sway.

"I have the wisdom of an owl—
As he I hate the light—
The time I love of all to prowl
When spirited by the night.

"Men to me are pawns and toys
Who make my labor glad.
Oft before my sword destroys
I make my victims mad.

"Sometimes I let my victim go,
I mark him, then I wait
To let him unto greatness grow,
Then vanquish from his state.

"As Simon's exile o'er the flood
After gaining fame,
I drove him to drink bullock's blood,
To die and hide his shame."

Death's vision told this all to me,
And what it still would do.
It said, "When done across the sea
I'm coming back to you."

Too true He's doing across and on,
With gun and submarine;
For with him millions now have gone,
Helped by the Kaiser fiend.

His evil passions selfly crowned
With blood his warring rations.
He rules more than six feet of ground,
He's King of Europe's nations.

Nor is he partial to the land,
Of late he loves the waters.
For every day he wields his wand
And a floating shambles slaughters.

Wherever life there is, is he
On land or sea or Zeppelin.
In seraphic realms he floats so free
And contemns Titanic Neptune.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

The scene is of a sitting room,
Frugal, plain, and wholesome, clean.
Lit by the fireplace and the moon,
An open letter can be seen

Lying on the table near,
That's just been read and laid aside;
Its purport reads of Henry dear,
Who'd gone to war and died.

The two who sit with drooping head—
The ticking clock the only sound—
For what they've labored, loved and bled,
Lies buried in the ground.

The paper came, father could read
Nor could poor mother sew.
They could only moan and to heaven plead
For what was dearest to them below.

Faint words beneath their bated breath
At times from them you'd hear.
Impromptu sighs of "death, death, death!"
And "O, my boy! Dear, dear!"

PESSIMISM

This world is a world of sorrow—
  We're born without our consent.
We are forced by death in "tomorrow,"
  Then why to earth were we sent?

Did we sin in a world that was better?
  Were we sentenced to live here below,
To pay up our debts as a debtor,
  As dues to some heaven we owe?

For life is but fever and itching,
  From the cradle unto the grave.
For what is there here so bewitching
  Except hope—and the future, to crave?

Even in that we don't revel,
  For no one seems to return
To tell us of heaven or devil,
  If peace or in hell we're to burn.

It is pain, care and to suffer;
  To subsist we must labor and chafe—
One's body for disease is a buffer,
  The same with the Prince as the waif.

When children were governed by parent,
  When puberty arrives we're defiled;
By passion of youth so inherent,
  In old age again we're a child.

When babies, we're impotent and useless,
  Adolescence is only in school.
When senile we're dried up and juiceless,
  As adults pugnacious and cruel.

If we believe the soul is immortal
Or believe in the land of the leal,
It's by faith that we view heaven's portal,
For religion does little reveal.

We postulate empyrical theories
And by natural religion deceive
Ourselves till ontology wearies
The more study the less we believe.

Then why be so serious in living
For we bring nothing here when we come.
We're forced to take strife in the giving
That we cannot leave off till we're done.

The outlook is vague for so many;
They look around o'er the lands;
They know they're to dig every penny
Out of the ground with their hands.

Providence gave them their being,
A wight to be sheltered and fed.
If harmony, life's strings will need keying
With wine or the drug labeled red.

It's refuge till it loses its power,
And life as it is you detest.
Then the time has approached, yes the hour,
For you to disrobe and to rest.

LIFE'S IMPEDIMENTS

We are forced on earth without our consent,
And we are forced away against our will.
We inherit disease, are crippled and deformed,
And predisposed to crime.
We are possessed of passions,
Temptations thrown in our way.
They bewilder us, we yield,
We form habits that undermine the will, steal the soul and pollute the body;
They offer a moment's pleasure,
And incumber us with weeks of sorrow and suffering.
They engender pain and physical weakness.
They lead us from the path of rectitude and away from the road to happiness.
By them we are disqualified, incapacitated and demoralized.
They render us subversive to society, and make us subjects of charity.
We violate the law of both heaven and man,
We laugh at the national constitution and blaspheme the word of God.
We purloin our neighbor's goods and belie our friends,
We neglect our children and abuse our wives.
We commit bigamy and polygamy, and carry on incestuous commerce in clandestine consanguinity.
We marry our cousins and divorce our wives,
We speculate and peculate, tergiversate and subterfuge.
We sue and prosecute, defame and disorganize.
We desecrate and litigate, assail and assassinate,
Wound, murder and incriminate, defraud, dissemble and dissipate,
Seduct, seduce, rape, ruin and ravish.
We have war and conflict, discord and conquest.
We are impudent and impetuous, indocile and indolent.

We are cunning and covetous, penurious, parsimonious and mercenary.
Pusillanimous, salacious and libidinous.
We become puerile in age and senile in youth.
Our hair becomes prematurely gray, our sight impaired, and we lose our teeth,
Our hearing leaves us, polypus forms in our nose, our taste is not keen.
The skin is wrinkled and old.
The joints swollen and distorted.
The back hunched, the legs bowed,
The step infirm, the gait slow.
We have paresis of the brain and paralysis of the limbs,
Atrophy of the muscles and hypertrophy of the heart,
Anemia of the flesh and hyperemia of the brain;
Indigestion of the stomach and constipation of the bowels.
These are a few of the impediments and infirmities that we are to live through and overcome to be happy.

MADE FOR US

It's taken God a million years
To make this grand old world.
It's taken him a million more—
Since into space he hurled—
To cool this tumbling, rumbling ball,
And vegetation grow.
It's taken time to make it all,
Above and here below.
Before he made, he planned the lay,
How to make—and make it right.
He saw the sun would make the day,
And earth's own shade, the night.

And when he'd grown a garden grand,
Resplendent with the palm and pine,
He waved again his mighty wand,
Over the plain and brine,
And in the sea the fish were born,
And in the jungle, brutes.
But the greatest still was to adorn
The earth with man that suits—
That suited him in every way—
His omnipotent opinion—
After him, could hold full sway,
And have o'er all, dominion.

Now, after his omniscient mind,
With all his time and labor,
Has the whole to us assigned,
With heaven for a neighbor,
As gratitude for this great gift,
We war our brothers, and we slay;
We oppress to death, nor do we lift—
The survival of the fittest stay.
Man draws the sword against the shield,
The one has fought the other.
The strong have caused the weak to yield,
Brother slaying brother.

He bore us to the earth to live
In common—to enjoy it.
Ruling wisdom to some he gave,
For brother's good employ it.
But we strive to conquer and to rule,
Both the sea, soil, sand and sod.
They fight to death a bloody duel,
For what belongs to God.

HAPPINESS, LOVE, REASON AND GOOD

Robert G. Ingersoll, the agnostic, in his immortal tribute to the memory of his deceased brother, offered the following apophthegms in part, that have since become proverbial:

"Happiness is the only good, reason the only torch, humanity the only religion, justice the only worship, and love, the priest."

I have taken the liberty of framing the following poem, from the context of these sentiments.

POEM

After living a life at all angles and ways,
And even before kings you have stood,
You'll emerge from it all with one phrase to praise,
That "happiness is the only good."

You'll grope through the world with dogma for guide,
By faith without works, think you're right,
But to emerge from the darkness, you press fancy aside,
With reason as your staff and your light.

You may mentally reach for the realm of the soul,
And strive like a clipped winged pigeon,
But only to cease and accept as your toll,
"Humanity as your only religion."

Then look ye around for the best to receive,
Tho the king may knight you in "Sir Ship,"
There is something more potent, help the world to believe.
In justice the thing it should worship.

There're hopes in religion both natural and revealed,
But the recoil more natal to "pay men,"
Lies in the God of man's conscience appealed,
To love as the priest for the layman.

Tomorrow's not here, then live for today,
In the province incarnate not understood,
First make heaven here that makes it away,
With the timber of happiness, love. reason and good.

POETRY AND MUSIC

Poetry isn't poetry just because of rhyme,
Music isn't music alone, from tune and time;
Poetry, real poetry, is a symbol made of words,
Transcendant in spirit to realms beyond the birds.

The significance of its theme in metaphors you seek
Recondite and mantled as reason is by sleep;
For while in our slumbers it really veils and screens
And renders us susceptible to the poetry of dreams,

So poetry, real poetry, to grasp you deeply reach
Far back of word scenery, the figures of our speech,
Cloaked too near obscurity from the vulgar in mind
Still lucid in sentiment as the water and the wind.

* * * *

Poetry and song will always be,
It's always, always been,
In epics of all nations free
That keeps harmony within.

For Irene, Goddess of Ancient Greece,
Who nursed the King of Hell,
Even tho the Queen of Peace
She cast the harmonic spell.

There's harmony in the ankle joint
Of the smallest flea,
And where the Father does anoint,
Harmony there must be.

There's music in the playful brooks,
There's poetry in tears,
There's inspiration writ in books,
There's harmony in the spheres.

* * * *

Poetry, poetry is not alone in words,
There's poetry in meadows, in forests, fields and herds.
There's poetry and music in Aurora and her Hours
That makes the earth a paradise, for there's poetry in flowers.
There's poetry in the oceans and the rolling waves of seas,
There's music in the mountains and poetry in the bees.
There's music far in heaven
That faithful souls have healed,
And the Psalms and gospels given
Are by poetry revealed.

WHOM CAN WE BLAME?

Stupefied, stultified,
Sins dormant, though multiplied,
Devoid and depriven
Of good God has given,
Whether out or in prison,
Whom can we blame?

Man's law has mummified,
Worse, it has crucified
The soul in the human frame,
Stamped with a telling name—
"Convict," a criminal's fame—
Crushed by post penal shame
Whom can we blame?

Questions ineffable, answer irrefragible
Discipline unimaginable,
In salubriety
For crumbs of society.

O, toxic sobriety!
Vile, surfeit satiety
Of sham, Christian piety,
Whom can we blame?

Man falls, goals claim him;
They stain the victim, cells frame him.
Stain him with blotting rules,
Conquer him with torturing tools,
Mix him up with knaves and fools,
Scare him, dare him if he can
Rise again and be a man!
Whom can we blame?

Life's leaves are refolded,
Soul stamped and remolded
By the cold, dank and dreary,
Manumited though weary—
The world of them leary,
Whom can we blame?

Heaven's souls parentage
The earth's bodies heritage.
God points the position,

Fate formed the condition,
Whether priest or physician
Uplift is our mission,
Whom can we blame?

Make home of the prison
For Christ he has risen,
He descended to rise
To bridge human sighs;
His light knows no horizon,
Then sing a diapason,
"We are to blame!"

"THE LORD'S PRAYER" PARAPHRASED IN ACROSTIC

Our Father who art in heaven,
Father of all the living,
Who loveth all of us. His
Art and subtle hand maketh and crusheth us.
In every land and on the seven seas knoweth thy
Heaven Its domain he proffereth us. [word.
Hallowed be Thy name.
Be hallowed it always will
Thy same in love and in
Name.
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done. Thy
Kingdom of Thine only son. Who
Come to earth to teach,
Thy word and taught thy
Will as he had willed it should
Be taught and
Done.
On earth as it is in heaven and for
Earth as Jesus has given. Given
As from heaven. For
It will always be on earth to be given.
Is why He has given
In words from
Heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread. From
Us this day this prayer be said.
This day and every
Day by this be led. And
Our daily bread will
Daily feed us heavenly
Bread.

Lead	us not into temptation. Trust
Us	to our living ration, and if
Not	in Thy grace, then
In	Thy grace equal
To	Thy grace measured by the
Temptation	obscuring Thy grace
But	
Deliver	us from evil
Us	deliver
From	evil
Evil	deliver from us
Amen.	

A LIFE WITHOUT HOPE IS A CLOCK WITHOUT HANDS

A man without hope
  Is a clock without hands;
With success failed to cope,
  So helpless he stands.

Tho his body may run
  The same as the clock,
And not show what it's done,
  Except breathing—trick, tock!

It must be oiled and be fed,
  To continue its gait,
'Tisn't oil nor the bread,
  The record is the fate.

Out into space,
  Surrounded by air,
There is nothing to trace,
  Or nothing to compare.

For comparison is the rule,
  That gives wisdom to life,
The first of our school
  And the last of our strife.

Of an object you are told,
  At once you have styled,
"A babe's born to the fold,"
  Then the mind forms a child.

What the eyes have never seen,
  The mind cannot shape,
No matter how keen,
  Pre-wisdom the tape.

You might be told,
  "X was born today,"
Unknown in mold,
  Then what could you say?

You would stand and think,
  You would stand and stare,
You would oblivion drink,
  To taste and compare.

Vacant mind is a game,
  With spots off the dice,
You play just the same,
  But the spots are the spice.

So back to the clock,
  And life living lost,
'Tis only a mock,
  Here and there he is tossed.

If nothing to do,
  Life's dial would be bare,
If nothing pursue,
  You'll have nothing to compare.

TO "ALLETS"

From out the past if I could only blot
What I've forgiven and what she's forgot;
Youth's daring tribute to the siren's song,
That drew me quickly, yet it held me long;
Love's invocation that blossomed into harm,
I exculpate the metropoles, but inculpate the farm.
Crude was my science, in love-making art,
My mood amusing, when first I felt the dart,
In potent frenzy, the virile manhood rose,
Her breast was welcome, for my head's repose.
Burning, yearning passion consumed my very life,
She was friend and mentor, she was all but wife.
My grief augmented as my passion grew,
My morals weakened as I "garlands" strew.
In the path of "Allets," the one I loved the best,
Whose rosy fingers pinned them on her breast,
And where they withered, tho moistened by my tears,
My neglected emblems of forgotten years,
She scorned my tokens, she threw upon the floor
The ring I gave her, as from her fingers tore,
With expostulations she flagrantly abjured,
Her solemn, sickened promise that time and hate had cured.
" 'Tis not your person, for that I've long admired,
That causes me to shun you, 'tis what you have acquired."
Syncretisms, failure, my overtures subtend,
Recalcitrant behavior, our tenets would not blend.
I promised moral obstersion, and built where I was weak,
Or with her would absquatulate, to a home with strangers seek.
My words so weak and muffled, since love fast grew to hate,
In breaking bands that bound our hearts, made me the profligate.
Austere and stoic maiden, my heart's life blood you drained,
You took the spirit out of life, a living death remained.

Like Tantalus I suffered, in Ixon's wheel was hurled,
With nectar near, I thirsted, my brain in madness whirled.
I begged to her for mercy, I begged for pain's relief,
I ask for sated soothing, she to my wants was deaf.
As Chattobran, I told her, and Madam Rachiemeer,
To emulate their contract, would save me many a tear.
Platonic love their compact, to see and not to touch,
To visit her an hour a week, tho little it was much.
Not even this would she concede, she unraveled to the breeze,
The fabric of a youth who loved, a youth by love diseased.
And even now if she'd condone, and change thy stubborn will,
I'd love her as I did of old, for I adore her still.
Dead objects sink or drift away upon Love's wailing tide;
You can crush a flower in a single grasp, but the aroma will abide.
In early life I cared for you, in you I found repose,
Tho shunned by you in youthful days, I'll love you to the close.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME

Turn back to where old history's pages
Exalt the ones who led—
The church back in the night of ages,
In the "Subway" of the dead.

Street after street with mural siding,
Old tombs with bold relief—
The fathers' refuge—their place of hiding,
When they sowed the great belief.

With candle you may slowly wander
For miles beneath the sod
That served as home and church to ponder
On ways and means for God.

And earthly limbo for early churchmen
The church Rome would defeat her;
'Twas here they sought the soul by "Searchmen"
And crucified Saint Peter.

A thousand tombs of Holy Martyrs
That contemned corporeal pain,
This conventicle of the Christian starters
That died for Jesus' name.

Before the Nicean Creed was known,
Before the Saints had fought,
To cull heretic weeds when sown,
By Arius who wrongly taught.

Who taught that once there was a day
When God was not a father,
Before Christ's birth he loved to say
God had no child—no other.

Before these quarrels, before old Rome,
Before this city's scene,
The Vulgate or a Saint Jerome
Or the great Saint Augustine.

Before Anastacia was ever known,
Before he anathematized,
Before "The City of God" was Rome,
These tombs materialized.

Bats and rodents reign today
Amid these holy bones,
That sleep in peace 'neath the Appian Way
In the silent catacombs.

THE STARS AND STRIPES FOR PEACE

Once more retone the ancient shell!
Ye nine awake, and westward wing
From distant classic days to tell
Us freedom's words to sing.

Americans of every age,
The Nation calls and waits
Its sons response—to the official page,
The President of our States.

Patriots volunteer your aid,
Of *Liberty* daughter, son;
Shield the land our fathers made,
Do as they have done.

Our heritage of freedom's soil,
In reverence the world has bowed
To a flag unsullied by thraldom's moil
Our soldiers' fitting shroud.

Our exalted Congress is our Court,
For Liberty it breathes;
Natural wealth's our mighty fort,
Our coat of mails, the seas.

Our strength is not alone in guns,
For in heavenly God we trust,
Our strongest redoubt plus our sons,
Is in our laws so just.

Tradition prompts us—"Keep thy fame,"
And add to what was won
By Abraham Lincoln—bless his name—
And too, George Washington.

The Argusian eyes upon our flag
  Are watching day and night,
The peacock symbol on this rag,
  Will set all wrongs to right.

We do not go to war to slay,
  We fight that war may cease;
The stars and stripes just clear the way,
  For the dove, sweet bird of peace.

As one we stand, as one we fall—
  To only one we nod,
He who governs us, rules all,
  The Just and Living God.

NOTHING SITS STILL!

The ocean keeps roaring,
The rivers a-pouring,
The birds flying, soaring,
The worm's crawling, boring,
And nations a-warring
Instead of adoring.
Nothing sits still!

Men keep on going,
How plain it is showing,
That greater we're growing
In wisdom and knowing,
As time in its flowing,
And the wind in its blowing,
Helps ships in their towing,

Sailing or rowing;
Or planting or hoeing,
For seeds in their sowing,
Whether raining or snowing,
Or the sun in its glowing,
Grim reaper keeps mowing,
Whether wailing or woeing;
In the grave, God is stowing,
A laying and throwing,
Yet the cows keep on lowing
And the cocks keep on crowing,
And the baker's a-doughing,
Drive us to trowing,
That nothing is slowing,
And that nothing sits still!

Nature keeps doing,
Moving, pursuing,
Grinding and hueing,
Rotting, renewing,
First reddening, then blueing,
Breaking, then glueing,
Rebreaking then rueing,
Then scattering and strewing,
Driving and eschewing,
The world in its stewing;
God does the cueing,
The plaintiff the suing
The cats keep on mewing,

In nocturnal wooing,
Of crying and cooing,
Shows the world isn't Jewing,
And that nothing sits still!

NIGHT SHADES

Soft is the shadow of night
When lit by the glow of the moon,
The heart is more keen to its light
Than it is to the sun at noon.

Blessed are the hours of shade,
For life's not as vain and as real,
In this trysting time that was made
For the secrets of love we reveal.

Then the earth is a garden of love,
The blanket of night is a screen
That shields when it falls from above
And darkens yet sweetens the scene.

Conducive, seductive, and wrought
For dalliance to have and to hold
The maid that we seek and have sought,
Love the best in the night in the wold.

One-half of the earth is in night,
The rest is skirted by day.
Tho the earth stands in its own light
It drives life's sameness away.

Wherever there are human lives
When the shade of the nighttime betides,
Good men go home to their wives,
And there until morn each abides.

In the element of darkness it seems,
There is something that mortal inspires
Not alone does it kindle his dreams,
But his love latent passions it fires.

Selene, in the story of old,
O'er Endymion vigil she kept,
On Latmus she watched o'er his fold,
She kissed him through night while he slept.

Diana would ramble and rove,
While Juno the Queen of the sky,
Would watch in the garth and the grove
With her blue vaulted dome for an eye.

Diana's brother Apollo would rise
When the lovers apart he had borne,
After Daphne he'd go through the skies,
For he loved her—the shade of the morn.

POTENT MORPHEUS

Relief you can borrow
For pain and for sorrow,
But the lender expects to be paid.
And with legal tender
You'll pay to this lender
A debt you've unknowingly made.

Divine is the feeling,
As o'er you comes stealing,
The soft, subtle "hands" of relief.
With demons you are dealing,
And to them appealing,
For more of the food of your grief.

Relief they will send you,
For a while they will mend you;
But they poison the wound as they sew.
You employ their assistance,
Until the will's no resistance,
And the structure of habit will grow.

You will climb for the airway
On this fragile stairway;
Every step seems to sink 'neath your feet.
You awake from your being,
Among dragons, to seeing
Reality's Plutonic defeat.

As Æneas with the Sibyl,
Or the author with Riebel,
The former as guide led the way;
The latter would aid me,
Instead of evade me,
If I'd tendered the letter that day.

For Eurydice went Orpheus,
Accompanied by Morpheus,
To search shaded realms as he played,
Tho his tone it was single,
In a cave black as Fingal,
I made the same trip, but I stayed.

Like the laws of relation,
And of compensation,
As Emerson said must prevail,
Employ drugs to give pleasure,
Redeals pain's equal measure,
For where there's a hill there's a dale.

THE SEQUEL TO YOUR "YES"

The sequel of those words affect
In the June of our career,
Tho forty years—with me reflect,
I ask again to hear.
To hear your answer as of old,
To hear you speak your heart,
The same lips telling what they told,
The same sweet words impart.

As I have said, 'twas the June of life,
'Twas the month of June as well,
When I asked you to become my wife,
And at your feet I fell.
Of creation, the fairest object you,
Too fair to touch the sod;
And thou, the fitting words so true,
The "noblest work of God."

The very space you fill, I feel,
You charge my spirit droll,
A glorious impulse seems to steal,
My apathetic soul.
And the world takes on a brighter hue,
It seems almost immortal,
While gazing in those eyes so blue,
That's been my heaven's portal.

I raised and placed a tender kiss,
On your cheek, as you said, "Harry,
I'll answer you—take this and this
To seal the 'Yes'—I'll marry."
And the seal has never yet been broke,
With mutual love we each entwine,
I told you then I'd be the oak,
If you would be the vine.

And this was forty years ago,
Still so fresh within my mind,
The older the oak and the ivy grow,
The tighter is the bind.
The sequel of "Yes" was happy years,
To live them o'er again I thirst,
Our sorrow has been happy tears,
Of halcyon days rehearsed.

BOOKS.

Books are the records of actions
In body as well as in mind,
They form archives of acts, fables and facts
They're the replica of all that's behind.

Books on the past we call history,
On current events are today,
On the future or prophecy's mystery
They reach beyond and away.

Only a book, yet a book is a friend,
That makes the darkest hour brighter
At will you may open and an evening may spend,
And "talk" and be taught by its writer.

Books bring the past up today,
They're the ferry up-river of time,
Of Carthage or Troy, you may "fight" o'er the fray,
Or read Ovid in prose or in rhyme.

Or peruse Plato's "Republic" or "Utopia" by More,
Or the kings and their morganatic wives
Of Kepler—Copurnicus or Galileo's Lore
Or the Caesars in Plutarch's "Great Lives."

THE GRAVE

My pillow will be the soil,
  My blanket the sod,
That screens from toil and moil,
  Tho not from God.

At peace with the mystic dove,
  I'll leave it all to fate;
I'll have you all to love,
  I'll have no one to hate.

Graves we have but one,
  The cosmic steps are seven,
When life on earth is done,
  We begin the initial heaven.

In adversity there's hope,
  In affluence foreboding,
Weight is equal in this trope,
  Until the grave's unloading.

GRECIAN ISLES

O, Grecian Isles! where marble piles
  Have crumbled back to clods;
Still speak of men of ancient styles,
  The vogue of many gods.

Cypress where Cythera rose,
  The Uranian Venus, she,
Where beauty and dear love repose,
  Since borne from the sea.

Love's classic use and its abuse,
  On Delos' shores once sighed,
Sappho, from "Lover's Leap" to muse,
  Here lived, loved, sang and died.

WALK BACKWARD, WALK BACKWARD

Walk backward, walk backward with face to the ground,
See what you have lost and others have found.
See what you have missed in time's golden sand;
If you would have labored, if you would have panned
The dirt from the gold and the dross from the dust,
You'd have the world's riches with happiness plussed.
You'd see your false steps that to blighten redound
If you would walk backward with face to the ground.

Walk backward, walk backward with face to the skies,
Look at God's features, look into His eyes,
His eyes shine as brightly, His face is as mild,
As when you were youthful, both wicked and wild.
If you had sought refuge and steered for the lee,
As the ships trust His guidance far out on the sea,
You'd finish life's circle without sorrow or sighs,
Now ashamed you walk backward and blush at the skies.

Walk backward, walk backward and gaze at each side;
Tho you blush at youth's folly, 'tis the livery of pride.
'Tis the growth of our judgment and lustration of tears,
That grows with our body and develops with years;
That gives us our wisdom to backwardly seek
To see our "faux pas" and where we are weak.
We can see the old casket of wounds time has healed
That we made at our leisure, in the past they are sealed,
We cannot erase them, tho we reflect o'er the ground,
Of the past walking backward, looking around.

Walk backward, walk backward o'er life's weary trail,
Where Paul first succeeded, where Peter did fail;
View the remnants of pleasure that's faded away,
View the remnant of labor that's there till today
Smell the nard of the primrose on the path once you trod,
View the trail seldom taken to travel with God,

And see the old landmarks you'd love to erase
And take from time; knowledge and virtue replace
In your tour walking backward 'twill your folly recall,
For 'twas virtue that made Peter and grace that made Paul.

Walk backward, walk backward through your gauntlet of years,
All's blank to the eye, all's deaf to the ears;
The past passes farther, the future's your last,
So profit by your evil and be taught by the past,
For we cannot do over what time has undone,
"If to live life twice hither, you're to live well the one"—
In your thoughts walking backward, reflect and attain,
The moral from the journey and it won't be in vain.

PARTING

Fate decrees we are to live apart
And disunite the legal wedded tie
That binds awhile the flesh, tho not the heart—
Of you and I.

More potent bands than simple words have bound
Our souls to one that cruel death exiled
Away from us, beneath the cold, damp ground—
Our child.

Possessions with ease we may divide,
Her clothes and little shoes within our powers
To take and part, we two, tho she has died—
She still is ours.
You take her little shoe and I a shoe,
You take her little glove and I a glove,
The rest will not divide, as I and you—
Her love.

HOME WITHOUT MOTHER

Proem

Death indefeasible
Brings sorrow ineffable,
With the past immutable,
And the future inevitable
Makes the present miserable.

Poem

A room without a fixture,
A frame without a picture,
And a home without a Bible we can stand;
But a house without a brother
Wife, father or a mother,
Is a place that only God can understand.

A school without a scholar,
A man without a dollar,
Or a king without a country, isn't strange;
But a girl without a lover
And particularly a mother,
Leaves a mark upon her soul that never'll change.

A bell without a clapper,
A war without a sapper,
Or intelligence conveyed without a wire;
In life's traffic this we smother
But the girl without a mother
Helps extinguish the vestal virgin fire.

Without a mentor cares will double—
Pandora's box so full of trouble.
O Jove, why let such sorrow go astray!

Better Niobe who lost her seven
Than lose the mother who is heaven
To the daughter needing mother all the way.

Some succeed by wrongly doing,
Others fail by right pursuing—
God's artful way of testing mortal worth;
But the girl without a mother
That rises still above the other
Is a living jewel to adorn the earth.

LIFE'S TOMORROW

There is a goal of equal measure,
For laboring men or men of leisure;
Life's duration but a day,
Death will always cross its way,
Time's the only treasure.

That monster, death, you cannot please her,
On aged feeds, infants tease her.
Even sorrow cannot stay;
It and glory pass away.
Cite Napoleon, Rome and Cæsar.

Death will deaden mirth and sorrow,
Time and death each lend and borrow.
Time first paints his victims gray,
Death transmutes them back to clay,
The goal of life's tomorrow.

THE LOST CHORD FOUND

A sound fell onto my ear drums,
  A sound so foreign in tone,
'Twas restful like music, soul welcomes
  Still it wasn't just music alone.

I perceived it, tho not with the senses,
  It sounded like it came from behind,
Still it did not seem of the tenses
  Except of the infinite kind.

The Arcanum of space seemed to open
  A deafening quietude reigned,
In this great bourne, I sat moping,
  With all of my faculties chained.

I was surrounded by "nothing" the spirit,
  My soul mingled deep in its sway,
For nothing it must be to be near it
  If substance, it's the opposite way.

I felt like an egg made of syrup,
  With harmony that nourished within;
Purity rode by in the stirrup,
  With my past from its palace of sin.

There were myriads of colors around me,
  I saw, tho not with my eyes,
A mantle of purple that gowned me,
  As the planets are gowned by the skies.

There was rolling, gushing and grinding,
  Congealed music melting to freeze,
It was the Lost Chord in unwinding,
  Life's reel with death's wicked keys.

NOT FROM THE SAND OR THE SEA

In atoms God found us,
With His essence He bound us
  In form, as He did with the world.
But the earth when He planned it,
And before He had manned it,
  He cooled it in space as it whirled.

Then shortly He clayed us
For he grew us, or made us
  From the life-giving principle—He
Is the soul and we wear it
That from Him we inherit
  And not from the sand or the sea.

He surely adored us,
For when He restored us
  From Deluge, where none could appeal,
Tho the Serpent nearly graved us
Root of Jessy has saved us
  By bruising its head with the heal.

And in the beginning
Where original sinning
  First sprang from a snake to beguile,
Eve in the garden
Tho in Christ we find pardon,
  Forever after bondage awhile.

Man wasn't human,
For he looked upon woman
  With eyes that were blind as a mole,
Till chivalrous bravery,
They were subjects of slavery,
  And animals devoid of a soul.

WITH GOD

When I'm hailed by the hand that is handless,
  When I'm paged by the love-sanctioning nod,
To come to the land that is landless,
  To come and to be with my God.

There I'll be in a day that is nightless
  With harmony of souls for my breath,
I will see with the eyes that are sightless,
  I will live where there is no death.

Where the wicked and sinners are sinless,
  Where the sot, the saint and the sage,
Alike have found kin for the kinless,
  And deaths resting balm for the aged.

And when in the place that is placeless,
  Where errors of men are remissed,
There I'll stand face to face with the faceless,
  With friends that for years I have missed.

They will lead me o'er ground that is groundless,
  And show me the bourne that's to last,
Where time is unknown, space is boundless—
  We will drink the oblivion of past.

Until then I will know self is selfless,
  For the part that once labored and trod,
For pelf that can't go with the pelfless,
  Only soul's legal tender with God.

I will leave my friends that were friendless
  To go where sorrow is o'er,
To part for a meeting that's endless,
  Where pain and care are no more.

Then I'll welcome the sleep that is sleepless
  Bury sins with my flesh, 'neath the sod,
Then why weep for the eyes that are weepless,
  When I am with God?

PRINCE AND PEASANT

When prince and peasant meet
To wed—the two extremes
Will social laws defeat,
Besides heavenly laws it seems.

Tho not equal above the sod,
At death and on that day
They return to their father God,
As one in dust will lay.

Before the immortal bath,
Before piercing the inverted bowl,
Since crossing each other's path
To claim each other's soul.

They'll ask that while they live
This life of stormy weather,
To each that God will give
That they may live together.

They will know it was His will
If He gives to each this present;
She'll know God loves her still,
Tho a daughter of a peasant.

Then soothing, sweet, serene,
She'll sing through all the day,
From peasant unto queen
She'll love her life away.

Now God may seal her pleasure,
For wedded life's endowed
With children, the greatest treasure,
Unless of them too proud.

If death doesn't step between,
As Niobe and her seven,
Your life will be a dream,
And earth will be your heaven.

TO ANNA

Pure as the tears of angels—the dew,
Fair as their feathers—the snow,
Clear and lucid as the air,
Brilliant as the starlight glow.

Sweet as honey in the white clover bud,
Daunting as Aurora and the Hours,
Vivacious as the springs that bubble to the flood,
Handsome as the blooming flowers.

Clear and lucid in mind as the air ,
Chaste as the budding rose,
Crowned with tresses like Bernice's hair
Your character in your features shows.

You're proud, but only as Jesus was proud,
Your love is as deep as the sea,
You're noble and charitable, besides you're endowed,
With grace and humility.

You're the beacon that's guided and guided me right,
Your voice rekindled love's fires,
You're my all, dear heart, my life and my light,
My song, your absence inspires.

On the horizon of sorrow when all are forlorn,
As Iris with her golden lighting rays,
You appear as a rainbow after the storm,
You're the cause of my halcyon days.

You're good, yes good, but weak is the word,
To tell of the goodness in thee,
Who saved a lost soul and brought hopes long deferred,
To a mortal no other than me.

THE GRAPE VINE

The vine, its tendrils entwine the mighty oak,
Weak and fragile still it binds,
A forest giant by weeping, creeping stroke,
Nor does it nourish with its "wines."

The essence of its fruit instils
In man a sweet desire, a craving want,
Its graceful growth in time obtunds it wills
To trammel the human flesh and soul to haunt.

Tho homely, dumpish Bacchus in the flesh,
The mortal symbol of the blood of grape,
He weaves recondite spirit's choking mesh,
To rendezvous more deadly than the "Plutonian Rape."

Caparisoned in leaf and blade, to do
Her annual tour to decorate the world,
Proserpine from Pluto's realm she drew,
The vine that crowns the earth when it unfurls.

The vine-crowned boughs with "osire" pendants hung,
A welcome scape when Orpheus and Apollo play,
And Pan of "Ancient of Days" through Syrinx had sung,
Made mystic song and wine in classic lay.

And of it drink and still they were athirst
For more, nor need the lips indulge.
Yet drink and think, the last is as the first,
A toxic ecstasy with feast abulge.

Ariadne's recourse after love's defeat
Was in the shadow of the foreign vine,
Or Bacchus, of whom she chanced to meet,
And appeased unrequited love with sparkling wine.

I'D LOVE TO LIVE THAT HOUR O'ER

By the one who set my heart on fire,
Ye nine awake my theme inspire;
Of her an erstwhile charming bell
Both good and bad of her you tell,
Tell first the oneness of her class,
Her brow, like mercury on a glass
Reflects the beauty of her grace.
You see her mind upon her face,
Her eyes a fiery, liquid coal
The windows of her loving soul.

In her every posture beauty shows,
Within her something does repose,
That is by her sweet body framed
Unknown, unknowable and unnamed.
Nor is it figure, curves or flesh,
For its fabric seems of finer mesh,
Against her will it casts its spell,
As it did to me and did so well;
For its sweet-pained poison through me stole,
And tuned my heart-strings as its tole.

And how this throbbing organ played,
As on her breast my head has laid,
And gazed within her eyes to think
And from those lips love's nectar drink—
A drink that does not quench the thirst,
Tho sipped I from this cup the first.
If I could live this hour o'er
And it alone and nothing more,
I'd give my life for this sweet day
And in it live my life away.

THE ALPINE EDELWEISS

Tradition speaks, and ballads sing the past,
When knights of old were chosen by this test,
Before their ladies edelweiss would cast,
For her to tender to whom she loved the best.

Amid the Alps, where lovers oft have trod,
And left the world behind with all its cares,
When all alone, except with nature's God,
They wandered heavenward on rocks of natural stairs.

Where saxtile trysts, where rock-built castles stands,
With diadems of melting snow to run,
In bridal veils embellished by godly hands,
Iris and Apollo's art—the rainbow and the sun.

And here there is a test—a lover's proof,
Where words declare that love shall never cease,
Tho life's imperiled—man's to go aloof,
On highest Matterhorn and pluck the edelweiss.

A POLISHED FRAUD

Nature in its course will abolish
The external beauty it grew;
It will decay or wither its polish
As Black Clouds soon cover the blue.

There's no coloring under the peeling
Of an apple when it is pared;
Rough plaster lies back of the ceiling,
Shining scalps are exposed when dehaired.

'Neath the bark of a tree are but slivers,
A diamond is carbon or sand,
Molecules make the great rivers
While granules of dust make the land.

'Neath the beautiful skin of a woman,
If burnt, blistered or bruised,
With all the paint, powder or perfuming
It will redden and swell if contused.

The eye is an organ for seeing,
'Tis prettier than colored glass,
But open its internal being
And it's nothing but a colorless mass.

Man has been cut out of granite,
But the lungs, heart, stomach and bowel
Are but stone, for how could they "man it,"
With mallet with chisel or trowel?

The stage with its settings entrancing,
With its characters, heroes and fiends,
With its music and all of its dancing
There's roughness just back of the scenes.

The moon with its lustre and shining
Lights heaven's inverted bowl;
Tho it gives night a golden lining
It's only a chunk of coal.

And so with all earth in its making,
Tho with brush and in verse we will laud,
But when out of dreams into waking,
You'll see it's a polished fraud.

RAVEN AND DOVE

Good and Evil, Light and Dark
The Raven and the Dove,
They both served Noah in the Ark,
But only one served Love.

Hermes, a God of Ancient Greece,
The "Life" in Aaron's rod,
Must surrender to the dove of peace,
As messenger to God.

For as a dove the Father won,
Time opportune he seized,
To say to John and Christ, His son,
"In Him I am well pleased."

TO THE "TIMONEUMIAN"

To live amid society,
And still to live away,
Is like the man of piety
Committing heresy.

For men weren't made to live alone,
And think alone of self;
With watery blood and heart of stone—
Their object only pelf.

The civilized must play their part
In the one-act drama, Life!
If children do not cheer his heart
He will not cheer his wife.

Such may live as Timon did
  In Grecian days of old
Whose tomb and bones in the ocean slid,
  So the story's told.

The very God that gave him breath
  Would shun if he could do,
But in this way and after death,
  They sequestered him anew.

Perhaps the cells of saints are blessed
  And the desert anchorite,
But he who seeks Timoneum rest
  Shadows his own light.

Who little thinks of others,
  From heaven may little hope;
Heaven fathers, and earth mothers
  Even the misanthrope.

Every action against his laws
  By its own court records
A charge, a verdict and sentence draws
  Self-executing swords.

If we receive, then why not give
  The greatest virtue dual?
No matter how the others live—
  Thus live the Golden Rule.

MY IDEAL

My ideal in reality I know I'm still to find,
In northern land and austral, erratic as the wind;
In the Occident and Orient I have travelled far—
Tho I have failed to find you, still I know you are.
Incarnate and awaiting my long-desired embrace,
Personified perfection—in mind, form, soul and face,
Cupid's bow the pattern to her sweet and nectared lips,
A Phryne in type and model, in shoulders, thighs and hips.
In her objective beauty, like Aphrodite was blest.
For poverty of words imagine I cannot tell the rest.
With eyes that are vivacious and hair of golden hue,
She blushes at her loveliness, the sign she's chaste and true;
With heart of noble kindness, with liberal and loving mind,
Invested with virtue's firmness, an anomaly you seldom find.
For she who's physically charming must guard where'er she list,
For overtures are forthcoming, temptations to resist.
With efflorescing sweetness and unaffectedly demure,
With congested soul of honor, with humility's grace so pure.
Nor can I omit her mammary grace, where in thoughts my head oft rests,
For all the gems Pandora brought, the sweetest were her breasts.
With eyes closed tightly, still I see in my restful dreams,
The object of my love ideal, too good for truth it seems.
The incubus of my sleeping dreams, O why should I awake,
And mantle nocturnal gladness that only sleep can make.
Its immaculate passion sated, exalted, pure and just,
'Tis dreams of physical commerce, in ethereal lust.
This is my only recourse, to have, to hold and feel,
The ineffable "grand passion" in her my love ideal.

A VISIT TO THE VILLAGE GRAVEYARD

The day was lit in a golden glow.
I strolled across the wold.
I called upon my friends laid low,
My friends of old.

I spoke to each as on I walked,
Their good in life my heart reread,
Not with lips, tho still I talked
With friends long dead.

The epigraph I'd bend to read:
"John Doe was born," it gave the years,
And now my heart began to bleed,
Nor could I read the rest for tears.

Nor did I need the eyes to see,
To read of him below,
Mind's eye now read the rest to me,
Of my old friend "John Doe."

This communion in the afternoon
Of life to me was grand.
I conversed with friends, with one a boon,
I all but shook her hand.

I rested on the grave of she,
For whose sweet words I've pined,
For she ne'er spoke in life to me,
Unless the words were kind.

I'd finished now the silent path,
And wandered to my home,
To wait to tread the road He hath,
For each to walk alone.

DOZY JOSEY

My dearest Josey, why be so dozy
  Whene'er I ask you to become my wife?
Your cheeks are rosy,
  Your words are poesy,
With you how cozy
  To go through life!

But dozy Josey,
  Don't think me nosey,
Because I shake and wake you with a start.
  When I propose a time, you're always dozy
And the only sound I hear's your beating heart.

Your pretending lazy,
  Will drive me crazy
Just by your acting, tacting as you do.
  If you don't want me,
Tell me, don't taunt me,
  And through life, haunt me, O, cruel you!

Dozy Josey, don't be so "frozy"!
  Wake up and give my heart a short reprieve.
My love incumbers just by your slumbers,
  That's caused me both to doubt and to believe
In you, sweet Josey, though you are dozy.
  Though dreaming, sleeping, walking shall I fear,
Since love I've fed you, I'll take and wed you,
  As my little rosy, dozy, Josey dear.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRING

It drops and it drips, it warbles and slips,
As it flows on its way to the free;
It runs and it spills, o'er rocks and o'er rills;
It laughs on its way to the sea.

At first it's a spray, but it grows on its way,
As it bounds on its course to the lee;
It's the source or the giver that floods the great river.
And then on its way to the sea.

It bubbles and sops on mountains—their tops,
Only rivulets, tho soon they will be
A stream on its way, tho once bubbles and spray,
To nourish and water the sea.

Men may I say tho little today,
As drippings have swollen the sea.
Tho mites if you gather, this life you can weather
For atoms make oceans and we.

You can gather much knowledge outside of college,
As springs gather springs as they flee.
'Tis the gauntlet of ages that has given us sages,
As rivers in time make the sea.

From the night of the ages in turbulent rages,
The ocean's been grinding to be.
In its ambient spreading to cover earth's bedding,
But its poundings have leveled the sea.

By the waves in their winding, their grinding and grinding,
That have fought and labored to free.
But they have made little sandhills of sand-vamping sandles,
That are worn as shoes by the sea.

So cease from thy shirking, keep working, keep working,
Like the sands that were made and to be.
The curbs for the water that trammeled and wrought her,
Own shores that keep guard o'er the sea.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

Hope and Faith are twin sisters;
They always go hand in hand.
In grief they're human assisters,
And behind their redoubt we stand.

Hope tho deferred never'll perish;
It's employed more as we grow.
Tho we use it light in days garish,
In age its value we know.

Tho deferred, it still has its being,
It's the very life of our breath;
There is no limit to its pleading,
It guides the soul beyond death.

Without hope, faith is but useless,
Without faith, hope is the same.
'Tis sawing with a saw that is toothless,
Against life's knots and the grain.

Having faith is trusting in heaven—
'Twas a rule in the old synod.
By faith you were saved, it was given
With hope which is borrowed from God.

From two of the sisters styled Graces,
The one called Charity has sprung.
Myth has endowed them with faces,
And of them we've painted and sung.

NATURE'S GREEN AND BLUE

God chose the shade
Of all the seven
In the woof of every leaf and blade,
On earth's great stage,
And congruous scene
This side of heaven
That's pleased the taste of every age
This tint was given—
The color green;
By sweet Pamona, Orchard Queen.
But orchards fade
When Junos played
About and with her winter brings
This cruel nurse to foliage wean
By weeping branches overlaid,
With snow, the down of angels' wings
To only melt and show between
The shade immortal evergreen.

He still another color chose
From out the seven,
Nor do I mean that of the rose,
Or of the blade or of the tree,
But of the background of the true—
The heaven;
Or the heavenly blue
That tints its likeness in the dew,
The color of the far and free;

And when He'd painted well the two
He finished with the sea.
And he did it all, and all for who?
For you and yours, myself and mine,
And still belongs to only one,
For it is infinite divine.

'Tis part of God and of His Son
Who owns the great inverted bowl,
Where mansions are for me and you;
And where all loving dreams come true,
Where spirit drinks ambrosial wine,
Distilled by sun's rays on the brine
That we will taste; the final roll,
When called it will the flesh renew,
Beneath the green, above the blue,
Transmute to sand the body's goal,
Transcend, O spirit with the soul.

OHIO

Ohio, Ohio! the Buckeye State,
The parent of sons and daughters great!
Aliens from all parts of the earth
Seek home and sanctuary at its hearth.

Ohio, Ohio! there is but one!
Your seal is labor and the setting sun,
So emblematic of peace and rest,
The Elysian Fields of the Middle West.

Ohio! the Avalon of the states!
That all men love and no one hates.
In speaking Cæsar, you think of Rome,
In speaking Ohio, you think of home.

Ohio, Ohio! Oh, my Ohio!
Whose hills and valleys echo I O—O!
Pabulum and life I will supply O!
For I'm your mother, Ohio—Ohio!

AS YOU

(Imitations of Christ.)

Lead, that I may follow,
Lead as you have led;
Over hills and hollow
May I tread.

Teach as you in teaching
In knowing help to know;
The light of your beseeching
Let me show.

And give as you in giving
The living while I live;
To live and help in living
May I give.

And sow as you have sown,
In heeding may I heed;
Blood flow as yours has flown
May I bleed.

At the end when all is ending
And lying dead I lie,
A martyr, your name defending
May I die!

"OMNIA BONA BONIS"

A willing heart is a killing heart,
  For Jesus did and died,
Souls He cured and then endured,
  Altruistic suicide.

A grinning face is a winning face,
For it makes those present glad,
'Twill age erase, and youth replace,
It antidotes the sad.

Oft shedding tears mean wedding tears,
These voiceless words aflow,
They're the usual proof in flowing truth
Of affection here below.

The heart that feels is the heart that steals
A kiss from the maiden fair;
We don't beseech when in our reach
It's for the hard-to-win we care.

The friend that's dear is the friend that's near
When trials and troubles come
Your wants he'll hear, he'll give and cheer,
While the rest are "deaf and dumb."

THE "REAL" IS THE UNSEEN AND THE UNSEEABLE.

Nothing is real that's immutable,
Yet the world styles the immutable the real.
The life of all substance is ephemeral.
The Infinite we can't see nor feel.

It's the unseen, the unknown, and the unknowable
That's the father of bourne and of wight.
The embryo's cause is unshowable,
For the Eternal is kept from our sight.

To be "in tune with the Infinite,"
Transmuted we must be.
For a moment from your *borne esprite*
To prenatal memory.

BE TRUE

If it's true what you have told me,
And time alone can tell,
The world will fail to hold me,
For in love with you I've "fell."

If I had the power to mould thee,
To my will I'd have you nod,
I'd make you true and then behold thee,
As "Truth, the noblest work of God."

If you find you cannot love me,
Be true and say you can't be mine;
I'll forgive, sure as heaven's above me,
For "to err is human; to forgive, divine."

Then in my arms if I can't fold thee,
And another wins what I pursue,
I'll have no reason then to scold thee,
For you did as Truth would do.

Or if false what you have told me,
For falsehoods cannot ride the gale,
Your soul and honor you've cheaply sold me,
For "Truth is mighty and must prevail."

SOMEWHERE

Somewhere the day is always dawning,
It's always placid somewhere on the sea,
Somewhere on the earth it's always morning,
That somewhere—if I could only be.

Somewhere the moon is always shining,
Somewhere there're always growing showers;
Somewhere its love and no repining,
Somewhere there're always tender flowers.

Somewhere the sun is always parting,
Somewhere it's always passing by;
Somewhere the day is always starting,
Somewhere God waits for you and I.

Somewhere we'll see the Holy Spirit
Not on the land or seas we number seven;
Somewhere we'll know, see, feel and hear it,
Somewhere some day we'll know of heaven.

Somewhere my friends—oh, yes another,
Somewhere I'll see her face and wavy hair,
Somewhere I'll see you, dearest mother,
Somewhere, somewhere!

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN HYMN WAS COMPOSED BY HADRIAN, EMPEROR OF ROME, A PAGAN

"Vital spark of heavenly flame"
That healed the blind, the halt, the lame;
The flesh alone the cross had killed,
And ancient prophecy fulfilled.
In Him to rule without sword or rod,
Our Christ, the son of the living God.

"Oh, Vital Spark of heavenly flame!"
This Christian Hymn of Pagan fame,
This famous line Pope has used,
And I with others have abused,
But the author of this initial Hymn
Was the Roman Emperor Hadrian.

THE SWEETEST THING IN ALL THE WORLD

Eyes of blue, hair nature curled,
Is the sweetest thing in all the world.
With classic features and Grecian nose,
And cheeks refulgent like the rose,
Combined a figure steeped in grace,
A carnate goddess of the race,
This ideal image all men see,
And what all women wish to be,
For sweeter will a poet sing,
If wound up by this power spring;
And more supreme is man's command,
Upon the sea or on the land;
Whether scepter, sword or baton wield,
From throne or band or on the field,
Whether farmer on his patch of ground,
Or soldiers brave the world around,
In palace or in squalid den,
The stronger with the stronger men.

She fair tho faint, still full of force,
Inspires to marriage and divorce;
It drives to murder and to steal.
It caused the wound in Achilles' heel.
It propels, attracts, two different ways,
Still happy thoughts and dreamy days.
For man is of the form divine,
With song and love with her and wine,
With eyes of blue, hair nature curled,
Is the sweetest thing in all the world.

THE WORLD'S MONEY MAD

Money, men die for it,
Children they cry for it,
Jews often sigh for it,
All people lie for it,
Souls you can buy for it,
Bird-men will fly for it,
Or mountains sail high for it;
And even vote dry for it;
Lawyers will try for it,
Beggars apply for it,
Farmers grow rye for it,
And for hogs build a sty for it;
We all have an eye for it,
And in danger go nye for it;
As sailors will tie for it,
Some will deny for it,
Others defy for it;
Cooks they will fry for it,
And bake bread and pie for it;
On providence some rely for it.
Soldiers will spy for it,
None are too shy for it—
Neither you nor I for it,
But what is the why for it?
That answer, "O! my for it,
I'll lift up, I'll pry for it,
And pray to the sky for it,"
But this is the reply for it—
The world's money mad!

HENRY FORD

Of men that's made their millions,
There are many I can cite,
Some acquired to spend, and some to horde,
There is one that will have billions,
Still he made his money right.
But it isn't John D. R.; it's Henry Ford.

Of all the men that's wealthy,
And made their money square,
There's one that found a realm unexplored,
He found to give while taking,
With labor play ye fair,
And emulate the ways of Henry Ford.

His ways are democratic,
In peace he does delight,
And in his "Argosy" he thousands poured,
His motto, Peace and Liberty, and to that end
will fight.
Believe me, yours truly, Henry Ford.

FRAGMENT

The will of our people is the will of our God;
We are God's people, to Him only we nod,
But not unto others, only to God.
Old glory so sacred, if on it you trod,
If you sully its colors or menace our sod,
We'll lock up the dove and we'll take down the rod
And crush the offender, so we will, help us God.

WAR'S THREE PHASES

Hark! I hear the shrieking cries of suffering ones.
Hark! I hear the booming detonating guns.
I hear it all from Europe's warring shores.
Cannon mouths repeating, war! war! war!
Cannon, musket, sword and canvas tent,
Ships and towns are ruined, treasures spent.
Battered, bent, broken, buried beneath both bog and wave;
Prince, peasant, captain, colonel, fill a soldier's grave.
But listen! 'Tis o'er what I heard, I fail to hear
All is quiet. The frightened need not fear.
Sorrow-saddened, suffering souls of soldiers cease
For warring powders, powers proclaimed pleasing, placid peace.

NATURE WED

Marcescent foliage mantled the mistletoe,
O'er stile, thru croft, we list.
The child by this will be mulier I know,
Beneath both dead and green we kissed.

Nostalgia won't come to such who leave
Their parents' home unwed.
In nature's symbol when the two believe
Speaks the word instead.

Within this garth December green there grew
For her, for love and me.
Tradition's license of man's in lieu,
Signaled future salubrity.

MY ROSE

As the compass points I've looked
North, south, east, west—
Above in airships, below in submarines—
For the ideal of my dreams,
I've kneeled to pray
That I could meet her on life's weary way,
Heart screams.

I've riches, money, lands and wordly pelf;
I've jewels, gems of matchless radiant hue;
I have flower gardens grand,
I've had girls, but understand—
I feel poor in soul without your dear sweet self—
Just you.

I've acquired both Latin, Hebrew and classic Greek,
I've written books of poems, history, prose,
I have traveled wide and far,
But come home and here you are—
The object I have traveled far to seek—
My Rose.

DEATH

Death dissolves the flesh to sod,
To earth from where deriven;
The soul that is a part of God,
Returns to heaven.

Death, the shadow of the light,
That shields them on and to their goal,
Dark pillar of the mortal wight,
For flesh to flesh, for soul to soul.

MOTHER'S PICTURE

The face within the oaken frame,
  That hangs upon the wall
Reflects the cast—a maternal name,
  The sweetest of them all.

I've surveyed the Louvre and Doge's art,
  The Luxemberg's great hall,
I've viewed each face with eye and heart,
  But mother's beats them all.

Murillo's "Chef d' ouvre" I've viewed,
  As well, Dore's "St. Paul,"
Both holy pictures and the nude,
  Mother's is worth them all.

And Raphael, even he I trow,
  And to Van Dyke recall,
With David and Garlondujo,
  I've hung her over all.

The chiaroscuro of art,
  That connoisseurs may call,
The shade and light that paint impart,
  But hers is heart and all.

PHILOMELA'S GRAVE AND THE NIGHTINGALE

Over the green,
  Under the blue,
Evening the moon,
  Morning the dew.
Tongueless when human—
  Never to sing,
Until changed from a woman
  Into voice of the spring.
That with pinions' assistance
  Soft feathers unfurled,
In the realm of the distance
  Over the world—
Is the nightingale singing
  O'er Philomela's grave,
Taking and bringing
  The message we crave,
Of love the bird heralds;
  It never lets die,
It sings on its journey
  From earth to the sky,
As it mourns o'er its flesh
  The sands of the knoll—
Flesh once a mortal,
  Now a bird with a soul.

WRECKED ON THE SEA OF AFFECTION

I've been wrecked on the sea of affection,
The ship was the brigantine "Love,"
Now marooned on the isle of dejection,
Where the raven takes the place of the dove.

On this bleak "Desert Isle" I'm to loiter,
And let life's days melt away,
For I'll never appeal for mirth's quarter,
As I did on that heart-breaking day.

My "food" is dead words of my *soidisant* friend,
I'm nourished by those *cidevant* lips.
My dreams! O, God! why should they end,
While purloining those nectarious sips?

You ruined the world without changing a leaf;
There's a world in every one's mind,
It's mutation of love's glory into life's grief,
Woman, help! Can't you see? Are you blind?

Help, help, I repeat, I'm sinking for the last.
You're the cause, though still you're the cure,
Answer my flagrant appeals of the past;
If I do not endear, please endure.

With an unuttered word, you're lashing a life
To a "rock" with a bind that is ropeless,
You're the vulture that's gnawing, that should be my wife,
Prometheus was saved, but I'm hopeless.

CUPID OR EROS, THE GOD OF LOVE

Son of Venus, small tho mighty god,
  Blind in actions, still he's missed but few
Darts of desire; he fires his sanctioning nod,
  That wounds both gods and men with aim so true

For poverty of words the truth to tell,
  When Cupid looked on Psyche's form at rest,
Now even he with her in love had fell,
  Confused when she awoke and wound his breast.
  Tho mingling with divine, he loved a mortal best.

His ally Zephyr carried Psyche far,
  She knew not where, still she later knew;
It was a god's retreat—a palaced star,
  That she was carried to.

Fluted columns support a roof of gold,
  Paintings depict the chase and every beast;
From any part could look across the wold,
  And there let passion feast.

Zeus gave Psyche ambrosial wine to drink,
  It sprouted wings—mortal became immortal,
Cupid and Psyche were joined with a knotted link,
  In lover's booth beyond heaven's portal.

And from these nuptials, tho curious Psyche now
  Must ope the box to view the Pandora treasure
Elements of pulchritude escaped her vow,
  And she gave birth to Pleasure.

CREATION

Of atoms made He the world,
His essence the cementing lime
That cooled in space as it whirled,
This life of the palm and the pine.

All, all, the many are one
Holy Spirit the life in the sod,
The negative to light of the sun,
Bright orb the soul of our God.

When dead man's soul fleets away,
With bourne, with life and with time,
If not for heaven's bright ray,
Earth's soul would pass into Thine.

The world would crumble away,
If not for the omnipotent "Eye"
That lights many worlds with its ray,
And holds them all in the sky.

Time's unknown to the sun
Still the sun makes the world's time;
Dark day there would be only one,
If not for the sunshine.

Air, breath of God and the light,
Is the staple food with the hours,
That sustain not alone every wight
But nourish the sweetest flowers.

Heaven the sphere of regeneration,
For all is pure from there deriven,
Restored, corrupt disintegration
Takes place in heaven.

Dust our body, only dust will cleanseth
Soul's not held in funeral urn,
It must transcend to heaven to rinseth
And by this route to earth return.

A GOLDEN DAY

Past pleasures of a single day
  Death alone can sever,
Heaven can take my breath away,
  But not that day—Ah! never.

We spent the day along the sea,
  Our hearts were like a feather,
The first day and the last to be—
  Together.

The sun had set in a golden glow
  To gild this dying day of days,
We'd met to love, but still must go
  In different ways.

This was a thousand days in one,
  All mirth by it I measure,
Tho it should pass with the dying sun,
  This day of all I treasure.

The dust of time can fade the past,
  But golden hours will weather,
Tho death has broke the links it cast—
  Together.

In dreams by day my mind may think,
  And each golden day endeavor,
From out this bitter cup to drink,
  The sweetest ever.

IT'S ALL OVER WITH NOW.

It's all over with now,
The exit for time is the past;
Still we shouldn't look back from the plow,
But encounter the rest as the last.

Sorrow is polished by years,
Looking back we are forced to allow
That happiness grows out of old tears
That are all over with now.

Events of the past we can feel
Their mirth that time did endow
With happiness more sweet than the real
Because they are over with now.

Erstwhile morals will show
Their replica cast on the brow
That grew from their embryo
That's all over with now.

In the past they cast Him away,
Still today we reverently bow
At the altar made on that day
Of his pain that is over with now.

SOMETHING IS LACKING

Something is lacking,
  Lacking in life.
My heart, it is whacking,
  Whacking for wife.
Knocking and knocking
  Under my breast,
To escape by unlocking
  The cell or the chest,
It asks for another,
  A companion to make;
Or to death it will smother,
  Or from jail it will break.

For something is lacking,
  Something seems gone;
Nor would it keep whacking
  Unless something was wrong.
My strength it is sapping;
  My hair will turn gray
From the tapping and tapping
  Thru night and thru day.
For a wife tho unknown,
  For its image can feel,
And want the unshown
  And love the ideal.

WOMAN'S FACE

In memory's gallery hangs a picture;
  Through ideal fancy it's a fixture.
Nor can it be erased,
  Or in my mind another placed.
Painted with a hearty mixture,
  That cannot be defaced.

'Twas of a woman who thought her duty,
  Was pulchritude, maintain her beauty,
And win by queenly grace.
  And in her wake and all around her,
And by chance where'er you found her,
  She wounded with that weapon "face."

FINIS

After you've read
What I have said,
And weighed it well in your mind,
Don't abuse or accuse,
Just try to excuse
Any mistake you may find.

I read and I write,
I study at night
Of wisdom as deep as the sea,
But the older I grow,
The less seem to know,
Except learn how little is "me."

Of mortals below
None are to know
All that there is to be known,
For oft the best schools
Ape the wisdom of fools
Who the way have many times shown.

The man to abhor
Is the one with some lore,
Who thinks there's no more to gain.
He's a dangerous party;
Don't allow such a smarty
In your company long to remain.

But a student and scholar
You will never hear holler,
So others his lore may infer.
If for wisdom did seek
Yet still claims he's weak,
He's a student and philosopher.

In your last look,
As you close up this book,
If from it even little you gain,
In theme or in thought,
If some good has taught,
I'll feel 'twasn't written in vain.

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